AUGUST 1951

COMMENTARY

The Three Horsemen of the Arab Wasteland — RAY ALAN
Hiss, Chambers, and the Age of Innocence — LESLIE A. FIEDLER
Any Tears for Tisha B'av? — MARK RAVEN
Will "Managed Capitalism" Pull Us Through? — J. K. GALBRAITH
Now They Bring the Matches!—A Story — HAMLEN HUNT
Rome's Mid-Century Jubilee — ELEANOR CLARK
The Dilemma That Racism Poses for Britain
Labor's Colonial Heritage — RITA HINDEN
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For All Who March—A Poem — ALLEN MANDELBAUM
From the American Scene—
My Buddy, Fishbinder — JAMES YAFFE
Cedars of Lebanon—
The Sixth Day
On the Horizon—
The Nobel Prize Comes to Mississippi — SIDNEY ALEXANDER
The Study of Man—
What Opinion Polls Can and Can't Do — NATHAN GLAZER

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Morroe Berger — Jeanne Wacker — Marvin Fox
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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Is U.S. Foreign Policy Too "Liberal"? *Richard H. S. Crossman*

American foreign policy is frequently censured for committing itself, out of a "rightist" bias, to the support of reactionary and inefficient regimes, especially in backward countries. But may it not be that the United States is too "liberal," too eager to see parliamentary regimes govern in countries that are not prepared for them, too scrupulous about intervening in the domestic concerns of other nations? In a provocative article, Richard H. S. Crossman argues this point of view.

Second Thoughts on American Judaism *David Daiches*

Mr. Daiches' article "American Judaism: A Personal View," in the February COMMENTARY, aroused wide and impassioned discussion. The author here weighs the arguments of his critics and reexamines his own position.

Israel's Arab Minority *J. L. Teller*

Israel has declared itself a "Jewish state," but at the same time it has recognized the legal and moral claim to full citizenship of its rather sizable Arab minority. Under the circumstances, as J. L. Teller shows, it is not surprising that there is often a gap between principle and practice, in consequence of which the problem of Israel's Arabs has become the occasion for both bitterness and soul-searching.

The German Generals Try a Comeback *Peter de Mendelssohn*

Now that the rearming of Western Germany has become more than an abstract possibility, there is no lack of claimants for the privilege of leading the reconstituted Reichswehr. Among the most pressing are the German generals of yesterday, who have been busy writing apologias in the form of memoirs, explaining their past failures and arguing their special fitness for the new job. Peter de Mendelssohn critically analyzes the fruits of this new literary genre.

Bats, Men, and Morals *Joseph Wood Krutch*

A noted literary critic, who has been living during the past year in the Arizona desert, reflects on man's relation to the teeming world of nature.

Jewish Education Without Jewish Content? *Midge Decter*

An examination of present-day "progressive" tendencies in Hebrew school education. What actually is learned? Do child-oriented play-techniques succeed in imparting to the child any meaningful sense of his Jewish heritage?

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COMMENTARY

THE THREE HORSEMEN OF THE ARAB WASTELAND

Hashish, Bakshish, Maalesh

RAY ALAN

THERE are three stars on the Syrian flag: one stands for *Hashish,* one for *Bakshish,* the third for *Maalesh* —or so any American or British official in the Near East will assure you. If this were but the poor joke, in dubious taste, that it sounds, it would be unworthy of repetition; but it provides a clue to the nature of the triple malady infecting, to a greater or lesser degree, the entire Arab Orient.

Hashish is the narcotic that in the early 30's claimed an addict in almost every Egyptian home. But for a talented British police officer, Russell Pasha, it would have destroyed the Egyptian nation. Most of the hashish smuggled into Egypt is grown in Syria and Lebanon. When these two states were under French mandate, aircraft scoured mountain and plain every summer in search of the forbidden crop. Even this intensive campaign failed to prevent Zahle, an important hashish marketing center, from becoming the richest provincial town in Lebanon. Since 1946 there have been no French planes to detect hashish and, despite the efforts of the Lebanese government, today production is soaring. It is one of the Levant states' most important exports. The director of the Egyptian anti-narcotic bureau, Safwat Bey, puts the value of last year's crop at around sixty million dollars and admits that Egyptian customs men, coast guards, and frontier patrols were unable to intercept more than a quarter of it.

The main hashish-smuggling route from the Levant states to Egypt ran through Palestine up to the end of the British Mandate there. Since then it has been cut by Israel and has switched eastward to Jordan—enriching that unique state slightly and probably easing the British taxpayer's burden. Small caravans of smugglers sometimes sneak by night across the northern Negev from Hebron to Egyptian-occupied Gaza, risking a brush with Israeli patrols, and Arab League circles are slyly setting into circulation the rumor that Israel is helping the traffic; but most of the hashish entering Egypt now goes by way of the Gulf of Aqaba and the Sinai desert. A favorite trick

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ALL observers agree that in the Arab states an old order is dying—but is there any sign of a new order waiting to be born? What is the present state of mind of the dominant forces in the Arab countries? How does this affect the chances for a peaceful settlement with the new State of Israel? What is its significance for Western attempts to buttress the Near East against the Soviet threat? RAY ALAN here writes a candid first-hand report that analyzes the conditions which, in his opinion, will make these states a danger zone in international affairs for many years to come. Mr. Alan travels regularly throughout the Near East and is a frequent contributor to the London *Tribune.*

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of the Sinai Bedouin is to force camels to swallow plastic containers crammed with hashish, lead them openly across the Suez Canal bridges, where there are the strictest controls, and then slaughter them on the outskirts of Ismailia and Suez. Metal containers were originally used until Russell Pasha ordered canal guards to pass a mine detector over the bellies of the camels.

BAKSHISH is that little something the Levantine official has in mind when, absently rubbing his thumb and forefinger together, he says: "No. Impossible!" It is the oil in every administrative machine in the Arab world.

Parliamentary seats in South Lebanon sell for about fifteen thousand dollars—and the average investor does his best to secure at least a 100 per cent return on his outlay during his four-year term of office. At the time of the last great cholera epidemic in Egypt, in 1947, travelers entering or leaving the country at one point beside the Suez Canal had the choice of scorching in the sun for an hour outside a government quarantine post or paying a dollar bakshish for an immediate clearance certificate and exemption from medical examination. Cholera serum donated to Egypt by friendly governments all over the world was dispensed at many emergency centers in Cairo only on payment of an Egyptian pound (three dollars) bakshish; thousands of Egyptians who didn't have the money were inoculated with water. One of the wealthiest landowners in Upper Egypt made thirty thousand dollars out of the serum he received (gratis) for the inoculation of his fellahin—who, naturally, never saw it. Egypt's embryo social security and free-education schemes, two well-intentioned gestures by the Wafdist government, are rapidly having their heart eaten out by the bakshish habit.

Palestine Arab refugees in Lebanon can obtain a Lebanese passport and Lebanese citizenship—for about a hundred and fifty dollars' bakshish. A Lebanese I met last winter in Cairo, on the other hand, is leading a wretched existence because he does not possess a passport. Like many thousands of Arabs he was working illegally in Palestine up to the end of the British Mandate; then he fled southward to Egypt. Relatives in his home town have confirmed to the Lebanese authorities that he is indeed Lebanese and entitled to a passport to enable him to return; but, as one of them wrote recently, "The machine needs greasing."

Last year the Syrian government announced a press law forcing newspapers to publish financial statements and forbidding editors to accept bribes and subsidies. The entire press ceased publication in protest and newspaper owners queued angrily outside Premier Khaled el-Azm's door. The law was withdrawn. The reasons for its introduction in the first place are interesting. Very few Syrian and Lebanese papers are self-supporting. Even the leading dailies rarely sell more than a thousand copies. Most papers are published primarily to further the political or business interests of a family or clique; some, with circulations of only a few hundred, exist simply to earn "contributions" from Arab personalities willing to purchase immunity from criticism; almost all look for subsidies to the legations of the big powers or other Arab states. (For instance, it has recently been established with certainty that a large number of Egyptian papers have been taking quite heavy bakshish from the Soviets, as reward for following an anti-Western and neutralist line on Korea, Near Eastern defense, etc.) This system itself, however, worried the Syrian government less than the use Syria's enemies were making of it: the Hashemite rulers of Iraq and Jordan, who have for long been trying to pluck up the courage to annex their republican neighbors, had suddenly begun buying widespread support in the Damascus press.

MAALESH—"It doesn't matter"—is the word every Western visitor to the Arab states learns either just before or just after bakshish. It comes to represent a unique Arab phenomenon which alternately infuriates and delights, combining the ener-

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vating fatalism of Islam with an irresponsibility that is often callous but also often charming. I have heard an Arab refuse the offer of a car to take his injured baby daughter to a hospital: "Maalesh; it was the will of Allah: and Allah never did like daughters, anyway. . . ." I have heard "Maalesh" from an Arab who had just had his house wrecked in a storm and from a man wanted by the police as he swaggered off to his usual seat in a café.

This spirit of "maalesh," by the moral irresponsibility it encourages, has for long played havoc with Arab politics and economics. It led the Palestine Arab leaders to transfer as much of their wealth as possible to Cairo and Beirut and then declare war on the Jews from a safe distance—leaving the disorganized masses to an unpredictable fate. It produced these leaders' orders for a mass evacuation of Haifa, Jaffa, and other towns "to clear the way for our Liberation Army." In this way it played a large role in creating the Arab refugee problem, for which the Arabic press and handouts of the Arab League and Arab Higher Committee blame Britain and America. It is prolonging the sufferings of the refugees themselves. King Ibn Saud and the Sheikh of Kuwait alone could finance the resettlement of nearly half of Palestine from the millions of dollars they have received in personal oil royalties in the past few years, while multimillionaire King Farouk could help a sizeable proportion of the rest with part of the vast income he earns (legitimately and otherwise, and overlooking his confiscation of his mother's property) from his agricultural estates, urban investments, night clubs, and the Egyptian treasury. Yet the whole Arab League's contribution to these unhappy victims has been insignificant. "Maalesh! Allah —and America and Britain—will provide."

The Palestine conflict taught Western officials in the Near East some of the lessons their Far Eastern colleagues learned in China, for even this issue, with its tremendous—indeed, unique—appeal to Arab nationalist and religious sentiment, was not big enough to predominate over corruption and personal profit-seeking. The ex-Mufti of Jerusalem and his assistants made fortunes from various Save-Palestine funds; and Palestine Arabs, Lebanese, Syrians, and Egyptians alike sold arms to the Jewish forces—in some cases after the Arab League's invasion of Israel had begun.

Just before large-scale fighting broke out, Mohammed el-Hawari, leader of the paramilitary Arab Nejada organization, was trying to smuggle arms into Palestine from Egypt; but, as he mournfully told me, in every case either the Sinai Bedouins who were transporting the arms or the Palestinian reception groups who took them over sold them to Jewish settlements before he could get them to Jaffa. Even confiscated Jewish weapons which the British authorities had dumped into the sea were being fished out by Arabs, he said, cleaned up, and sold back to Haganah. An enchanting story is that of the shipload of Czech arms intended for Syria which the Italian authorities intercepted in the Adriatic during the first few weeks of the invasion of Israel. The Italians had received information that the arms were to be diverted, on Cominform orders, to the Italian Communist party whose underground arsenals had been seriously depleted by police raids. The Syrian government sent a mission of officers, headed by a relative of a former prime minister, to Italy to negotiate for the release of the cargo. Their mission was successful; but then the Syrian officers met an Israeli purchasing mission seeking desperately to buy arms. There was a hasty exchange of ciphered telegrams between the Syrian officers and their minister of war, Ahmed Sharabati, in Damascus—and the entire Czech cargo was sold to Israel at a satisfactory profit!

The widely reported Egyptian arms scandal, in which several of Egypt's highest officers were involved, is too recent to need detailed recapitulation here; and now another is believed to be on the way. The American press has already taken cognizance of Cairo rumors, of the kind that are usually confirmed six months later when the cul-

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prits are safely away in Switzerland, which say the Russians have succeeded in obtaining by bribery from senior Egyptian officers details of the still top-secret Centurion tank supplied to Egypt by Britain. The utter frivolity which alone can have guided those responsible in Whitehall for the decision to supply Centurions to a country whose army and administration are notoriously among the most corrupt in the world is beyond all comprehension.

MAALESH and the venality engendered by the bakshish habit present a terrible obstacle to Western governments anxious both to teach the Arab states that reform is the best barrier against revolution and to strengthen their defenses—economic, political, and moral, as well as military—against Communism. America and Britain can, if they wish, pour millions into the Arab states to finance development, but their representatives in the Near East know that an immense rake-off will vanish into private pockets. All the Arab states need imaginative projects to raise the abysmally wretched living standards of their masses and save them from the fate of China. In some states, despite past help from the Western powers, despite loans, subsidies, oil royalties, and the services of Western experts, living standards are falling. The average Egyptian peasant must today support his family on half the lands his grandfather had for the same purpose eighty years ago, so fast is the population growing and so rapaciously have big landowners swallowed up individual small holdings after having ruined the fellahin working them. The average Iraqi peasant is worse off today, after twenty years of independence, than at the end of the last century under the Turks. Like his Syrian, Lebanese, Jordanian, and Persian counterpart he is the victim of a soulless system of feudal absentee landlordism which holds him in thrall and turns more and more land into desert each year. The landowner takes the lion's share of every crop and in most cases puts not so much as a sack of fertilizer back into the earth for the privilege. The wealth of the countryside is siphoned off into the cities to support an ostentatiously extravagant mode of living for the very few while the many starve. Peasants are so poor they burn the dung of their livestock as fuel—even manure is a luxury. Diseased, downtrodden, and indebted, the Arab masses have neither incentive nor opportunity to better themselves —short of cutting their rulers' throats.

These simple but sinister facts, reverberating through the Near East like the drum call of a revolution, are now penetrating through even the thickest palace and embassy walls; but their significance—even after the dramatic course of events in Iran—is only beginning to be understood. By carefully husbanding their resources, and by taxing their wealth, the Arab governments might carry out numerous vital reforms and launch—at least—minor development schemes, thus gaining in internal stability while persuading Western governments and investors of their sincerity of purpose. But the Arab rulers will neither pass on, nor pool, their vast oil royalties: they prefer to bank them overseas, against the rainy day of possible exile their own selfishness is bringing steadily nearer, or squander them on luxuries like the two-million-dollar hundred-bedroom harem a Saudi Emir has ordered.

HOW does the average Arab react to the moral chaos around him? The peasants and tribesmen, of course, have no political voice and generally feel themselves to be so ill-informed and impotent that they are apathetic; the basic problem of staying alive is big enough to occupy their full time. The city Arab is little better off though he has one weapon, forged for him by his masters—that of violent demonstration. The Arab rulers, to inflate their own nuisance value, developed the technique from the mid-20's on of organizing "spontaneous" anti-Zionist demonstrations annually on Balfour Day and whenever impressionable Western VIP's and international missions were around. Demonstrations were also found to be a use-

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ful lever for the extraction of concessions on other matters from the British and French. It is, further, customary—almost obligatory—in the Arab world for rival sheikhs and political leaders to put on, from time to time, huge rowdy demonstrations of their respective "supporters"—more often than not hired in the nearest slum at a few piasters a head—to impress the world at large with their popularity. In Beirut, on Christmas Day and the Prophet's Birthday, rival crowds of Christians and Moslems are led by their chiefs into the main squares to cheer and fire rifles into the air (a traditional Arab sign of rejoicing) to prove to anyone who's interested that one community is better and stronger than the other. In Damascus, early in 1949, a locally made film was shown depicting the Syrian army's glorious victory in Palestine; shots of President Shukri Kuwatli (since deposed) were crosscut with nauseating frequency into action shots of the troops, looking their slickest and most aggressive, in the hope that the public might draw the desired inference; and every time the film was shown the front three rows of seats were occupied by a claque of Palestine refugees who had been hired to cheer whenever the President appeared on the screen.

But the monster has felt the might of its own muscles. In recent years the city Arab has taken increasingly to demonstrating with genuine spontaneity in what he conceives to be his own interest. In Egypt and Iraq particularly, governments have come to live in genuine fear of the "Souq" (market, coffeeshop center, gathering place). In Bagdad, in 1948, the Souq threw out the Anglo-Iraq treaty, which the late Mr. Bevin had proclaimed to be the cornerstone of his new Near Eastern policy, and incidentally threw half the city's police force into the river Tigris. In Cairo, the Souq is strong enough to destroy any government which signed a new Anglo-Egyptian treaty on any basis other than complete evacuation of British forces from the Suez Canal zone and the Sudan. Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, the Sudan, and even well-policed Jordan, have all experienced angry demonstrations protesting against the rising cost of living and airing other social and political grievances.

THE educated Arab tends to do one of four things. First, if he has money—and with rare exceptions he would not be educated if he did not—he may choose to ignore the conditions around him and retire behind a screen of Westernism or Arab traditionalism. I know Lebanese and Palestinian Arabs of this type who go so far as to prefer speaking French or English to Arabic even with their wives and Arab friends; they read French or English books and newspapers and might almost be foreigners to their own people. It is very common in Beirut to hear whole family groups of Lebanese speaking French in public places—there is a certain amount of calculated snobbism in this, of course—and the newspaper with the biggest circulation in the Levant states is printed in French. Westernized Lebanese, in particular, often hate to be called Arabs: they reserve the word Arab to mean strictly the wild and wooly tribesmen and fellahin of the Bekaa, Syria, and Arabia proper. At the other extreme there are educated "escapist" Arabs who drug themselves to oblivion of modern times with the magic of their language, with the beauty of its pre-Islamic and medieval poetry, or the obscurities of Sufi theology, and refuse to read anything written more recently than seven centuries ago; for them the Arab world all but ceased to exist with the passing of the Abbasids.

Secondly, the educated Arab may try to emigrate. Scores of thousands of Lebanese and Syrians and Christians from the Bethlehem area of Palestine have settled permanently in North and South America and West Africa because their own countries cannot offer them a decent livelihood.

Third, he may compromise with the evil around him and throw himself cynically into the racket of political, official, and business life.

Or, fourth, he may decide to try to work for a better society. If he does this conspicuously and outspokenly, and has no

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powerful friends, he will soon see the inside of a prison where he will share a common cell with murderers, thieves, lunatics, and Jews caught trying to emigrate to Israel; he may even be interned for a year or two in an amateurish but extremely unpleasant kind of concentration camp—Naqrat es-Salman, in Iraq, is the worst, but Bayir, in Jordan, and Miyeh-Miyeh and Baalbek, in Lebanon, are quite famous. If, sensibly, he decides against running a one-man reform movement, there are three kinds of political movement eager to receive him: the Moslem Brotherhood, the Communist party, and a few follow-the-leader fascist-type parties.

THE Moslem Brotherhood (Ikhwan el-Muslimin) is strongest in Egypt; it was banned there at the end of 1948 after carrying out a number of terrorist outrages, but recently the Egyptian government, yielding to the Souq, lifted the ban. The Brotherhood seeks to reform Arab society by achieving a puritanical religious revival, replacing secular legislation by Koranic law, and ruthlessly striking down prominent individuals judged to be outrageously immoral or insufficiently devoted to Islam. It is anti-Jewish, anti-Christian, and anti-Western, is organized in secret cells, has a few secret arsenals, and enjoys occasional benevolent smiles from the Russian legation in Cairo.

The Communist party is officially banned throughout the Arab world but flourishes quite happily underground, rooted deep down in the abysmal misery of the masses and the despair of embittered intellectuals. The West helps it by appearing irretrievably committed to bolstering up the existing feudal squalor. Communism is strongest in Lebanon—exceptionally favored, by Near Eastern standards, with schools and universities (mainly American and French), which turn out annually onto the overcrowded labor market a regular quota of disgruntled intellectuals who, refusing to work on the family farm now that they are educated, drift almost inevitably leftward. A surprisingly high proportion of Lebanon's established professional men—doctors, lawyers, teachers—are also Communists and they act as a nucleus and a leaven for the rest. Communism is gaining supporters rapidly in Egypt and among the Arab refugees in Jordan, and has a solid, well-led, and growing hard core of adherents in Syria. The students, oil workers, and Kurdish townsfolk of Iraq are also riddled with Communism and that country has, in addition to the orthodox cellular Communist party organization, an influential number of overt "left-nationalist" parties and committees which act as recruiting centers for their big brother underground. The Arab Communists are now strongly anti-Jewish, not merely anti-Zionist, and organize listening groups (often without their "guests" realizing they are being organized) in cafés, private houses, and even mosques, to popularize Moscow's frequent broadcast diatribes against Israel.

The fascist-type parties have suffered a decline since the former Lebanese premier, Riad Bey es-Solh, routed the best known of them, the Hezb el-Qawmi (or PPS—Parti Populaire Syrien), and executed its leader, Anton Saadi. In its heyday this party had Chaplinesque emblems, salutes, a march step, rallies, Gauleiters, and all. It survives underground in Lebanon and carries on half-hearted public activities in Syria but is not likely to re-emerge as a threat to authority. It does not make anti-Zionism a major plank in its platform: Saadi and his henchmen did, in fact, admire Jewish efficiency in Palestine and soon after the foundation of Israel are believed to have sent envoys to Haifa with a request for arms and aid in seizing power. Pierre Gemayel's Kata'eb (Falangist) movement is popular among the Maronite Christians of Lebanon but is too closely tied to that one community ever to win countrywide support. Its aims are rather like those professed by Pétain in his Vichy days—*Travail, Famille, Patrie*—and the movement is outspokenly critical of the Arab League: it obviously fears that the Christians of Lebanon may one day be submerged in a pan-Islamic tide and for this reason is not unfavorably disposed toward Israel. In Egypt, Misr el-Fatat, a fascist-

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minded organization, passes itself off as socialistic, as does Saleh Jabre's new—and predominantly Shiite—National Socialist party in Iraq. Both are anti-Jewish and "neutralist" in foreign policy; both say they seek to clean up public administration.

Not a very promising field, this, for a would-be reformer to work in; yet these are the only parties an Arab can join if he wishes to engage in reformist activity. They are, in fact, with the exception of the Wafd in Egypt, the only parties as such, on Western standards, with a more or less clearly defined program and coherent organization. The dozens of other "parties" in the Arab states are no more than family or local groups firmly entrenched—whether they be in power or in opposition—in the bakshish-maalesh rut of graft and irresponsibility. The Wafd has been mistakenly described outside Egypt as a kind of Labor party: it is, of course, nothing of the sort, and while perceptive enough—on the prompting of its intelligent minister of education, Taha Hussein—to realize that mild measures, at least, must be taken to ease the misery of the masses, it remains dedicated to the maintenance of the pashas' privileges and stupidly allows corruption in its own ranks and at all levels of the administration to vitiate what few reforms it has managed to initiate.

Few contemporary figures are more tragically isolated than intelligent, progressive Arabs like Taha Hussein and Lebanon's Charles Malik. They are honest, sincere, and humanitarian, and they advocate enlightened measures in international assemblies as ably as anyone; but they are more remote from the mass of their compatriots than the moon. The more respect they earn in the West, the more violently they are calumnied by press and public opinion at home. As Charles Malik, for instance, has gained in stature at the United Nations, the Beirut press has taken more and more to denouncing him as an imperialist lackey, an American hireling, etc., etc. (No, none of these is a Communist organ: this is the everyday idiom of Arabic journalism.) Recently Dr. Malik was reported to have declared that the Arabs would not be unwilling to cooperate with Israel in the event of a third world war. Beirut howled for his blood. Azzam Pasha, secretary general of the Arab League, went out of his way to denounce Malik to a gathering of Turkish journalists and to assure them that the Arab League (which actually hardly exists except on paper) would not support the democracies in a third world war whether or not Israel were involved; would never cooperate with Israel; and had not changed its view that Israel ought to "disappear." Clearly, the statesmanship of men like Charles Malik in the Arab world is for export only.

Only once in modern times has a reformer succeeded in sweeping out a corner of the Arab stables. He lasted four and a half months. He had no party but climbed to power—in March 1949—by means of a military *coup d'état,* encouraged by France and smiled upon by the United States. He was a Kurdish colonel in the Syrian army named Husni Zaim. (*Zaim,* by a curious coincidence, means "leader" and is the title would-be *Fuehrers* adopt in the Arab states.)

Syria went into raptures over Zaim's putsch. Many of the cheers were those Syrians and Arabs generally will give any strong man, anyone who is winning—the messages of congratulation delivered to Zaim were repeated, word for word, by the same unblushing chiefs and delegations to Colonel Sami Hinnawi the morning after he had supervised Zaim's overthrow and "execution"—but most of the rejoicing was sincere. Zaim promised Syria her first free elections and land reform. He even dared to attack religious vested interests and gave educated women the vote for the first time in Syria. His onslaught on corruption and profiteering cleaned up Syrian public life unrecognizably. He adopted a realistic policy toward Israel, even expressing his willingness to meet Ben Gurion, and courageously informed Turkey that Syria renounced her claims on the Sanjak of Alexandretta. But he infuriated the Hashemite rulers of Iraq and Jordan, who just before the *coup d'état*

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had been making yet another of their preparations to take Syria over. Hashemite influence was certainly behind Zaim's abduction and "execution" by Colonel Hinnawi in August of that year, though Hinnawi had himself quite genuinely been shocked by Zaim's proposals for land reform and the emancipation of women. One of his first statements to the press, after the counter-revolt, criticized Zaim's practice of allowing Madame Zaim to appear with him at public functions!

THE United States State Department's sympathy for Zaim is interesting to recall. Britain was at the time in the midst of realizing the extent of the moral, political, and strategic disaster into which she had plunged herself in the Near East; ten years of abject appeasement of the Arab rulers had lost her her best friends and assets in the area. America, on the other hand, had amateurishly flouted the Arabs and—to her own amazement—gained their respect. Within a week of President Truman's *de jure* recognition of Israel, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Lebanon all granted America important new oil and pipeline concessions, King Ibn Saud announced that he would raise his Washington representative to ambassadorial status, and the Egyptian premier called for closer Arab-American understanding and even some form of alliance! This led American diplomats to appreciate that the present Arab rulers need the West far more vitally than the West needs them and to realize the need for an economic approach to Near Eastern questions. If, they began to reason, one could only get the Arabs interested in something more tangible than this will-o'-the-wisp pan-Arabism which has led the British down the slope, if one could persuade them to get along without graft and carry out a few reforms and a bit of development, if they could somehow find an Ataturk. . . . And up popped Zaim.

At the extinction of this experiment, disillusionment set in. One more try was made—this time in Persia. The Ataturk there was to have been General Ali Razmara. He too was assassinated. The State Department's sudden self-confidence evaporated. Since then, American policy in the Near East has seemed hazy and confused. There has even been a descent into appeasement—witness the vote in the Security Council on the quarrel between Israel and Syria on the Huleh area. Britain, in the meantime, has pulled herself together, established excellent relations with Israel, and is fairly methodically evolving a new approach.

AND Russia—ubiquitous specter—how does she fit in? Her Cairo and Beirut legations receive more visitors in the sixty minutes after midnight than in all of the daylight hours; but on the whole she is not abnormally active. She has no need to be, so long as bakshish, maalesh, the Arab governments, and Western indecision do her work for her. One typical feudal bey or pasha is worth more to her than ten paid agitators—and King Farouk alone is worth a hundred. No Kremlin agents could have created more confusion in the Middle East than the "experts" overseeing Palestinian affairs from 1946 to 1949. No Communists in high office could weaken the Western powers more than they are deliberately weakening themselves at this moment by denying Israel arms so as to avoid offending the Arab League. After Turkey, Israel is the only significant military power in the Near East and the West's only firm friend. Arab regulars who were routed in Israel with little more than firecrackers are scarcely likely to do more than take to their heels at the first rumble from the Red Army, and the Arab masses will give the Russians, if ever they cross the Caucasus, the same ignorant opportunist welcome as was prepared for Rommel in Cairo and Alexandria.

Israel alone in the Near East knows what democracy is and has the will to preserve it: but she is not being allowed to prepare herself lest the pashas protest. Oriental obtuseness has crept into a corner of Western reasoning now. Who cares if Russia seizes the Eastern Mediterranean? So long as Azzam is not annoyed. . . . Maalesh!

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HISS, CHAMBERS, AND THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Who Was Guilty—And of What?

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

You will either aid in moulding history, or history will mould you, and in the case of the latter, you can rest assured that you will be indescribably crushed and maimed in the process. . . . History is not a blind goddess, and does not pardon the blindness of others.

—Whittaker Chambers in 1931

ALGER HISS is in jail. The last legal judgments have been passed. The decision of the courts stands: guilty as charged—guilty in fact of treason, though technically accused only of perjury. It is time, many of us feel, to forget the whole business: the prison doors have closed; let us consider the question also closed. But history is not so easily satisfied. Like some monumental bore, it grabs us by the lapels, keeps screaming into our faces the same story over and over again. The case of Judith Coplon, the case of William Remington, the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the inevitable case of tomorrow's Mr. X—the names change but the meanings are the same, and we protest that we have long since got the point. But have we? Of what was Alger Hiss guilty anyhow?

The statute of limitations protected Hiss against the charge of having passed secret material from State Department files to his accuser Whittaker Chambers, of having placed in the hands of agents of the Soviet Union documents which, whatever their intrinsic value, enabled our present enemies to break some of our most important codes. The transaction had taken place in 1936 and 1937—a war away, in years we ourselves find it difficult to remember, in years some of us don't want to remember. It is a painful thing to be asked to live again through events ten years gone, to admit one's identity with the person who bore one's name in a by now incredible past. It is hardest of all to confess that one is responsible for the acts of that past, especially when such acts are now placed in a new and unforeseen context that changes their meaning entirely. "Not guilty!" one wants to cry, "that is not what I meant at all!"

And yet the qualifying act of moral adulthood is precisely this admission of responsibility for the past and its consequences, however undesired or unforeseen. Such a recognition Hiss was called upon to make. Had he been willing to say, "Yes, I did these things—things it is now possible to call 'treason'—not for money or prestige, but out of a higher allegiance than patriotism—"; had he only confessed in the name of any of the loftier platitudes for which men are prepared publicly to admit the breaking of lesser laws, he need not even have gone to prison. Why did he lie?

HAD Hiss told the truth, the whole meaning of the case might have been different, might have attained that dignity of tragedy for which Alistair Cooke* looks

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WAS there really "a generation on trial" in the case of Alger Hiss? And if there was, what was its crime? LESLIE A. FIEDLER here examines the Hiss case in the light of the political—and moral—history of our time. Mr. Fiedler, associate professor of humanities at the University of Montana, has published fiction, poetry, and literary criticism in *Partisan Review*, the *New Leader*, and various other periodicals. His most recent contribution to COMMENTARY was an article on the French religious writer Simone Weil, in our January issue of this year.

*Alistair Cooke, *A Generation on Trial*. In addition to Mr. Cooke's book, a thorough and scrupulous work, though one with many of whose interpretations I disagree, I have used for this article de Toledano and Lasky's *Seeds of Treason*, which is marred by a journalistic and melodramatic style, but contains much valuable background material and sets the Hiss case in an illuminating context of Communist espionage on two continents. I have also consulted the newspaper accounts of the case, particularly those of the New York *Times*, and the printed hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee; while for further background, I have turned to the *New Masses* for 1931,

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through its dossiers in vain. The defenders of Hiss, and of the generation they take him to represent, would have been delivered from the intolerable plight that prompted them, during the trials, to declare at one and the same time that (a) Hiss was innocent of the charges, the victim of a malevolent psychopath and (b) even if he was technically guilty, he had the moral right, in those years of betrayal leading to Munich, to give his primary loyalty to the Soviet Union. Why did he lie, and lying, lose the whole point of the case in a maze of irrelevant data: the signature on the transfer of ownership of a car, the date a typewriter was repaired . . . ?

The lie, it is necessary to see, was no mere accident, but was of the essence of the case, a clue to the deepest significance of what was done and to the moral atmosphere that made the deed possible. We can see Hiss's lie now in a larger context, beside William Remington's even more vain denials of Elizabeth Bentley's charges, and the fantastic affirmations of innocence by Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. These were not, after all, common criminals, who plead innocent mechanically on the advice of counsel; these were believers in a new society, for whose sake they had already deceived their closest friends and endangered the security of their country. In the past (and even yet in the present—the Puerto Rican nationalists, for instance) such political idealists welcomed their trials as forums, opportunities to declare to the world the high principles behind their actions, the loyalty to the march of history and the eventual triumph of socialism that had brought them to the bar. They might have been, in some eyes at least, spectacular martyrs; they chose to behave instead, before the eyes of all, like blustering petty thieves.

Not that the avowals of innocence, especially in the case of Hiss, were not affecting. Despite the absurdity of his maunderings about "forgery by typewriter," there was something moving—for a generation brought up on stories of Dreyfus and Tom Mooney, and growing to social awareness through the Sacco-Vanzetti trial and the campaigns to free the Scottsboro boys—in Hiss's final courtroom pose as The Victim. Even now, it is hard to realize how little claim he has to the title. For here was no confessed revolutionary, marked by his avowed principles, his foreign accent, his skin color, as fair game for the frame-up; here was a supereminently respectable civil servant from the better schools, accused by the obvious outsider, the self-declared rebel and renegade, Whittaker Chambers. Hiss seemed to desire both the pathos of the persecuted and the aura of unblemished respectability. His is, as we shall see, the Popular Front mind at bay, incapable of honesty even when there is no hope in anything else.

After the hung jury, the second trial, the reams of evidence that frittered away the drama in boredom, one thing is quite clear. Twenty of twenty-four jurors, presumably twenty of twenty-four of us, believed that Alger Hiss was guilty of the perjury with which he was charged, of the treason with which he could not be charged.

For many, that verdict may be sufficient; for some, it is not enough. These cannot help feeling that the total issue of the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss remains still to be solved. The verdict of the courts applies only to the "facts" as defined by precedent and law, a few fragments torn from their rich human contexts and presented to a group of men deliberately chosen for their relative ignorance of those contexts, and for the likelihood of their not being sympathetically involved with the passions and motives which underlay them.

Is there any sense in which Hiss is *symbolically* innocent—in which he may, indeed, have made the mistake of having passed certain papers via Chambers to the Russian agent, Colonel Bykov, but out of such naive devotion to the Good that it is a travesty of justice to find him on merely technical grounds "guilty"? It sometimes seems possible that when a Remington or a Rosenberg or a Hiss speaks publicly of his "innocence,"

and various other official Communist publications. I do not know personally either of the principals in the case, nor have I made any attempt to communicate with them. I have no private or special sources of information. What I have attempted in this piece is an analysis based on publicly available documents, considered in the light of my own experience and knowledge of that world of values and beliefs out of which the incidents of the case arose. It is the lack of such experience and knowledge which makes even Mr. Cooke's careful and subtle book miss what seems to me the essential point.

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he is merely using a convenient shorthand for an account of motives and actions too complex to set before an ordinary juryman without completely re-educating him. One of the distinctive features of the recent series of "spy" trials has been that the accused and the chief accusers have been intellectuals, whereas the jury, the lawyers on both sides, even the judges, were not. And since in this country the intellectuals have been notoriously set apart from the general public, living, especially since the Russian Revolution, by different values and speaking a different language, communication is difficult. How can people who do not read the same books, and whose only relationship is one of distrust, arrive at a common definition of innocence and guilt?

One might argue on these grounds that what a jury could have meant by voting "guilty" is ridiculously far from the truth; that Hiss is not what the average mind, brought up on E. Phillips Oppenheim and pulp fiction, means by a "traitor"; that he can surely feel himself neither venal nor skulking, for he has always been faithful in intent to his true fatherland, Humanity; that if in fact he has ended up by helping the interests of just another imperialist power, the Soviet Union, it is not his crime but that of the Soviet Union, which he took in good faith to be the deputy of mankind's best interests.

This was Henry Julian Wadleigh's defense: a minor source of information for Chambers in the pre-war years, and a witness at the Hiss trials, he attempted to declare his innocence and guilt at the same time. With no sign of contrition, he admitted passing secret documents to Chambers but insisted that his course had been justified by history; it had not even struck him, he explained condescendingly, as a matter of conscience—though merely joining the Communist party had, and he had finally *not* signed up.

The comic aspects of Wadleigh strike one first—the cartoonist's pink-tea radical, with his thick glasses, disordered hair, and acquired Oxford accent. The articles which he wrote for the New York *Post* are classics of unconscious humor, monuments to smugness and self-pity, and trailers for the novel which (of course!) he was busy writing about his Experience. When Hiss's lawyers found they could not pin on Wadleigh the stealing of the papers Chambers had disconcertingly produced, they were content to make him the butt of their jokes. At several points during his questioning, the judge had to cover his mouth with his hand to preserve the dignity of the court. Wadleigh is the comic version of Alger Hiss.

The clowning of Wadleigh reveals what is not so easily read in Hiss: a moral obtuseness which underlies the whole case. Mr. Cooke tries to make of Wadleigh his tragic figure, but the true protagonist of tragedy suffers and learns. Wadleigh has learned nothing. He cannot conceive of having done anything *really* wrong. He finds in his own earlier activities only a certain excessive zeal, overbalanced by good will, and all excused by—Munich. Was he not a better man for having tried to counter, however ineptly, the shameful appeasement of Hitler? That the irony of events had made him, just insofar as he was more idealistic and committed, more helplessly the tool of evil, he cannot conceive. In the end, his "confession" is almost as crass a lie as the denial of Hiss—a disguise for self-congratulation, a device for clinging to the dream of innocence. He cannot, even in the dock, believe that a man of liberal persuasion is capable of wrong.

It was this belief that was the implicit dogma of American liberalism during the past decades, piling up a terrible burden of self-righteousness and self-deceit to be paid for on the day when it would become impossible any longer to believe that the man of good will is identical with the righteous man, and that the liberal is, *per se,* the hero. That day came at different times to different people: for some it was the Moscow Trials, for others the Soviet-Nazi pact, and for a good many—including a large number who had, during the war, regained lost illusions—it came on August 17, 1948, when Hiss and Chambers were brought face to face before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

THE facts were clear from the moment of confrontation, but for many the facts did not matter. Chambers stated flatly that Hiss had been a Communist, his associate in the "underground"; Hiss as flatly denied it. Simply to ask *cui bono* would have been enough: which one of the men stood to gain by lying? But somehow such a common sense approach seemed excluded. The most fantastic psycho-

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logical explanations were dredged up. One heard via the intellectual underground the unlikeliest, proto-Dostoevskian stories to suggest reasons for Chambers' self-vilifying testimony. *Psychopathia Sexualis* was hauled out, and Freud quoted glibly by the same skeptics who had laughed at the psychologizing explanations of the Moscow Trials.

But there remained still the detailed circumstantiality of Chambers' memories, the documents stolen from the office in which Hiss had worked, the microfilms taken from the dusty dumbwaiter in Brooklyn and hidden in the famous pumpkin on Chambers' Maryland farm. For all the theatrical instincts of Chambers, who seemed to possess a flair for adding one artistic touch too many to any situation, out of God knows what compulsion, the documents were there—the undeniable goods.

An unbiased look at the proceedings of the House Committee reveals that from the start Hiss quite apparently lied, or more precisely, half lied and equivocated with the canniness of the trained lawyer. During the trials his version of the events was delivered with great aplomb, but before the Committee one can see him uncertainly feeling his way into the situation, cautiously finding out at each point how much he will have to admit to escape entrapment.

At first, he said simply that to the best of his knowledge (the qualifying phrase hardly seemed significant, a lawyer's habit), he had never met the man Chambers who had named him as one of a Washington cell of infiltrators. There was no mention of espionage, it must be remembered, until Hiss had forced Chambers' hand. Then, advised perhaps of the convincing nature of Chambers' testimony, he began slowly to shift ground, first, however, taking the initiative and charging with increasing surliness that the Committee had been leaking back to Chambers everything he said. At this point the Committee, which had handled him until then with more than normal sympathy, began to press him hard. He could not say for sure, Hiss now testified, but he thought that certainly he had known no one who called himself "Chambers," or anyone who looked very like the photographs he had been shown. They were, however, not very good pictures, so he could not be positive. Indeed, the face on the photograph before him might be that of the chairman of the Committee. It was his last joke.

Finally, he admitted that he had, after all, known the man in question, under a name he had written down on a pad in front of him. It was "George Crosley" (Chambers was later to say that, although he had used many names, he was quite sure he had never used that one), a dead-beat writer whom he had known casually, and with whom he had occasionally talked over possible story material, though he had really found the man despicable. As a matter of fact, he had even once, for certain obscure reasons, let the dead-beat move into his apartment for a couple of days, or was it weeks; and when Crosley had welshed on the rent, Hiss, for reasons even more obscure, had given him a car—just a little old car, it must be understood, with a "sassy" rumble seat, though one, Hiss admitted, to which he had been sentimentally attached. It is a fantastic story, enough to send anyone less well placed to jail without further ado. Later, there was to be a good deal of trouble over the dates of this strange transaction—and records were to turn up proving that the car had never been presented to Crosley-Chambers at all, but apparently to the Communist party!

All the while this amazing farrago was being served up by Hiss, Chambers was patiently building up the story of their actual relationship, born in intrigue and common devotion to an ideal, and destined to end in bitterness and mutual accusation. They had been comrades and close friends, Chambers said, he and the promising young lawyer, whom he was still able to describe as "of a great gentleness and sweetness of character." At first, their dealings were concerned only with dues and reports, but they had quickly grown closer together, in the sort of relationship hard to parallel outside the party, the two of them utterly dependent on each other's loyalty, and both betting their self-esteem on the truth of the Marxist-Leninist dream.

They are men who could never have met outside the Communist movement, and even as Communists they were utterly different: Chambers the romantic recruit of the 20's, hating a world that had rebuffed him at every encounter, and choosing the movement as an alternative to suicide; Hiss, universally respected, and by nature an opportunist, but

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with a streak of social conscience (personified in his earnest wife, who could not even let a casual visitor call the day "fine" without reminding her of the plight of the sharecroppers), choosing the party to protect himself from a merely selfish kind of success. Different as they were, Chambers had found Hiss a "real Bolshevik," perhaps sensing in him a kind of hardness to which he himself could only aspire, and had defended him against the sneers of their Russian boss, Bykov, who always referred to Hiss condescendingly as "our dear lawyer."

The quality of the feeling that must have existed between the two men is revealed by Chambers' last-minute attempt to draw Hiss with him out of the party, after he himself had become convinced that the Soviet Union was serving not justice but her own selfish national interests. Feeling that he might well be killed by party agents after his desertion (such political murders have occurred even in America), Chambers, nevertheless, risked exposing himself by a final visit to Hiss's home. But Hiss had stood firm, scarcely listening to the arguments of Chambers, though he had finally wept a little (the scene stays in the imagination, the completely unexpected, uncharacteristic tears), and had given to Chambers a trivial Christmas present for his daughter—"a little rolling pin."

Perhaps, even before the break, Hiss was already tired of Chambers as a person, a little ashamed of his admiration for the shabby writer who wrote nothing, and who had a tendency to remake his experience as he told about it, retouching and bringing up the highlights here and there. Mrs. Hiss had distrusted him from the first, finding him, with a strange inconsistency for a genteel internationalist, "too foreign." They had pretended finally, Alger and "Crosley," that "Crosley" was a Russian, which made him all right, of course; and Chambers had played up to it with all his love of subterfuge.

WHATEVER the status of their personal relations, when Chambers had come to Hiss with his talk about the Moscow Trials and the betrayal of the revolution, Hiss already could not afford to listen to him. He had by then too much to lose; for, without ceasing to be a Bolshevik, he had become a "success," a respectable citizen. To acknowledge that Russia could be fundamentally wrong would have changed the whole meaning of his own life, turned what had perhaps seemed to him his most unselfish and devoted acts, the stealing of State Department documents, into shameful crimes—into "treason"! Only the conviction that there was no final contradiction between his activities, public and private, could have made Hiss's life tolerable. He must have felt that what he had done as a New Deal lawyer, helping to expose the "munitions makers" in the Nye Committee, or working for the AAA in the Department of Agriculture, did not contradict what he tried to do as a member of a left-wing faction in the State Department, urging certain attitudes toward Chiang Kai-shek; and that what he had sought in both these capacities was merely completed by his "secret" work as a purveyor of information to warn the Soviet Union—his Soviet Union, mankind's Soviet Union—of the forces that worked for and against her in the inner world of diplomacy.

He was not a "traitor"! What the Un-American Activities Committee could not understand, what the two juries were certainly not able to comprehend, is that to Hiss, his service to the party and the Soviet Union is an expression of "loyalty," not "treason." Before consenting to marry him, Remington's former wife had made him solemnly pledge "not to succeed"; to so many of the generation of Remington and Hiss, the bourgeois success of the American Dream was the final treachery, and each step forward in their personal careers had to be justified in terms of opportunities provided for infiltration. Hiss offered his "espionage" as an earnest to the inner few whose opinion mattered to him (in those days chiefly Chambers, and always himself) that he had not "sold out" to the bourgeois world in which he was making a splendid career.

No wonder Hiss was inaccessible to Chambers' arguments against the party! No wonder he seemed scarcely willing to admit his existence, refusing him his very name! It was as if Hiss had wanted to shrug off his accuser, not like a real being in the outside world but like a nightmare. Indeed, the persistent voice of the man he had once admired must have seemed to him to possess the quality of a nightmare, speaking in its characteristic half-

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whisper the doubts, thrust down in himself, that could destroy his self-esteem.

And so Hiss had spoken out over the condemning voice, protesting his innocence with a vigor that contrasted oddly with Chambers' quiet tone. All the accounts speak of the voice of the accuser as one that, symbolically enough, could scarcely be heard. There is, even in the printed testimony, a sense of a counter-desire not to be heard along with the resolve to speak out. Far from seeming the vindictive persecutor of some accounts, Chambers strikes us as oddly reluctant, willing for a long time to risk perjury rather than reveal the full guilt of his former comrade. What Chambers really seems to be after is a confession of the truth from Hiss; he does not feel he can hide forever what Hiss has done, but he would prefer him to speak out himself.

Hiss, on the other hand, baits Chambers furiously, daring him to become the complete "rat," as if knowing Chambers will suffer in speaking out, as if wanting to shame and punish him. He seems to have felt sure that Chambers could not really harm him. A man does not unflaggingly succeed from high school days to early middle age without losing something of humility, and forgetting that a single failure of the most superb luck is enough for destruction. When the end comes, when the threat of a suit for defamation against Chambers leads to the disclosure of the damning papers, to the trials of Hiss for perjury, and to the final conviction, one has the sense that both of the men are surprised.

Some of the commentators on the case have spoken of the anti-Red "hysteria" that prevailed at the time of the case, as if in such an atmosphere the cards were hopelessly stacked against Alger Hiss. But precisely the opposite is the case. He is just the type that does not normally get caught in the indiscriminate "witch hunt," which tends to pick out those who look like "witches," the visible outsiders. A woman like Assistant Secretary of Defense Anna M. Rosenberg, for instance, foreign-born and a Jew, is much more likely to be haled up without any evidence against her, while a man like Hiss can slip past the ordinary Congressman, to whom Red really means loud-mouth or foreigner or Jew (Rankin, who was on the Committee that examined Hiss, apparently spent his spare time thumbing through *Who's Who in American Jewry*, and turned all his fire on—Chambers!).

The Committee did not want to believe Chambers. They were convinced by his, and his wife's, astonishingly specific memories: though some members of the Committee had been eager to "get the goods" on the New Deal, to catch out the State Department at last, they had apparently found it difficult to put much faith in Chambers. It was impossible to like him, as one instinctively liked Hiss for the boyish charm we think of as peculiarly American. Chambers seems to have worn his unprepossessing air (he is the sort of person of whom one believes immediately quite unfounded stories of insanity and depravity) deliberately, as if he had acquired in his revolutionary days the habit of rebuffing all admiration based on anything but his role in the party.

Every word he spoke declared him an ex-traitor, a present turncoat and squealer, and Hiss, sensing his inestimable advantage in a society whose values are largely set in boyhood when snitching is the ultimate sin, had traded on his role as the honest man confronted by the "rat." Really, Hiss kept insisting, they'd have to call the Harvard Club, say he'd be a few minutes late to dinner—after taking care of this unpleasantness. For a while it came off quite successfully, coming from one who visibly belonged, whose clothes beautifully fitted, whose manners were adequate to all occasions.

We learned later, of course, how much the genteel aspect of Hiss was itself a mask, imposed on a background of disorder and uncertainty not unlike Chambers': the suicide of his father and sister, the undefined psychological difficulties of his stepson, into whose allowance from his actual father, we remember, the Hisses sometimes dipped for contributions to the party. It was as if Alger Hiss had dedicated himself to fulfilling, along with his dream of a New Humanity, the other dream his father had passed on to him with his first name—from rags to riches. How strangely the Marxist ideal and the dream of Horatio Alger blended into the motives of his treason. . . .

Any good bourgeois bristles when confronted with Whittaker Chambers. His years

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as an editor on *Time* (he is "brilliant," of course, but the adjective is itself ambivalent), his present role as a small farmer, cannot conceal his real identity as the outsider: the "butterball who could not even learn to play marbles," the writer of poetry for little magazines, the obnoxious young radical expelled from college, the uncomfortable spirit that either blasphemes or is too religious for respectability. At one point, Chambers is asked by a Committee member how he spent his time during a week-long period when he had borrowed Hiss's apartment; and when he says, "reading . . ." one feels the troubled silence. How could anyone read so long? It is the suspicious vagary of the kind of man who once believed in Stalin and now believes in the Devil.

After his years in the "underground," he still seems ill at ease in our daylight world; and beneath the guise of the magazine executive, assumed only, we remember, to establish an "identity" for himself as a protection against being murdered by the GPU, the old Chambers persists. Everyone who had known him in his revolutionary days—except Hiss, of course—had no difficulty in recognizing Chambers at the time of the trial.

The jowls and the new teeth do not fundamentally change the face we can still see on the inside back cover of the Communist literary magazine, the *New Masses*, for July 1931. After twenty years, the young Chambers looks up at us still with the sullen certainty of one who has discovered in the revolution an answer to the insecurity and doubt which had brought his brother to suicide, him to months of despair and near paralysis. In the movement he had found a way out of immobility, a way to join with the other insulted and injured of the earth to change the world which excluded them. To appear in the *New Masses* in those days was not merely to be a writer, but to subscribe to a new myth of the writer, summed up in the blurb under the photograph: "Youth as a periodically vagrant laborer in Deep South, Plains, Northwest. Brief Columbia College experience ending with atheist publication. . . . Joined revolutionary movement 1925. . . ."

Hiss, who really knew Chambers, of course, better than anyone else except Chambers' wife, put his finger on the sources of this myth when he told the Committee that Chambers thought of himself as a kind of Jim Tully or Jack London. To understand Chambers, one must understand the concept of the literary bum as hero that came out of Tully and London, a special Marxist class-angling of the old bohemian ideal. Chambers' once living in the same quarters with an old whore, and his stealing of library books of which Hiss's lawyers and psychiatrists were to make so much during the trials, his name-changing and wandering, were all standard procedure for the rebel-intellectual in those days.

THE life style he adopted was perfected in the Communist "Third Period," in the years before 1935, and it is the Third Period we must first of all understand. The term is Lenin's, invented to describe that last stage of imperialism, the age of cataclysmic wars and revolutions, but it comes also to describe the way of life of those who believed themselves the sole carriers of the future in those final days. To the young comrades in their blue work shirts or flat-heeled shoes, there was no need to come to terms with the dying bourgeois world; Marx had told them that the point was to change it. They lived in a fine apocalyptic fury, issuing leaflets to ROTC units in Midwestern agricultural colleges, urging the "peasants and soldiers" to turn their guns the other way; they cried for an autonomous Negro republic to be carved out of the Deep South; and in the few cities where they had sufficient numbers, they were forever rushing "into the streets" to shout their resolve to "Defend the Soviet Union" against their own bourgeoisie in case of war. The only reality in their paranoid world was the Workers' Fatherland, still encircled and unrecognized by our own government. Here is a typical passage from an editorial that appeared in the *New Masses* in 1931, and which may actually have been written by Chambers:

> It is only a question of time until all the imperialist powers mobilize their manpower and hurl its bleeding masses in a rain of steel across the frontiers, to destroy the first Socialist Republic. In this situation what are the intellectuals to do? . . . They realize, however imperfectly, that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics represents the advance guard, the hope of human progress and civilization. . . . And they desire, the most advanced of them, to employ their

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minds as weapons in the fight to save the Soviet Union from its reactionary enemies.

Reread in the pages of the old magazine, in the heavy black format that seems to shriek at us across the years, and surrounded by the pen and ink drawings with their incredibly depraved bosses and their unbelievably noble workers, the banal paragraph seems merely unconscionably funny, like a bad silent film. But when we remember the universal loss of faith in those years of mass unemployment and of seemingly endless depression, we can appreciate the attractiveness of the Marxist answer, guaranteed by the miraculous existence of the Soviet Union, the last best hope of human culture. We sense, too, the appeal of violence in a world of words—an instant of bloodshed and the whole golden future unfolds!

No Third Perioder could have become, like a later type of Communist, really a "traitor" as distinguished from a mere "spy." How could they betray a world they publicly disavowed? Romantic and ridiculous, they were still revolutionaries, their allegiance single and unconcealed. When such Communists went underground they hid, but they never pretended to be good bourgeois. When the call came in 1932 from Max Bedacht, asking Chambers to disappear as the individual he had been in order to take on "special" work, Chambers seems to have welcomed the chance. He had already sacrificed his will to party discipline, his fate to history. He had little more to offer up beyond his name and the small fame that had become attached to it in the movement: the praise he had received in the Russian press for his stories of Communist life, the popularity of the play *Can You Hear Their Voices,* based on one of his works, already presented at Vassar and about to be produced in Russia.

Something in his temperament seems to have greeted the prospect of self-immolation; even before he entered what the Communists mean by the "underground," he had been, in the Dostoevskian sense, an underground man, his own enemy. It had apparently pleased him to take the final step, to become one whose death it would be forbidden to notice. What did Mundt or Rankin or Dixon know of Dostoevsky, or those twenty-four jurors of the kind of alienated life that conditioned Chambers? What trick of history brought them and him into the same room, pushed them toward an uneasy alliance?

It was Hiss—the embodiment of the subsequent Popular Front era, as Chambers was the embodiment of the Third Period—who provided the common link: Hiss who had as desperately to look respectable as Chambers had not to. The New Deal had moved American politics left, and had opened the doors of the trade unions and the Washington bureaus to the university intelligentsia at the very moment when that intelligentsia had been penetrated by the Communists, and Communism had undergone two decisive changes: first, the national Communist parties had lost all initiative and internal democracy, coming under the absolute control of the Russian bureaucracy; and second, world Stalinism had adopted the Popular Front line of collaboration with the bourgeoisie.

No longer was the ideal Bolshevik the open rebel, the poet-bum chanting songs of protest, but the principled government worker with the pressed suit and the clean-cut look. It was the day of "fronts" and "mass organizations," of infiltrating and "capturing" and "boring from within." As the headlines in the *Daily Worker* declared peace-with-capitalism, a new kind of underground Communist moved into Washington, unnoticed among the purer, pragmatic New Dealers.

Hiss is the prototype of the new-model Bolshevik (Lee Pressman and Henry Collins and John Abt, Noel Field and George Silverman were others) who was the more valuable as he seemed less radical. Far from being urged to sell the party press, he was even discouraged from reading it. These new secret workers had never been open members of the party; they did not merely hide, but pretended to be what they were not. For the first time, a corps of Communists existed for whom "treason," in the sense of real deceit, was possible. These were not revolutionaries but Machiavellians, men with a double allegiance, making the best of two worlds and often, like Hiss, profiting immensely within the society they worked so hard to destroy.

Doubtless some of these new Bolsheviks were able to deceive themselves into believ-

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ing that there was no actual contradiction between their real allegiance and their pretended one. What helped the self-deception was the rise of Nazi Germany as the chief threat on the world scene, and the changing role of the Soviet Union in international affairs. The blanket phrase "anti-fascism" covered over conflicts as deep as life itself. On the one hand, the New Deal had finally recognized the new Russian regime; and on the other hand, Communist Russia had joined the fellowship of nations. In the League of Nations (which Lenin had long before called "a den of thieves"), Litvinov was calling for the unity of the anti-fascist world. The watchword was no longer "Defend the Soviet Union!" but "Establish Collective Security!" The Communists insisted that the interests of Russia and the United States were forever identical, and the majority of liberals collaborated in the hoax—which was to crash with the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact, be ridiculously revived during the war when we were "allies," and collapse once more at the foot of the Iron Curtain. Here are the words of Earl Browder, written in the first flush of the Popular Front honeymoon:

> In this world movement, there stand out before the peace-loving peoples of the world two centers of resistance to the fascist flood, two points from which leadership and inspiration can be given to the majority of mankind struggling for democracy and peace, two rallying grounds for the hard-pressed forces of progress and culture—the Soviet Union and the United States. . . . The Soviet Union and the United States have common problems, common interests and common enemies. That is a central fact in the new world situation.

The platitudes, read in their context of rallies-for-Spain sponsored by the "big names" from Hollywood and Broadway, seem only a little less old-fashioned and absurd than those of 1931, but we must read them with attention, remembering that they made treason easy. The bureaucrat, busy making himself a niche in the government service while transmitting secret material to the Russians, didn't even have to pose to himself a moral "either-or"; in both his roles, he could consider himself serving what Browder liked to call "the spirit of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln."

BEFORE the Popular Front Communist the ordinary Congressman is helpless, unless there is a "renegade" willing to make revelations. The average legislator pursues ordinarily one of two policies in regard to Communists, springing from his profound inability or unwillingness to tell a Stalinist from a liberal. Either he lumps together as "Reds" everybody left-of-center (and even an occasional right-winger by mistake), or he refuses to recognize as a Communist anyone who denies it. The one kind of Communist likely to be missed by both approaches is the genteel Bolshevik who keeps his nose clean and never even reads the *New Republic*.

That is why the Committee was at first so completely buffaloed by Hiss. When he thundered righteously, "I am sorry but I cannot but feel to such an extent that it is difficult for me to control myself that you can sit there, Mr. Hébert, and say to me casually that you have heard that man [Chambers] and you have heard me, and that you just have no basis for judging which one is telling the truth," Hébert could only stutter lamely something about the degrading necessity of using low "stool pigeons" like Chambers and Miss Bentley.

It is easy enough to understand the shouts of "red herring!" raised in the earlier days of the case by certain old-line Democrats led by President Truman. They did not dissent on principle, but merely on party lines. If a venture sparked by Republicans is admitted to have succeeded, the Democrats stand to lose votes; and one denies anything that might lose votes. But the real liberals, in and out of the Democratic party, from whose ranks most of the actual believers in the innocence of Hiss are drawn, are a different matter. They had not even listened to the earlier testimony, out of a feeling that paying any heed to the House Committee on Un-American Activities was playing into the hands of the enemy, and that, in any event, the personnel and procedures of that Committee made it impossible for it to arrive at the truth. During the trials they paid attention for the first time.

Chambers' documentary evidence was still there, of course, and his circumstantial story was told again; but by this time Hiss was able to make a better showing than he had, taken unawares, before the Committee. He

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was imperturbable and glib in his testimony; and his lawyers were able to make Chambers seem more than ever a "moral leper," turning his very virtues (the lies and half-revelations by which he had attempted to protect Hiss) against him, and mocking his new-found religion. All the world distrusts a convert, but no part of it does so more heartily than the liberals. Finally, there were the psychiatrists, prepared on the basis of courtroom observation to call Chambers seriously unbalanced.

But most important of all, there arose to stand beside Hiss, one by one, a series of respectable character witnesses, an elite corps, as it were, of the New Deal, distinguished civil servants and honored judges, until it seemed as if the whole movement that from 1932 on had swept the country out of fear and towards prosperity was staking its very reputation on the innocence of this single man. We know the character witnesses did not deliberately lie. But if they were not liars —as they certainly were *not*—they were, in some sense, fools. It is not an easy admission, certainly not for them, but not even for those (among whom I include myself) who have admired in them a vision of national life that still appears worth striving for.

EVEN the wisdom of Franklin Roosevelt, the final culture hero of our liberal era, is brought into question. For he seems personally to have pooh-poohed the suspicions, relayed to him in 1940 by Ambassador Bullitt, about the reliability of Hiss. How could he have done otherwise? Was not Hiss one of those young men, mocked by the reactionary press as "brain-trusters," it had been his special pride to bring into political life? The big-city bosses, the unprincipled "experts," and the party hacks, he had been forced to carry with him for expediency's sake; but these young idealists he had supported for the sake of principle. Superficially, the history of Hiss is the prototypical history of the New Dealer at his best: the distinguished years at Harvard Law School, the secretaryship to the almost mythical Justice Holmes, the brilliant career that began in the Nye Committee and culminated at Teheran.

Certainly, a generation was on trial with Hiss, on trial not, it must be noticed, for having struggled toward a better world, but for having substituted sentimentality for intelligence in that struggle, for having failed to understand the moral conditions that must determine its outcome. What is involved is not any question of all or most of the younger New Dealers having been, like Hiss, secret agents of the GPU, but of their having been so busy denying that there was a GPU or that it mattered, that they could not identify an enemy of all the values in which they most profoundly believed.

They cannot even flatter themselves on having been fooled by master tricksters. Hiss was, perhaps, an extraordinarily accomplished dissembler, but what of the Pressmans, the Wadleighs, and the Remingtons, more obvious in their intended deviousness? Lest the New Dealers seem "Red-baiters," they preferred to be fools. Even in the case of Hiss, disquieting reports were transmitted to his superiors from time to time, and it was noticed, on at least one occasion, that information which passed through his hands had an odd way of leaking out. At one point A. A. Berle, after a conversation with Chambers, had gone to Dean Acheson, then Hiss's immediate superior, to report the rumor that "the Hiss boys" were members of a secret Communist group, and Acheson called in Donald Hiss to ask him if he and his brother were really Reds.

The naivety of the thing is monumental! He asked Donald Hiss, and when Hiss said no, Acheson was "satisfied." After all, he had known "the Hiss boys" since they were children; they had gone to the same schools, belonged to the same clubs, could speak man to man. Dean Acheson simply could not bring himself to believe that if the Hisses, who were gentlemen, were also Communists, they would as a matter of course lie. One thinks of Mrs. Roosevelt, under somewhat similar circumstances, calling the leaders of the American Student Union into her drawing room, asking them please to tell her the real truth: were they Communists?

In part, the lack of realism shared by Acheson and Mrs. Roosevelt came from belonging to a world in which liberals and conservatives (and even radicals) are assumed to share the same moral values, the values of the old Judeo-Christian ethical system, however secularized; but in another sense, it arises from long conditioning of the

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public mind by the "front organizations" of the late 30's, through which the bulk of the liberals learned to maintain the paradox that (a) there were really no Communists, just the hallucinations of witch hunters and (b) if there were Communists, they were, despite their shrillness and bad manners, fundamentally on the side of justice. After all, the Communists are "left," and everyone knows that only the "right" is bad. This absurd metaphor of "leftness" managed to conceal from men of good will and some intelligence the essential fact that the Communists had ceased to subscribe to a political morality universally shared, whatever its abuses, until 1917. How many victims of this confusion were able to spend years moving in and out of Communist fronts and say blandly in the end, "To the best of my knowledge, I have never known an actual Communist"!

Seen in this larger context, the half-deliberate blindness of so many decent people, which is a vital part of the total Hiss case, explains itself. The erstwhile defenders of Hiss's innocence show a growing tendency to remain silent, but their silence does not mean, alas, that they are finally convinced. Looking through Carey McWilliams' recent *Witch Hunt*, for instance, one is startled to discover in a study of the rising tide of accusations of Communism, no mention of the name of Alger Hiss—nor, indeed, of Klaus Fuchs. So significant an oversight must mean, if not active skepticism about Hiss's guilt, a feeling that his case is somehow less relevant than those in which charges of Communism have not been substantiated.

We must clearly understand that the failure of Hiss to confess, far from casting doubt on his guilt, merely helps to define its nature. If Hiss's guilt is of the sort I have tried to indicate, it is clear that, without some change of heart or values, he could not possibly have confessed. One has only to think of the recent trial of the twelve members of the national committee of the Communist party. Even these avowed and open leaders of the movement, whom one had perhaps expected to cry out their faith proudly before the tribunal, could only plead—so ingrained had the Popular Front lie become—in the teeth of the evidence of their own early writings, that (a) they had never advocated revolution and (b) by God, it was their inalienable right as American citizens to do so. What could one expect from Hiss?

If there is a note of tragedy in the case, it is provided by Chambers, the informer driven to mortify himself and to harm those he still loves. The Third Perioder, still pursuing the absolute, makes a tragic final appearance as the scorned squealer; the Popular Fronter can only exit in the role of the hopeless liar. It is difficult to say what factor is most decisive in cutting Hiss off finally from the great privilege of confession; opportunism or perverted idealism, moral obtuseness or the habit of Machiavellianism; they are all inextricably intermingled.

In the end he failed all liberals, all who had, in some sense and at some time, shared his illusions (and who that calls himself a liberal is exempt?), all who demanded of him that he speak aloud a common recognition of complicity. And yet, perhaps they did not really want him to utter a confession; it would have been enough had he admitted a mistake rather than confessed a positive evil. Maybe, at the bottom of their hearts, they did not finally want him to admit anything, but preferred the chance he gave them to say: he is, we are, innocent.

American liberalism has been reluctant to leave the garden of its illusion; but it can dally no longer: the age of innocence is dead. The Hiss case marks the death of an era, but it also promises a rebirth if we are willing to learn its lessons. We who would still like to think of ourselves as liberals must be willing to declare that mere liberal principle is not in itself a guarantee against evil; that the wrongdoer is not always the other—"they" and not "us"; that there is no magic in the words "left" or "progressive" or "socialist" that can prevent deceit and the abuse of power.

It is not necessary that we liberals be self-flagellants. We have desired good, and we have done some; but we have also done great evil. The confession in itself is nothing, but without the confession there can be no understanding, and without the understanding of what the Hiss case tries desperately to declare, we will not be able to move forward from a liberalism of innocence to a liberalism of responsibility.

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ANY TEARS FOR TISHA B'AV?

Reflections on a Day of Mourning—and Hope

MARK RAVEN

HOW many of us, I wonder, are going to fast this year on the ninth day of Av—August 11, but this being a Sabbath the fast day is the 12th—or even give much thought to this solemn anniversary, the day of the destruction of the Temple? Yet the grief that for centuries engulfed the people of Israel on this day was not related exclusively to a far-off disaster, nor even to the recurrent tragedy of Jewish suffering. Historically, Tisha B'av stood for a national anniversary; but to the individual it was an annual reminder, expressed with all the intimate force of myth and mystery, that every person's life had a core of sorrow which must be transmuted, in some way or other, into courage and hope.

We Jews are perhaps beginning to lose the passion that once plucked chords of deep emotion out of our history as a people. It has not all vanished; a word, or a song, in the right mood, can bring tears—or thoughts too deep for tears. But the feeling may soon be gone, which once was so strong, that the drama of the Jew has some application not merely to ourselves but to all existence: that as a people we are a sounding board for history.

This was once the unconscious power that gave Jewish life, for all its tragedy, a never-failing sense of poetry and passion. As a people, the Jews were able to interpret the miseries of the world around them in terms of an absolute order, not of happiness, but of meaning. For more than two thousand years, events, persons, periods changed with endless variety, but the pattern was unchangeable; the exodus from Egypt was the flight from Spain; the martyrs of Hadrian were the victims of Kishineff. There was little satisfaction in the external story, nor even much in the memory of resistance and personal heroism; yet in the abiding consciousness that this was a monumental backdrop to a deeper history, the Jews could feel that their struggle had dignity—and poetry. It had to be seen as a whole to have meaning. Living and dying, happiness and sadness, were all equally part of the design.

It was the Jew's burden—and still is—to turn over in his soul an insoluble problem of history: how could one people above all others become heir to such sorrow? Many never got beyond the Jewish aspect of this problem: what infliction or privilege lay in God's selection of the Jews for this role? But there were many who went deeper and, like Job, could see in their own suffering a mirror of all men's suffering, the helplessness of all men in the hands of an inscrutable Providence, the need of all men to find a way of explaining to themselves what they know instinctively to be true—that life is still worth living.

AT most times, the Jews carried on this philosophizing unconsciously. In their endless praying, morning, noon, and night, before and after every meal, and on the myriad special occasions of public and private life, they were mouthing words of enormous poetic and tragic significance; and though there were always some whose minds could grasp or whose emotions could

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THIS August 12th will be celebrated as Tisha B'av—the ninth day of the Jewish month of Av—the second most important fast day in the Jewish year, and one which commemorates the destruction of the Temple by Titus in the year 70 C.E. Historically, that is the origin of this fast day. But since that time, as MARK RAVEN here shows, it has come to encompass more and more of all that is tragic and hopeful in Jewish history. Mr. Raven is a frequent contributor to this journal; his most recent article was "British Jewry's Family Newspaper" in the March 1951 issue.

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feel the mystic quality of these prayers and who would dwell on the words with a lingering mystified sadness or a holy joy, it was for the majority a mere ritual. Not on Tisha B'av, however. This was one day in the year when the meaning of Jewish life and history imposed itself on every mind as firmly as when death faces one at a parent's grave.

On Tisha B'av—the ninth day of the fifth month—the Jews fasted a day and a night in memory of the destruction of the Temple. Though not in any way the most sacred of the Jewish Holy Days, this was one whose power, in an observant Jewish community, seemed in some ways to transcend them all. Certainly on the Day of Atonement the Jew felt more deeply his individual relation to God; but on no day more than Tisha B'av could the riddle of Jewish existence, in relation to God and man, receive such heart-searching. No other day symbolized more intensively the poetic consciousness of Jewish history, and the conviction that there was somewhere an answer to the riddle.

As early as in the Mishnaic period—the first centuries of the Christian era—the rabbis had attached mystical as well as historical meaning to the Fast of Tisha B'av by teaching that not one, but the five major calamities of Jewish history, had happened on this day. It was not only the day of the year on which, by a curious coincidence, both Temples had been destroyed, the First by Nebuchadnezzar (586 B.C.E.) and the Second, six hundred and fifty-six years later, by the Romans (70 C.E.). It was also the day on which, hundreds of years earlier, the Israelites under Moses had been doomed to wander in the wilderness for forty years. It was the day on which, fifty-five years after the destruction of the Temple by Titus, Bar Kochba's revolt was finally ended with the destruction of his last stronghold, Bethar; and it was the day on which, one year later, the Romans began to plow up the Holy City and the Temple area in order to turn Jerusalem into a Roman colony.

There is no need to follow learned speculations as to which event—if any—really happened on this precise day, and how early the fast began to be observed. The significant thing is the way in which, to the rabbinic mind, Jewish history, like the Bible itself, was timeless. Since it was all an expression of God's will in relation to His chosen people, an event in one year could be mirrored perfectly by a description years earlier, just as surely as it would be echoed in years to come by events of the same dread significance. In giving way to their sorrow, then, after the destruction of the Second Temple and the fall of Bethar, the rabbis took as their text always the classical dirge written when the First Temple was destroyed. Looking back to the Book of Lamentations, where the prophet Jeremiah tears his heart out in anguish at the rape of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the rabbis found implicit every detail, remembered or recounted, of their own tragedies. Sitting in the synagogue rehearsing their sorrow, they would take a single verse of the Book of Lamentations and talk on it for hours, recalling various legends about the suffering of the Jews in the Roman period six hundred years later, and interweaving it timelessly with memories of happier times and of earlier imagined glories.

On verse 16 of the first chapter of Lamentations, the stories were unending: *For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down water.* One rabbi told of three ships being filled by Vespasian with Jewish captives for Roman houses of prostitution, and how on their voyage first the men and then the women threw themselves into the sea. Another told of Jews in hiding being forced by starvation to eat the bodies of the slain, and how one man, having shared a body with others, suddenly found with horror that it was that of his own son, fulfilling the verse from Ezekiel: "Therefore the fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of thee, and the sons shall eat their fathers." Always a Biblical verse clinched the anecdote. Here is another of the rabbis' stories:

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"*For these things I weep*: The wife of Trajan—may his bones be crushed—bore a child on the eve of the Ninth of Av, when all Israel was in mourning. On Chanukah the child died, and the Jews asked themselves: 'Shall we kindle the Chanukah lights or not.' They finally decided to kindle the lights, whatever happened. But somebody went and made a slanderous report to the wife of Trajan, saying: 'When thou didst bear the child, these Jews went into mourning, and when the child died, they kindled lights.' So she wrote a letter to her husband, saying: 'Instead of conquering all those Barbarians, come and subject these Jews, who have revolted against thee.' Trajan took ship, expecting to arrive in ten days, but a favorable wind brought him in five days. He went up to the synagogue and found that they were studying the verse from Deuteronomy: *The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, from the ends of the earth, as the eagle flieth.* 'I am that eagle,' he said, 'for I expected to arrive in ten days, but the wind brought me in five'—and his legionaries surrounded the Jews and slew them. Then he said to the women: 'Give yourselves to my soldiers, for if not, I shall do to you what I have done to the men.' They replied: 'Deal with the weaker ones as thou hast dealt with the strong.' The legionaries fell upon them and slew them. The blood of the men mingled with the blood of the women, and the stream of blood poured on and on as far as Cyprus —and the Holy Spirit bewailed them, saying: *For these things I weep. . . .*"

It was no exaggeration that the myth should speak of Roman cruelty in these terms: this barbarism was just one more evidence to the rabbis of the eternal pattern, established in the Bible, by which evil and corruption were an inevitable part of this world, to be conquered fully only in a Messianic Age by the fully realized Brotherhood of Man and the Return to Zion.

The brotherhood of man—of all *normal* men—was the archetype of the good of the world, standing out clearly against the monumental evil of Oppression, the Babylonian or the Roman. The return to Zion was a symbol of what was perhaps an even deeper feeling, a nostalgia for the Temple as a pure holy symbol, transcending all the primitive ceremonies and traditions recounted in the Bible, and standing out in the minds of the rabbis as a perfectly obvious and direct manifestation of God's will, in contrast to the horrors of the heathen world around them.

The feeling that the pattern of Jewish life had been divinely set, with the longing for Zion as its central force, gave the Jews at least one comfort: they were at home with history. As history unfolded, they had been there before; and the notion of timelessness, of endless repetition of, and mystic unification with, the pattern of the Universe, lent itself readily to poetry. No one who has not read post-Biblical Hebrew writing in the original can imagine what tenderness and joy, what love, earthly and divine, what personal nostalgia and hope are evoked in all of these writings by the one word: *Tsi'on*. And as Zion, ever unattainable, was turned to more and more, in contrast to the horrors of the world around, so Tisha B'av became more and more the day which could symbolize, as no other, the mystery of Jewish existence.

Just as the rabbis of the Midrash had looked back to the Book of Lamentations, so, hundreds of years later, the Hebrew writers of the Middle Ages saw in the Midrash the perfect reflection of *their* times. In the poetic laments—*kinot*—which they began to write, they turned for inspiration to the same legendary events of the Temple's destruction described in the Midrash; but as time went on they could see little difference between these and their own tragedies, just as in later generations, the victims of Hitler lived once again through the slaughters of the Crusades. Yet like the Fast of Tisha B'av itself, the *kinot* were never all sorrow. The immediate occasion of a *kinah* may be one of the many mass "punishments" or expulsions meted out to Jewish communities, or the open massacres of the Crusades in the 12th or 13th centuries; but in all of them Zion—undefined,

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undefinable—is the hope, the comfort that lies ahead. In the Jewish calendar, the "Sabbath of Comfort" always follows Tisha B'av —the obverse of the evil in which they live.

It is a joyful poem on Zion, therefore, and not a dirge of destruction, that holds pride of place in the prayer book for this fast. The dirges are there in number, and the Book of Lamentations itself, recited traditionally in a beautifully sad chant, fits into the surrounding aura of sackcloth and ashes. Yet at the still center of the day is a happy paean of love, the long *Zion* poem of the 11th-century poet Judah Halevi.

"ZION! Wilt thou not ask if Peace be with thy captives. . . ." The poem, when it is recited, falls into the anguish of the day "like the dew of Hermon falling on Zion's hills." The sorrow is transmuted into a mystic happiness because Halevi, more than any other poet, has recaptured the pure love for Zion that flowed through the Psalms and through all Jewish history. To the Psalmist, it was praise of the Temple and God's worship. In Halevi's poem, he leaps across the centuries to pick up this abiding trust, weaving the Psalms and other Biblical verses into his own with complete spontaneity. As with all true evocations of Jewish history, it is an untranslatable mixture of the familiar and the unattainable (in the following translation, italicized phrases are quotations from the Bible). Here were words and verses that all knew and recited as prayers with complete automatism; yet when Halevi sang, they fell into place as poetry, so that every man, bowed down by sorrow, could be transformed by joy:

"O who will make me wings, that I may fly afar
And lay my cleft heart among thy cliffs.

I would fall, with my face upon thine earth and *be gentle*
To thy stones, tender to thy dust.

Zion! *Perfection of beauty!* With love and grace thou wert bound
Of old; and still the souls of thy companions are bound up with thee.

It is they that rejoice at thy well-being, that are in pain
Over thy desolation, and that weep over thy ruin—

They that, from the pit of the captive, pant toward thee, *worshipping,*
Every one from his own place towards thy gates."

AS TIME went on, Tisha B'av became deeper and deeper in feeling, overlaid with generations of tragedy. To the rabbis of the 2nd century, five tragedies of Jewish history had happened on this day. To later generations, had they pursued this thought, many more could have been added. Certainly in modern times, the Kishineff massacre must have happened on Tisha B'av, the birth of Hitler, the Hebron martyrdom of 1929, the finishing of the stockade around Buchenwald.

Kishineff, where fifty Jews were butchered and hundreds of others wounded in April 1903 after a deliberate mass incitation by the ritual murder libel, was, and has remained, an epic word of sorrow in Jewish history. When it happened it sent such horror through the Jewish world that, like its grim prototypes, it released a monumental sadness that found its full form only in poetry. Bialik's great poem on Kishineff—"In the City of Slaughter"—is another *kinah;* yet more significantly, it is a turning point in the story, a *kinah* that is also a protest against all the *kinot,* and certainly against the passive acceptance of God's will that shone through all previous lamentations.

Bialik's poem is written in a plodding, singsong meter, as though from the very beginning there were no hope left for any of us. But the mood changes. Filled with unutterable grief as he details incidents of the massacre, he is suddenly stirred to another kind of anger when the reader is asked to follow the survivors into their synagogues

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"on their fast day" and listen to their bitter dirge. "The room is filled with such howling and cries as to set your hair on end, and fill you with fear and trembling. . . . But is there a seed of vengeance in their heart? Not a trace. . . . They beat their chests and confess their sins, crying: 'We have sinned, we have betrayed.' . . . But their words belie their heart. Can a broken vessel sin? Can a shattered pot transgress? Why do they *pray* to Me? Tell them to thunder *against* Me. Let them raise their fists against Me and claim recompense for their shame, the shame of all their generations from time immemorial."

The poet was protesting against the deepest sense of Jewish history—the conviction that all this suffering was God's will; yet in the form of his protest he still echoes most of the implicit assumptions of Tisha B'av. He still feels that, in contrast to his miserable contemporaries, "the Jews of old" were moral giants, heroes, if not of mighty deeds at least of spiritual grandeur. Like everyone else, he cannot resist reliving, in the thought of the heroes of his youth, the joy and power of youth itself. Jewish history—at least in the past—is still the crucible of his emotion.

Bialik was only half-hearted in putting forward the answer to the Jewish riddle that so many Zionists have thought sufficient—that if the Jewish people ceased to be "different," their troubles would end. To European Zionists especially, the idea of Jewish farmers, Jewish road workers, Jewish garbage men in their own country, Palestine, seemed to promise the welcome end of being the "chosen people," the beginning of an era when the horrors of history could be forgotten. Yet, once arrived in Palestine, it seemed less likely that the Jews would succeed, or would want to succeed, in shaking off the past. It was Jewish manual workers, digging the foundations for a settlement, who unearthed the glorious mosaics of the synagogue at Beth Alpha. And it was in the course of a procession to the Wailing Wall—on Tisha B'av, 1929—that the riots of that year began, culminating in the massacre of the pious old Jews of Hebron.

WHEN Tisha B'av is celebrated by the observant this year, on August 12, why will they be fasting? Will it be to comply with a rabbinic ordinance—and one not very high up in the scale of really old rabbinic priorities—or because they find it good and proper to turn with ascetic discipline, in this way, to reflections on the sadness of the past and the riddle of the future?

Rationally, it is easy to be superior to these primitive customs. Does one have to go without food for a day and a night in order to indulge in religious speculation? And to center one's hungry thoughts around the destruction of an almost prehistoric "altar" where animals were brought for slaughter and their blood poured out ceremoniously—really this is too much!

Reform Judaism, in its early phase, was very logical about these things. Since the Jewish people acquired their special character only *after* the destruction of the Temple, how can one sincerely pray for its restoration? David Einhorn, the scholarly Reform leader who died in New York in 1879, wrote: "Reformed Judaism beholds in the cessation of the sacrificial service, the termination of a special nationality, and the scattering of the Jews among all nations, the fundamental conditions for the fulfilment of their mission among mankind. Only after the destruction of Jerusalem was it possible for Israel to become 'a kingdom of priests and a holy nation,' a conception which even in the Talmud is intimated in the saying: 'On the day of the destruction of the Temple, the Messiah was born.'"

Perhaps so. But the coming of a Messiah had no meaning to the Jews unless, while praying for his coming, they wept for a Jerusalem that was set on fire, year after year, before their own eyes. On the day that the Temple was first destroyed, the Jews took unto themselves an enormous longing—not a mission to proselytize mankind, but a hope, symbolized by the word Zion, that its rebuilding was as certain as

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the ultimate dawn of an era of peace and brotherly love. Their own suffering had shown the ugliness of the world. The return to Zion—not merely the physical return but the dawn of a Messianic age—was a concept so beautiful that the mere thought of it lent dignity and poetry to the grim life around them.

ARE we as sure now as were the early reformers that a preoccupation with the suffering and longing of the past has little significance for a people as advanced and emancipated as we have become? Is the future so assured, so firmly based on the progress of science and the improvement of man's character, that we can look forward securely to a world of good intentions and universal happiness?

If we thought so fifty years ago, we are less likely to think so today. Even the most convinced Zionist does not believe that, with Israel restored as a state, it is time to cast off sackcloth forever, to be done with grief. Suffering and evil, and the problems they raise, are as much in our minds now as in the days of the old rabbis. Only if we can turn our backs confidently on the tortures of the concentration camps, on the murder of freedom, and on the ever-present possibility of an apocalyptic holocaust, can we turn our backs on Tisha B'av.

But just as surely we cannot turn our backs either on the Messianic hope, enshrined in the Sabbath of Comfort. To ignore evil is to lose one's worth as a human being: to lose hope in human destiny is to struggle in a vacuum.

The rabbis were not devoid of insight, then, when they sat in the synagogues exchanging Biblical verses, finding in this exercise not an archaic prophecy of ancient disasters, but a vivid contemporary echo of all their hopes as human beings.

Here, to end appropriately for Tisha B'av, is a snatch of conversation among the rabbis on verse 2 of the first chapter of Lamentations:

She weepeth sore in the night: [literally: "Weeping, she weeps in the night"]: Why is the word repeated? Rabbi Simeon ben Yohai said: "God said to Israel: 'You have often wept for no cause, but one day you will weep for good cause.'" When did Israel weep for no cause? *And Moses heard the people weeping, family by family. . . . And all the Congregation lifted up their voice and the people wept* (Numbers xi:10, xiv:1). And when did they weep sincerely? Rabbi Aibo said: "Once in Ramah and once in Babylon. In Ramah, as it is written: *A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping* (Jeremiah xxxi:15), and in Babylon, as it is written: *By the waters of Babylon there we sat down, yea we wept when we remembered Zion* (Psalms cxxxvii:1)." Rabbi Aibo added: "God said to Israel: 'Because of this weeping, I shall end your exile, for is it not written in Isaiah: *Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears. . . . For there is hope for thy future, said the Lord.*'"

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WILL "MANAGED CAPITALISM" PULL US THROUGH?

Balance Sheet of Two Decades of Keynes

J. K. GALBRAITH

"TO UNDERSTAND my state of mind," Keynes wrote George Bernard Shaw in 1935, "... you have to know that I believe myself to be writing a book on economic theory which will largely revolutionise—not, I suppose, at once but in the course of the next ten years—the way the world thinks about economic problems." No man has ever written a book above the pretensions of a home repair manual who did not at some moment feel that he was on the edge of greatness, and few books would be finished without the support of this delusion. Keynes, however, spoke with foresight. His *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money,* which appeared the following year, did change, far more than any other book of the first half of the century—and in the current of evolutionary as distinct from revolutionary economics, more than any book since Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy*—the way men think about economics. His only substantial error was in his estimate of the time that would be needed for his ideas to take hold. There was resistance, but if bitter it was brief. Long before Keynes's death, almost exactly ten years after the publication of the *General Theory,* Anglo-American thinking on economics had been deeply and permanently reshaped by his book. Implicitly and in large measure explicitly, his ideas were those by which the English-speaking countries sought to guide their economies. The name of Keynes and the notion of a liberal but *guided* capitalism had become largely synonymous.

In view of his influence, Keynes, though by no means an obscure, is still a relatively unknown figure. Everyone has some sort of working knowledge of the career of Marx; it is my impression that the devout still worry their way through his books, or at least the abridged versions, for reasons of duty if not of comprehension. There are hundreds of thousands of Keynesians who know Keynes only as a remarkably versatile Englishman, rather recently dead, who objected brilliantly to the reparations clauses of the Versailles Treaty and who established a reputation during and immediately after the Second World War as a negotiator with the United States. The *General Theory* has been read by only the merest handful of laymen. Indeed, among non-mathematical works on economics, it is for the lay reader almost uniquely incomprehensible. Hundreds have bought the book with a fine determination to get to the original sources of a doctrine they find themselves accepting or even espousing. After being warned on, say, page 25, that "the value of D at the point of the aggregate demand function, where it is intersected by the aggregate supply function, will be called *the effective demand,*" they have postponed their education until a day of greater leisure, meaning forever. Even professional economists have found it more convenient to teach from one or another of Keynes's numerous interpreters than from the master. Partly for this reason, an inquiry among professing Keynesians as to his principal contribution to economics would bring forth a notable variety of an-

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THE spectre of the Great Depression still holds the American mind, despite the last decade of relative prosperity. To what extent is this fear justified? Has capitalism, with the assistance of the theories of John Maynard Keynes, learned to manage its business cycle? Or have we only succeeded in staving off depression and unemployment to impale ourselves on the upward thrust of inflation? What are the new problems that have risen to plague us in what some have called the "post-Keynesian era"? J. K. GALBRAITH, who here discusses these questions, is professor of economics at Harvard University. His article, "Making 'Point 4' Work," appeared in the September 1950 COMMENTARY.

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swers. Perhaps the only point of agreement would be that he urged government spending in depression, which he unquestionably did.

FOR anyone who wants to know about Keynes, the scholar, public official, essayist, patron of the arts, journalist, speculator, and businessman—who wishes, in brief, to follow one of the most varied and interesting lives of modern times—a full-length biography is now available.* It is not in all respects a good one. The author, R. F. Harrod, would seem to have been the nearly ideal selection for what amounts to the authorized story of Keynes's life. (He had access to Keynes's papers and the generous assistance of Keynes's parents and friends.) Mr. Harrod is an economist, an early disciple of Keynes, and of course he knew Keynes well. However, it is the task of the biographer to deal with his subject and forget himself. Of such an exercise in self-effacement Mr. Harrod, unhappily, shows himself to be incapable. He yields to the temptation to walk through the pages side by side with Keynes and, all too frequently, to climb on the shoulders of his great friend to enjoy a little of the limelight himself. When Keynes recedes and Harrod appears, the reader will almost certainly feel disappointed. For while Keynes was a citizen of the world, although no less an Englishman for the fact, Mr. Harrod's universe is a quadrilateral, the corners of which are Cambridge, London, Eton, and Oxford. His view of the intellectual life of the two old universities has something of the quality and all of the exclusiveness of an Ohio State alumnus contemplating the next football game with Michigan.

Nonetheless Mr. Harrod's portrait of Keynes is a striking one. The reader has a full view of the vitality, even majesty, of a man who crowded several lives into one. These were lives, incidentally, which were lived simultaneously. We are all acquainted with men who have run through several successful careers set end to end. But at any given time, Keynes was teaching, writing, making money for himself, an insurance company, and King's College, Cambridge (of which he was long the bursar), directing a theater, running a farm, and counseling the British Treasury. He did nothing badly and only the last seems ever to have made anything like a preclusive claim on his energies.

Yet one does not sense that all this was wholly an accident of great ability, diligence, and personality. These Keynes possessed, but equally he was the product of an environment and an education which made the full development of his talents probable if not inevitable. He was, like John Stuart Mill, the son of highly educated parents. His father, John Neville Keynes, who survived him, was an eminent logician and a pioneer student of the formal methodology of economics. His mother, an equally remarkable person, was a warm and effective humanitarian. From this home and its rich and disciplined intellectual life Keynes went on to Eton and to King's College. No one ever had a better education by English standards or was better situated to profit from it. It may be there was never a much better education for those fortunate enough to have it. The British have never, as have we, sacrificed substance for seeming relevance and depth for superficial breadth. The successful product of this education knows the classics, not about them, the literature and history of his land, arithmetic, algebra, and geometry and, before all, English grammar. If a man has capacity for something more he has everything on which to build.

He has also, it would appear, a certain inner discipline which enables him, among other things, to stand success. Keynes is an admirable case in point. In the First World War, while still in his early thirties, he managed Britain's external finances for the Treasury and made a brilliant reputation in doing so. Then he went on to Paris with Lloyd George whence he returned to publish his great polemic against the Versailles Treaty, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace.* Immediately he was a world figure.

On the record, such eminence at such an age could be counted on to ruin an Amer-

**The Life of John Maynard Keynes,* by R. F. Harrod (Harcourt, Brace, 674 pages, $7.50).

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ican. If a public servant or publicist he would probably have turned to active politics. After his reputation for global wisdom had dimmed he would turn up in Washington as a consultant. Or he might spend the rest of his life as a columnist, an *ad hoc* commentator or some other kind of road-company oracle, in any case sternly avoiding any further serious work. It is plain that the generality of our novelists, when endowed with the pecuniary rewards of great success, invest them in alcohol. For two decades Keynes was as firmly excluded from government service as an equally controversial man would be excluded from Washington. But he went on to conquer new worlds. The achievement with which he will be permanently identified, the *General Theory*, did not appear until he was fifty-three.

I HAVE said that a distinctive feature of Keynes's economics is its tendency to be—though not all things to all men—different things to many different men. The reason is simple. Keynes's impact on the world was on three different levels. There was first his technical analysis—his system of economic theory. Second there were the conclusions concerning the economy which derived from this analysis. These concerned, in particular, the behavior that might be expected of a liberal capitalist economy if left to itself. Third and finally there were the remedies for the defects of capitalism, most of them in the sphere of government policy, which were suggested by the analysis and conclusions. Depending on their interests and temperaments, Keynes's interpreters have concerned themselves with his analysis, his conclusions, or his remedies. Sometimes they have jumbled all three. The first step toward an appreciation of Keynes's economics consists simply in knowing about which of the foregoing one is talking.

The overwhelmingly important—and only superficially pessimistic—conclusion from Keynes's economics is that unemployment (and, by some extension of the analysis, also bouts of inflation) are as normal in a modern capitalist economy as stable full employment.

Keynes's analysis concerns itself with the way capitalism maintains its adjustment between its internal income-flows. Such adjustments are as inevitable as the fact that when one man spends money he affects the income of another. Keynes's major contribution here was in showing the importance of changes in the *total* output of the economy as a factor in making such adjustments. Thus it had once been supposed that, when people sought to save more than others sought to invest, a fall in the rate of interest would discourage intending savers and encourage intending investors and thus maintain the balance between savings and investment. Keynes contended that a fall in total production, by diminishing or frustrating intentions to save and producing involuntary investment, especially in inventories, was what maintained the balance. He similarly attacked, although somewhat more equivocally, the notion that a fall in wages would expand employment. It follows that if changes in total output (and therewith in employment) are one of the ways by which the economy keeps itself in adjustment during change, one can no longer suppose that this economy will have stable full employment as its norm.

At first glance this seems like wretched news. Also it was presented to the world in 1936 in the sixth year of a severe and exceedingly pertinacious depression. Keynes's conclusion thus seemed to confirm what most people had come to suspect, namely that the depression could be permanent. Conservatives, who had taken shelter behind the self-liquidating contention that all depressions were temporary and that the appropriate remedies were patience and resignation, thus had good reasons to dislike Keynes. Economic theory as well as the clock and calendar now became their enemy. Their suspicion that Keynes was somehow a radical and even sinister figure undoubtedly traces in part to this attack in their hour of despair. However, for a vastly greater number in the English-speaking countries he promptly emerged as a figure of hope. The reason lay not with either the theory or its practical conclusions but with the remedy that Keynes proposed.

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If depression comes as the result of total production being reduced to keep savings in line with a diminished volume of investment, then it follows that anything that increases investment, and hence production, will check and even reverse the decline. In principle, government borrowing and spending will be just as effective as private borrowing and spending. Should there be too strong a tendency in the opposite direction—should investment exceed current savings when the economy is working at capacity with a consequent tendency for prices to rise—higher taxes and a government surplus would check such inflation. None of this involved any detailed interference with private business or consumer decision. The only new function of the state was, by expanding demand, to provide such a setting for private decision that the latter, though quite uninhibited, would contribute to keeping the economy stable at or near full production levels.

None of this is so easy in fact as it has here been made to sound, nor nearly so easy as many of Keynes's disciples were at first inclined to think. Moreover in both Keynes's mind and theirs, the clear and present danger to capitalism was depression; it was in terms of depression that the Keynesian remedies were thought through. As I shall suggest in a moment, inflation, once dismissed as a rather academic threat, poses some uniquely stubborn issues of its own. The consequence of the *General Theory*, nonetheless, was an all-embracing change in attitudes toward capitalism.

There can be little doubt that prior to 1936 the common denominator of capitalist criticism was the view—more often perhaps implicit than explicit—that capitalism itself was temporary. Not unnaturally this view had come later to America than to Europe—greater youth and less faith in Marxian prophecy were both factors—but it came with a rush in the 30's. The depression bore a marked resemblance to the capitalist crisis. Germany, Italy, and Japan were all too obviously transmuting economic weakness into virulent nationalism. England, the United States, and the British commonwealths, with their greater political capacity, were merely showing their greater ability to endure. It seemed uncomfortably probable that they too would one day face what the John Strachey of the day pictured as The Coming Struggle for Power. Whatever form this eventual transfiguration of capitalism might take, it did not seem possible that it could be accomplished by peaceful and orderly process.

Keynes's achievement amounted to nothing less than a complete defeat of this fatalism. The action he proposed was well within the scope of democratic arbitrament. Indeed, if anything it looked too simple; those who had long since resigned themselves to the notion that capitalism was heading for some ill-defined but truly dramatic denouement could wonder if they weren't being suckers for a soft solution. The fact remained that within a decade the only people who still believed in the inevitablity of a harsh solution for the instability of capitalism were those who preferred such a solution. In the West grounds for a faith in political gradualism had been once more established.

All of this explains Keynes's error in estimating the resistance to his ideas. All of his life, as Mr. Harrod makes clear, Keynes was profoundly persuaded of the inability of most men to change their minds. He had no trouble changing his own. The *General Theory* sharply reverses direction on his *Treatise on Money*, a great two-volume work published only a few years before and clearly intended, at the time of its writing, to be his *opus*. Within the space of a few years, and for good reasons, he shifted from advocacy of free trade to urging a measure of control and discrimination and back toward a multilateral system again. After attacking Lloyd George without mercy as a peacemaker he became once again his supporter in the late 20's. "The difference between me and some other people is that I oppose Mr. Lloyd George when he is wrong and support him when he is right."

The *General Theory*, however, found an audience of men that wanted to change their minds. They did not want to believe—as

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Marx's predictions and the experience of the depression seemed to be forcing them to believe—that liberal capitalism must go. They might call themselves liberals or radicals or members of the left but, no less than Burke himself, they sought continuity with the past. So far as the English-speaking countries now have a reference point in the conduct of their economic policy, it is that provided by Keynes. Keynes triumphed not because he provided a platform for radicals but because he provided men who did not really want to be radicals with a plausible form of conservatism.

IN THE early 30's, long before Keynes had a perceptible influence on the ideas underlying American economic policy, the Hearst papers were campaigning for large public-works expenditures financed by borrowing—a policy of deficit financing. Very possibly the imperative of depression would have forced governments to adopt such expedients even had Keynes never lived. At a minimum, however, Keynes provided a systematic rationalization of what would otherwise have been acts of political desperation.

He also made it clear that depression remedies were only for depression. While Keynes was undoubtedly moved to write partly by the pain and suffering of these years, nothing was further from his mind than the production of a homeopathic formula to eliminate unemployment that would be invoked at all times and under all circumstances in the future. However, in the context in which Keynes wrote it was perhaps inevitable that his name should become inextricably and all but exclusively associated with defenses against depression.

But since the early 40's it is with inflation, not depression, that all Western governments have been contending. So far as there has been hardship resulting from economic instability it has been the result of rising prices, not unemployment. Yet the experience of the 30's burned itself into the minds of Americans and Western Europeans and left them subject to what can only be called a depression psychosis. Even amidst inflation they have continued to brace themselves for the inevitable slump.

One consequence has been to identify a very large number of government policies with Keynesian remedies for depression. There are still people who believe that current defense expenditures are a disguised measure for maintaining the economy at full employment. There are many more who believe that the salvation of modern capitalism consists in finding a large and increasing number of objects for public expenditure. The name of Keynes is unhesitantly and quite falsely invoked in support of these propositions. In fact, under the stress of war, postwar rehabilitation of capital plant and of producer's and consumer's stocks of goods, and more recently of a new defense effort, the total of public and private investment during the last ten years has been regularly pressing upon our capacity to save. This is the reason we have been plagued, recurrently, by inflation. It is a condition which is the exact reverse of that—of efforts to save in excess of desire to invest—with which Keynes identified depressions. To suppose that during the last ten years a deliberate policy of government spending has been necessary, is to think that our struggle against inflation should be made more difficult in order to prevent a notably non-existent depression. Keynes, who never suffered fools gladly, would have dealt harshly with any alleged follower who espoused such nonsense.

A further consequence of the depression psychosis is that our defenses against depression are in far better shape than our defenses against inflation. This is partly the fault of Keynes, although it is far more the result of the misdirected emphasis of his interpreters. In principle the Keynesian remedies for economic instability were symmetrical. In depression the government supplemented private demand by spending more than it took in. In times of inflation it did just the opposite—it reduced private demand by taking more in taxes than it spent.

But when the inflationary tensions are caused by war or defense expenditures, the remedies are not symmetrical and the pre-

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occupation with depression has kept us from seeing this. When inflationary spending is induced by the requirements of war or rearmament, the government does not have the option of reducing expenditures to reduce demand. Accordingly its principal recourse, if the demands on the economy are to be kept within the limits of what the economy can supply, is to taxation. The taxes required may be greater than people think decent, and politicians, wise.

Moreover, when a modern economy is using the full capacity of its plant and labor force, there is a tendency for inflation to develop a dynamic of its own. Wages shove up prices and higher prices become a cause and a justification of higher wages. During the war and again in these last months of quasi-peace, we have resorted to direct wage and price controls to break the continuity of this wage-price spiral. The need for such controls was not envisaged by Keynes; the preoccupation of Keynesian economics with depression has meant that inflation control has been handled by improvisation.

Keynes did not, in other words, provide a formula for solving all of the problems of an effective and stable capitalism. Far from it. But in addition to his very considerable contribution to the substance of economics and economic policy, he had what may well prove to be an even more important effect on attitudes toward economic problems. With the change in view toward capitalism in the large, there developed, naturally enough, the conviction that any particular problem of its behavior could be solved. Thus, even though the control of inflation is still a decidedly unsolved problem, there are few economists who suppose that it must remain so.

This notion that capitalism can be (and must be) managed is still repugnant to numerous conservatives. To the extent that Keynes is responsible for it, it is another reason for resenting him. But the man who is tempted to wish that Keynes had never lived ought to remind himself that many who, as a result of his writings, now believe in a managed capitalism, might otherwise still be of the conviction that it has no future at all.

FOR ALL WHO MARCH

ALLEN MANDELBAUM

"Neither shalt thou
go up by steps unto mine altar
that thy nakedness
be not uncovered thereon."

We, the meek,
approaching the altar with
faltering steps,
take heed of the bareness and evil of our skin,
move duly, Lord, in semblance
of equilibrium.
We need but the smoke
of bullocks in the temple-yard,
the tocsin of the Levites' reeds,
costus, galbanum, or nard,
to feed Thy Word.

But now the altar is decay
and acrid now the attar in
the evening of the carnal day.
"As new wine-skin that hath no vent,"
at ferment-verge of bitterness,
the heart, o God of Battles, bursts,
the veil of skin lies rent.
The searing scent of the charred
is the scent of our own flesh-souls;
not sacrificial lambs, but we have been
burnt whole.

Allen Mandelbaum's translations of Hebrew poems have appeared in previous issues of Commentary. He was born in 1926, and holds an MA degree from Columbia University.

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NOW THEY BRING THE MATCHES!

A Story

HAMLEN HUNT

THE hundred or more guests invited to Sylvia Saroff's wedding, in Brookline, Massachusetts, felt no strangeness, thought Mrs. Forbes. They entered the Plantation House like a relative's parlor: eyeing all arrangements critically, and noticing what was new since last time.

"I like the new drapes," a friend of Mrs. Saroff's said. "That fringe is smart. The latest thing. You could see them at Paine's."

"Flowers in here, too, I see," somebody else said. She walked over and scrutinized the card inserted among the roses and baby's breath. "From the groom's family," she said. "A nice idea."

The Plantation House had formerly been one of those Sunday-dinner restaurants for all, specializing in cinnamon rolls and peppermint stick ice cream. Now it was devoted entirely to Jewish functions like Sylvia Saroff's wedding to which, at well past six-thirty, the time stated on the engraved invitations, the guests were still leisurely arriving. They met and chatted under the awning over the sidewalk, or in the reception hall as they checked their coats.

As for Mrs. Forbes, she stood, silent and alone, and almost wished she had not come to Sylvia's wedding, she felt so much a stranger here. But she was devoted to Sylvia, who had been her baby-sitter for years, on Beacon Hill, and even though her husband was out of town on business, she had dressed in her best, to do Sylvia honor, and come by herself. She felt conspicuously Gentile: glances crossed over her like searchlights, and fell away.

She was just about to go into the parlor, where rows of chairs were set out, when another Beacon Hill neighbor greeted her loudly.

"So you made it!" Mrs. Allen said. Mrs. Allen kept the small grocery and newspaper store across from Mrs. Forbes, and knew everybody on the Hill well enough to talk about, anyway. She and Mrs. Forbes often chatted, and it was she who had originally found Sylvia to baby-sit, when the Forbes children were small and had to be walked out daily to the Public Gardens or the Esplanade.

"You're looking good," Mrs. Allen said, politely, but Mrs. Forbes felt drab beside the splendor of Mrs. Allen's jetted black dress, and her sequin-sewn long gloves. Mrs. Allen had large, irregular features, and rather thin dark hair. Years ago she had married a Gentile and moved away from her native West End. But she had come back a widow, set herself up in her little store, and now she introduced her rather heavy-set escort as Mr. Hymie Green.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Forbes. "I wish I knew what to do. Do we just go in? I still have my invitation."

Mrs. Allen laughed. "You come with me. We'll look out for you."

She began to push her way toward the thickest crowd in the middle of the reception hall.

"Not that there's any hurry," she said. "It'll be an hour yet. But at least we could go in and get good seats."

"Pardon me, folks," said Mrs. Allen, and soon they were within greeting distance of Ben Saroff, and Mrs. Forbes' invitation was taken from her hand, and she was swept into the main current of the evening.

"Mrs. Forbes!" Ben Saroff cried, when he saw her. "It's good you could come! Enjoy

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HAMLEN HUNT's most recent contribution to COMMENTARY, "The Honekker Song" (December 1950), has been cited in Martha Foley's list of the distinguished short stories of the year. Miss Hunt's stories have appeared with regularity in numerous leading periodicals.

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yourself! I hope you wouldn't feel strange —you don't know so many people!"

The father of the bride was a small, pale, thin man, who worked for a wholesale drug concern down near the North Station. But tonight he was resplendent in rented tails and stiff shirt, and his four tall sons, banked behind him, and also in tails, collected invitations and gave back in exchange small white cards with numbers on them, explaining, "This is where you sit, after. Just find your number."

WAITING for Mrs. Allen, she watched the scene and wondered at Ben Saroff's proud excitement and his beaming smile of the most perfect hospitality. After all, his elegance of dress and surroundings, also rented, was so transitory. The savings of twenty years were being burned like a taper, in one evening, as Ben Saroff looked on. Tomorrow he would sleep late, but the day after that he would go back to the work he was too old for, to the cold-water flat on Beacon Hill where he and his wife had raised six children, all of whom had moved away to Dorchester and Brookline. The daughter who had died was buried in Dorchester.

"Ben's walking on air!" said Mrs. Allen, as she and Hymie and Mrs. Forbes went into the big double parlors where the ceremony was to be performed. As they found seats, Mrs. Forbes could not help remembering a story Mrs. Allen had told her about Sylvia's father.

"When I came back to Boston," Mrs. Allen had said, "Ben Saroff didn't know me by my Gentile name, of course. I used to know him when we were kids, in the West End. So Sylvia talked about this Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Allen, and one day I met her outside the National D Store on Phillips. She introduced me to her father by my name. He was feeling good, so when she went inside for some herring, he gave me a slap on the bottom, a few words passed—you know what I mean—'You're a nice-looking woman, I happen to have a little free time this weekend, so how's about it?'—kidding. Well, I passed it off, but I was *surprised*. So the next time I saw him, he couldn't look me in the face. He didn't know where to look. So he apologized to me, very nice. I respected him for it. Yes, I did. 'Mrs. Allen,' he said to me, 'I never knew you was a Jewish lady, or I would never have passed such remarks, believe me!'"

Mrs. Allen, who had come from some part of what was once Galicia (prunes in the cooking, and she always called *matzos* "*mutzies*") ended up the story with a point that seemed irrelevant to Mrs. Forbes.

"Russian Jews are very domineering," said Mrs. Allen.

Tonight Mrs. Forbes had to look twice to recognize her Beacon Hill neighbors. Their Russian and Polish origins, their working lives in small tailor shops and grocery stores, their worries, were all left home, and here they were, resplendent as Ben Saroff. The women wore every kind of fashionable evening dress, mostly they had fur coats far better than Mrs. Forbes' modest mouton draped over the backs of their chairs, and they had all had their hair just cut and set. The men were in rented tails, or their own dark business suits: a few of the younger ones had tuxedos, also their own.

People chose their seats with care, for a good view of the ceremony, and at the far end of the room a yellow brocade canopy, like a giant lampshade, hung suspended from the ceiling.

Mrs. Allen looked at the canopy with amazement. "What kind of a *chupah* is that?" she said.

Mrs. Forbes obviously wouldn't know, but Mrs. Allen worriedly discussed it with Hymie, and with several people sitting nearby, though she didn't know them.

"I never saw a *chupah* like that, never!" she said. Grudgingly, suspiciously, she said, "Maybe it's something new they got."

Confusion seemed well established. The women talked with their manicured work-shaped hands, and the men, not used to waiting this late for dinner, looked weary and as if they wished they were at home reading the evening paper. Guests continued to arrive.

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"Seven-thirty," someone said. "That's late enough. Now they should really begin."

Two things marked the occasion, as even Mrs. Forbes, the stranger, recognized. One was Sylvia herself. She was as naturally nice a girl as anyone could want to know, and people here had seen her grow up pretty, good-tempered, steady, and gay. Her mother was a sick, sour, suspicious, and ignorant woman, full of dark dreads, and Sylvia, the only living daughter, had had no easy time at home, as Mrs. Forbes knew. Like her father, she had managed for pleasure with a fortunate nature.

"A lovely girl," said Mrs. Forbes, over and over again. "I hope she'll be very happy."

And the other person who added tone to the gathering, in rather a curious way, like a reminder, was a little old lady with her hair skinned back from her unadorned old-country face. She wore a false chignon of auburn-colored hair, attached to the back of her head with barrettes, and she was the groom's grandmother. To have a grandmother, alive and present, was somehow to be enviable here, in this company. People had cars and small houses and these clothes, yet, for one reason or another, family went no farther back than parents. Other generations, other branches, were dispersed or buried in older, farther, poorer countries than this present Brookline.

The old lady wore a dark-blue taffeta dress, with long sleeves and a lace collar. She steadily also wore a pleased, bright-eyed smile, and she was quick and chirping, like a bird in a berry bush.

"Look at her! Isn't she wonderful! At her age!"

Everyone was proud to see her there, enjoying a triumph second only to that of the bride's father. Ben Saroff was untroubled by the lateness of the hour, his pleasure only lasted longer this way, and he had waited a long time for it. Forty years ago, he and his wife, from adjoining Russian villages, it turned out, had met at a social club in the West End. They had married, worked hard all their lives, worked like dogs. They had picked up wood in the streets, and carried groceries home in string bags from the market, late at night when things got cheaper. They had raised their children to drink milk, grow taller than themselves, and to work in insurance companies. Some even went to college and came out professional people.

Now there were sudden signs of activity. The groom's grandmother darted away, and a young photographer came and knelt on one knee at the end of the carpet down the middle aisle, formed by tall baskets of gladioli and satin streamers. Strains of music came from the back of the room and Mrs. Allen started so that Mrs. Forbes nervously wondered what now.

"No organ!" said Mrs. Allen.

It was true that strains of "Oh Promise Me" were definitely coming from a concertina in the hands of one of the three Plantation House musicians, available for all occasions.

Mrs. Allen shook her head. "I never heard of not having organ music for a wedding. Never!"

Colored waiters in white coats entered, deposited wine and glasses on a small stand under the canopy, where a rather pudgy-faced young rabbi had also taken his place. The waiters unrolled a long white covering for the carpet. Mrs. Allen leaned over and touched it.

"Cotton!" she said. "Now, that *does* seem cheap!"

"Why, the runner is always just cotton," said Mrs. Forbes earnestly, on firm ground here. "Even in the most fashionable churches—it's only to keep the bride's skirts from getting dusty on the carpet."

"The last affair I went to, some time ago," Mrs. Allen said sternly, "it was a white velvet carpet. Gorgeous white velvet, all the way."

Mrs. Forbes did not argue, though she herself thought white velvet fantastic, and though she knew at home Mrs. Allen, like the Saroffs, had linoleum on the floor.

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At about eight o'clock the wedding began. The groom's grandmother came down the aisle, followed by the groom's parents, and the bride's. Mrs. Saroff was ghastly pale and Mrs. Allen leaned toward her neighbor. "I expect to see her faint before this is over," she said. Then came the groom and best man, and the matron of honor, who made some sideways remark that shook the tophatted ushers. At last came the bride, in a satin dress low on her young shoulders, and a veil, with white orchids in her hands. She walked slowly, looking straight ahead, and she, too, was pale.

The service was short, partly in English, partly in Hebrew.

"That's Hebrew?" Mrs. Allen said. "I wouldn't recognize it!"

Mrs. Allen, who actually knew very little Hebrew, was not the only one whose comments came fresh from the mind to the lips. Someone in back said, "He's got the service all wrong! Again!"

Still, the marriage was performed. The groom stamp-stamped on the glass with a fine, cracking sound heard all through the room. The bride put back her veil, and the groom, who had kept glancing down at her with a faint, surprised smile, as though he had never imagined she would really tremble like that beside him, kissed her. Then they walked back down the aisle of gladioli under crossed tophats, held out at arms' length, like sabers at West Point or swords in Graustark.

The photographer took pictures rapidly, at various points in the line of march. But before there were photographers, there were elders of the tribe, like these guests gathered at Plantation House, who watched everything with sharp care, for one minute. Then Mrs. Forbes was almost crushed in the stampede into the other rooms.

"Hurry!" cried Mrs. Allen, who seemed suddenly beside herself, all decorum spent. "Don't just stand there!"

A bar had been set up in the reception hall, and there two barmen now worked in silent speed.

"Scotch! Make it two! Don't you want an old-fashioned? They got everything you want! Just ask!"

Mrs. Forbes was glad of Mrs. Allen, and Mrs. Allen's efficient escort, who looked after both of them. Finally they were pushed into the front parlor, to be greeted by the reception line. They held their glasses in their hands, and guarded them from other elbows. The groom had lipstick all over his face, and Sylvia was in possession of herself again, laughing at everything, kissing everybody. But almost before she got to kiss Sylvia herself, Mrs. Forbes was haled away into another room where everyone cried, "Hors d'oeuvre! Quick! Quick!"

There was a large second bar in this room, and people were drinking, too, but the main feature was the elaborate display of hors d'oeuvre, on tables around the walls, and on round, tiered, slowly turning chromium stands, lit by colored electric light bulbs, and with wine flowing from a small fountain in the middle.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Allen. "Did you ever see anything so gorgeous? Hurry! Here!" And she helped Mrs. Forbes to tiny fishballs, little frankfurters, globes of chicken liver crumbling as it traveled to the mouth, delicious things on. bits of black bread and crackers.

"But where are the knishes?" Mrs. Allen wanted to know. She looked for them, she sent her escort foraging, like the expert he was, but he only came back with more Scotch all around, and some caviar, and the report that there were no more knishes.

The hors d'oeuvre vanished, thousands and thousands of them, and everyone had more to drink before the bar closed, yet hardly three-quarters of an hour had passed since the groom had stamped on the glass.

Mrs. Forbes encountered Sylvia's boss, a Mr. Fitzpatrick, and found several common grounds for conversation, mainly Sylvia. Mr. Fitzpatrick said that with her disposition Sylvia wouldn't have any trouble in her married life, and he was glad she was coming back to work for a while, after the

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honeymoon. "Not clicquey, gets along with everyone," he said.

"It's a fine wedding, isn't it?" Mrs. Forbes finally said, and Mr. Fitzpatrick said, "Yes. I've been to many Jewish weddings, and many Jewish funerals. I like the funeral ceremony better than many." Thoughtfully, he added, "A one-day wake is better than a three-day wake."

Mrs. Allen interrupted them. "Hurry!" she said, when the first guest moved, and Mrs. Forbes, making her way in the crush, waved goodbye to Mr. Fitzpatrick, and looked back over her shoulder. She saw that the room they had just been in was labeled, simply and distinctively, with a brass plate. "The Hors D'Oeuvre Room," it was called.

Nobody talked much at the long tables, miraculously set up in the long parlors since the bridal ceremony. Mrs. Allen, her escort, and Mrs. Forbes, as non-relatives, were seated at the farthest corner table, among distant friends, only a few of whom knew each other. The silence was weary, and almost hostile. There seemed to be a good deal of food already waiting on the table, also flowers, and four quart bottles of soda —orange, raspberry, grape, and one plain ginger ale.

Waiters appeared with silver dishes, and Mrs. Allen cried out, "At last! Knishes! I was sure there'd be knishes at an affair like this!"

The hot miniature meat pastries went up and down the table, but only once. The groom's father, in business for himself, someone murmured, came over to the table, followed by the musicians. While the musicians played popular songs, by request, he read everyone's name aloud, from the place-cards, and this served for an introduction so that, after he had gone, there was a little less silence.

The pale, tired man opposite Mrs. Forbes now knew her name. He lifted a great glass plate filled with celery, pickles, and olives.

"Try the green tomato," he said, earnestly. "I believe people of your race don't eat these, but *we* consider them very tasty! Very tasty indeed!"

Mrs. Forbes said, nervously, "No thank you. I don't believe I will—I've had so much to eat already. But I'd love a cigarette."

Silently, a woman handed her a package from her gold brocade bag. There were no cigarettes on the table, and no matches, so the men who had lighters took them out, and left them on the table.

The musicians went away, and delicious chicken came. It was like no chicken Mrs. Forbes had ever eaten at a restaurant before: tender, and still hot. Around her, people ate quickly, expertly, but in a somewhat choosy way since no one was really hungry. Waiting for dessert, five kinds of ice cream in a tall glass, they smoked each other's cigarettes, and used each other's lighters, nodding in a friendly way as they did so. Yet it was plain to Mrs. Forbes that the absence of cigarettes had been noticed. Dessert over, speeches were made at the bridal table, someone yawned loudly during the rabbi's long, nasal address, and the clink of glasses containing raspberry soda was heard in the room. Coffee came, and was welcomed: everyone was tired and sleepy now.

Just then, hurrying, the waiter brought in a trayful of wineglasses with white ribbons tied around their stems. In each glass, there was half a dozen cigarettes. Another waiter followed with a basket of white match folders printed in silver, with wedding bells, the date, and the names, "Sylvia and Morris." The women all put several folders into their evening bags and at once rose to leave.

"*Now* they bring the matches!" said Mrs. Allen, in scorn. "Now! Almost at the end!"

Suddenly the women all began to pluck the small pink roses from the centerpiece of flowers, demolishing it quickly.

"Go ahead! Take some roses, too!" Mrs. Allen urged, and Mrs. Forbes, seeing it was expected of her, though it made her feel guilty, as though she had picked a flower in the Public Gardens, shook out two pink roses and pinned them to her dress.

Almost before they left the room, the

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waiters were at work again, whipping off cloths, putting tables away, because now there was dancing. The young people, Sylvia's friends, were already dancing, down near the canopy. But most of the older people were talking family affairs and business in the other rooms.

How tired every one of these older people looked now, Mrs. Forbes noticed, wondering herself when it would be time to take her leave. The lights in the reception hall were merciless, no watts spared, and the fat older women in beaded dresses and corrugated hair, the pasty-faced men, seemed to have lost most of their earlier elegance. They were tired working people, up late. They had come, they had watched the carrying out of traditions that were curiously mixed between Bible times and something from *Rose Marie,* and now their feet hurt.

As Mrs. Forbes waited in line to get her coat, she heard Mrs. Allen say, with envy and admiration in her voice, "They're going away, by car! Two whole weeks for the honeymoon!"

A RATHER sudden understanding came to Mrs. Forbes as to why Ben Saroff's lifelong friends had watched so sharply to see he got his money's worth from the Plantation House. They had not criticized their host, in demanding a white velvet carpet, or a different kind of *chupah,* but only wanted to make sure that everything—canopy, hors d'oeuvre, rabbi, knishes, Scotch—was as it should be, that honor be satisfied. Only, traditions were so mixed, nobody really knew what was right. Everybody was a little nervous.

For Ben Saroff, tonight was the summation of a long series of steps upward, since he had come as an immigrant boy from somewhere around Kiev. Everyone else knew the steps so well, nothing could be omitted, and the elders of the tribe on Beacon Hill watched out, to see that his triumph was complete.

Under cover of a joke, one of Sylvia's brothers, who played football at B. U., was wrapping up an armful of white gladioli for the groom's grandmother to take home. Mrs. Allen's escort had some knishes wrapped up in a napkin, for Mrs. Allen's grandchild, and Mrs. Forbes went back and took half a dozen folders of the special wedding matches and put them in her black satin evening purse.

When she said good night to Ben Saroff, she saw that he eyed the two roses she wore from the table with pleasure, and, with a sudden glow of warmth, she held out her open purse for him to see.

"I'm taking all these matches home," she said.

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ROME'S MID-CENTURY JUBILEE

A World Religion Rallies Its Forces

ELEANOR CLARK

NOW that the pressures and processions of Rome's mid-century jubilee, or Holy Year, have joined the many others of the kind in the past, the whole show begins slowly to be visible, as it could not be while it was happening. It could not have been clear beforehand how much of the disturbance of an age the city of Rome would once more bring to focus; in most quarters it was perhaps not even clear just what was wished of the year and its ceremonies. *Something* was; anticipation, some of it adverse, grew very great in Rome during the six months before. There was to be a big show, with behind it a big effort, only by a stretch of unimaginativeness to be summed up as all mercenary or political; something would be formulated; some large power would be brought to cohesion in the course of the year, or would not be. Whatever it might be or do, it was properly heralded.

That is the right word. The ancient Jewish jubilee, from which the Roman one rather obscurely derives, was announced by heralds with trumpets, and this became the practice in Rome during the Renaissance, as Holy Year observances gradually took shape. The first jubilee, proclaimed by Boniface VIII in 1300, had been an unplanned event in which nobody was quite sure whether there was any Christian precedent for it or not. But the main announcement was with bells, as established by the Borgia pope in 1500. For three days before the opening of a Holy Year on Christmas Eve all the church bells of Rome were to ring together, not all day but long enough; and so they did again. They rang and rang; a shattering experience. It was like the Last Judgment as seen by Rome's poet, Belli, a hundred years ago. "Four huge angels with trumpets in their mouths will start blowing, each from his corner; then in an awful voice they'll begin to say, 'Step up!'" Only it was not Judgment Day, only a preparation for it, and the awful voices were of the bells. The Holy Doors of the four jubilee basilicas were opened; the sins of the world, the sinners willing, were to be washed away in the waters of spiritual regeneration, the same water that Moses struck from the rock. Everybody knows that Rome is a city of bells, only usually they have their own gentle anarchy of hours and messages. When they are going all together they are not good music; most of them are not even of good metals; there seems to be too much iron; anyway it is no comforting Angelus call that comes from them. They ring of battle, fire, interminable crisis, the bells of St. Peter's like the rest only a little slower and deeper, but still more iron than silver or bronze; they have the raw crash of history in their choppy rhythms, with some other sonority always nearly there but never quite coming off, which seems the voice of some terrible vast patience and control. This was the opening music of Holy Year, at noon on the day before Christmas.

Around 6 PM the first German pilgrims began their procession in Santa Maria Maggiore, of the four basilicas the most obviously beautiful in interior design and the one supreme on that night, being dedicated to Mary. Later one became used to the processions; at the end of the year there would be six or eight going on at once in any of the basilicas. At the time this one was startling. There were perhaps two hundred Germans following the standard wooden cross, men first, women after, chanting as they made the slow round of the church, which at ordinary times looks so splendidly secular under its gold-coffered ceiling: the perfect ballroom.

ELEANOR CLARK, who was in Rome for most of the Holy Year on a Guggenheim fellowship, here reports her impressions of the Church's 1950 Jubilee. Miss Clark is the author of a novel, *The Bitter Box* (1946), and has published short stories, essays, and reviews in numerous periodicals. She is now completing a book, *Rome and a Villa,* to be published by Doubleday next winter, of which this present account is a part.

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They had the grimmest set of faces seen in Rome since the German army left, only the determination in this case was aimed at the other world, less in penance, it seemed, than anger. Their eyes never wavered from the cross or the air ahead of them; their ramrod righteousness would have suited the faces called American Gothic, if for those other certainties there should be such a symbol and capital as Rome. It was an aspect of the city's power not usually in the foreground, the churches and papal ceremonies showing themselves more as accumulations of custom and art ordinarily, to those not bent on the Catholic core beforehand. A more strictly ecclesiastical history was being shot into prominence. But the particular tone of that one group of pilgrims never became the general one of the year.

A few hours later in the same place the foreign rage of penitence was lost in the shuffle. The church was very differently crowded, as always on Christmas Eve, lit to the limit and strung with loudspeakers. In the genial crush and clatter a treasure of early Christian art could finally be seen: the long series of mosaics above the columns of the central nave. The basilica's most revered relic was carried in procession, in a huge elegant Renaissance container of silver and glass shaped like a soup tureen with a silver baby kicking up his heels on top.

"You see?" said a Roman in the crowd as others were saying too and do every Christmas Eve. "It's the actual wood of Jesus Christ's cradle." He crossed himself, cheerily talking on as it went by. "A real piece of it. . . ." All through the year one would be seeing this total and strangely procreative misalliance between local and foreign versions of the faith.

ANOTHER work of art, usually recessive, seems to flare forth from the apse and fill it all on that night. This is the large concave mosaic of the Triumph of Mary, by one of the greatest mosaic artists of his time, finished five years before the first Holy Year; no little town of Bethlehem there, nothing that to the Protestant mind was ever Christmas. Christ is crowning his risen mother, as they sit splendidly robed on thrones with their feet on gold-embroidered cushions and the stars beneath: two royal personages but very much larger than life and of a better than earthly power. The dogma of the year, another affirmation of Mary, would keep it emphatic even when not so lit up, and enhance the basilica too if that were necessary. Since added to and beautified by many popes, it was built in the 5th century, under the inspiration, it seems, not of the marvelous snow of legend but of the Council of Ephesus, which granted to Mary the title of Mother of God. It was the beginning of the long slow ascendance that has risked turning Protestants against the idea of any motherhood, and in Rome has helped to keep Christ so inconspicuous except as an infant.

He is certainly not much in evidence along the pilgrim route. St. Peter's with all its range points up first of all the power of Christ's vicar on earth—of the four basilicas the one closest to the original meaning of the word: a royal palace, later a royal court of justice. St. Paul's Outside the Walls, a modern reconstruction, the old church having mostly burned down in the last century, turns the mind vaguely to martyrology and very precisely to a point in geography: even more than St. Peter's it seems to ring all through with the right of Rome to her preeminence, because of what happened or is supposed to have happened not exactly on that spot but near it; not Christ's teaching but the apostle's being in Rome is what it tells you; furthermore it is a pagan edifice, inside, pure in form and awesome in scale; what moves the heart in its dark forest of immense ancient columns is again not Christ but the long vitality of Rome in all her time, which Paul and Christ through him served. St. John the Lateran, inside the most awkwardly redecorated of the four, is the hoariest with church politics beginning with Constantine, with another infra-orthodox lesson in the name of the ancient Roman family it has kept and whose baths are visible under the baptistery. The last basilica is Mary's, pilgrim palace of the great mother image that dominates all the normal religious life of the city as in some form it always did.

The basilica was not more crowded than the others during the year. Nevertheless Holy Year was Mary's year and plainly marked as such, not only in the HAIL HOLY VIRGIN placards across the pilgrim buses. But it was even more visibly the year of Pius XII; there was perhaps never a Holy Year so stamped with the character of a pope.

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THE event in its general lines and most of its details as well was by now an old story —the twenty-second occurrence of it, not counting the many special jubilees called in connection with various joyous or dire happenings, but these were usually short-term and of no such import as the regular ones, although they too allowed for a plenary indulgence to the pilgrim. In the 19th century the tradition suffered badly from political developments in Europe; only one Holy Year, in 1825, was held in the century. But from 1475 when the twenty-five-year period was settled (as against a hundred, fifty, or thirty-three) there had been no interruption in the series of jubilees for three hundred years. The one of 1775 was such a success that D'Alembert prophesied, a little too hurriedly, that it had delayed the revolution for twenty years; according to Voltaire, another such Holy Year and philosophy would be finished forever. There were surmises along the same lines, pro or con, this time. Many in the series of jubilees had been designed as rallies of Christendom against the Turks; others were meant as a counter-blow to the Reformation; there had not until now been another such enemy and immediate danger. How far the 1950 jubilee would strengthen the world against Communism was one obvious question; for non-Catholics another was, at what price. In any case, the very questions might be taken as bearing out the worst delusions of grandeur of the people of Rome; their power, in contributing or not to the success of the year and therefore to the world's devotion, was once again enormous, as it was a hundred years ago when they helped jar loose the foundations of the Papal State.

Of the symbolism and essential procedure of the year there was nothing left to work out. The present pope, reputedly both learned and a stickler in matters of ritual, was not likely to overlook any of the gestures long ago become traditional for the year, for all his knowledge of electronics and welcoming of television. The idea itself of a periodic pilgrimage to Rome seems to have existed, although unclearly, long before the first jubilee. The Jesuit scholar Thurston in his impressive book on Holy Year, written for 1900, tells of a man a hundred and seven years old, whom Pope Boniface questioned after seeing him carried into St. Peter's in January 1300. "I remember," the old man said, "that at the beginning of the last century my father, who was a laborer, came to Rome and dwelt here as long as his means lasted, in order to gain the indulgence. He bade me not to forget to come at the beginning of the next century, if I should live so long, which he did not think I should do." He added that the indulgence he expected to earn by the trip was "a hundred days every day of the year." Other centenarians told similar stories of the "hundredth year"; it was a scary number, in the apocalyptic thinking of the time. The Vatican researchers, put to work on the subject, could find little to go by, but pilgrims, most of them poor, continued to flock in of their own accord, moved also by the awakening wanderlust of Europe; and in February Boniface issued his famous bull, putting the seal on what was already happening. As his biographer T. S. R. Boase comments: ". . . the church has never been more understanding than in this consecration of adventurous curiosity." "And great treasure was accumulated for the church," according to a chronicler of the time; the attendants at St. Peter's were seen pulling in the pilgrims' offerings with rakes—presumably just such heaps of tiny coinage, paper this time, as littered the base of the high altars in 1950 and was oddly stuck on the heads and hands of many holy statues too. But there were also heavy expenses. Of the value of the jubilee indulgence, "not only full and copious but the fullest possible," the most moving testimony comes from Boniface's worst enemy, Dante. Of the angel who carried souls to purgatory from their assembling place at the mouth of the Tiber, he has a friend who had been one of them say, speaking on Easter, 1300: "Truly, for the last three months he has brought anyone who wished to come, in perfect peace."

ADVENTUROUS curiosity was not the whole story; the great indulgence had to be earned, not only through the hardship of travel although that was important. For one thing not only formal confession but true contrition was required; for another it was a long way between basilicas, although only those of Peter and Paul were on the list that year; the visits had to be repeated every day for fifteen days and most of the pilgrims were on foot. When the Lateran had been added

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in 1350, and Santa Maria Maggiore a little later, the distance was over eleven miles, to be trudged over every day; a group of newshawks measured it out with a chain one night in the 17th century. The now forgotten obsession with pilgrims' feet, and the much publicized ceremonies in which popes and nobles washed them, had to do with a point of real anguish as much as Christly precedent.

There were also dangers, and recent or impending disasters to shadow all the early Roman jubilees, and further justify them; expiation seemed in order. At the time of the second one, in 1350, the pope was in Avignon, Rome was a shambles, from neglect and the wars of her leading families, with half her churches roofless and the Lateran half wrecked by fire, and all Europe was still reeling from the horrors of a two-year plague. "All Christendom flocked to Rome to gain the indulgence." It is reported that every time Veronica's Veil, supposed to bear the imprint of Christ's face, was shown, such crowds gathered that many people were trampled to death. Petrarch came "in a spirit of fervour, because I wished to put an end to the sinfulness of my life, which overwhelmed me with shame," and held the blessing of that visit far higher than the exercise of "a poet's curiosity." War or the prospect of it was everywhere but the pope had managed to secure an armistice for the year between France and England.

The plague theme recurs continually, but the most chronic nightmare note in the long succession of Holy Years is supplied by the Turks. The papal bull of 1470, decreeing the twenty-five-year period for jubilees, speaks of the ravages of schism in the church, continuing: "The terror which had settled upon Western Christendom when, by the fall of Constantinople, the Turks gained a footing in Europe; the alarming outbreaks of pestilence, and finally the havoc which ceaseless wars had wrought in the moral life of the Western kingdoms, led men to turn their eyes to Heaven, and showed that in order to arrest the chastening hand of Almighty God it was needful that all should tread the paths of penance." War, plague, schism, Turks, finally the Reformation, but most relentlessly, one generation leaving its dread to the next and that again to the next as though the same people were living their lives over and over, the Turks: at every Holy Year's opening, these themes were heard again in the iron brawling of the bells of Rome.

When Pius XII opened the Holy Door at St. Peter's, open only for the one year in every twenty-five, he was repeating a gesture established through ages of such peril and crisis, the fact of there being by now any door to open might convey less a sense of the Vatican's practical genius than of its truth in the matter of miracle. Today's peril and crisis, not at all dimmed by any analogy, were meeting a power mercifully transcending today's confusion, even regardless of any transcendence in the creed. The opening of a door is the natural symbol for such consolation, most of life being a wish to find some door or other that will open: to get out, to be let in, to have elbowroom that is not lonely and meaningless. The Pope did not literally open this one. The brickwork had been replaced ahead of time by a light screen, on which he knocked with a hammer made for the occasion by a Spanish jeweler and given by some of the faithful of Spain—not, of course, by the Spanish government, whose representatives caused a good deal of trouble in town when they did turn up to "do" their Holy Year, as the phrase was. Then to the accompaniment of prayer and song, with cardinals, diplomats, aristocrats and other worthies looking on from the special stands set up for them in the portico and throngs of ordinary people waiting on both sides of the door, workmen lowered the door-filler and tried to get it out of the way. There had been some rehearsal but not enough; the Pope had forbidden it, not wanting to trifle with the mystical significance of the event; consequently there were some hitches in the proceedings and Pius was seen to become somewhat irritated before the space was finally cleared and he was able to lead the year's march of the Catholic world in to the deeper symbols of the water and the rock. In the Holy Door the church had opened, in her terminology, her treasure of grace and pardon, "the fountain of living Water," radiant as on that bright windy day the two high fountains in the square. In many minds the opening was also, however dimly, to a hope of peace—world, unmystical peace, between countries. Whatever he privately thought of the prospects the Pope was not calling for a

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war-chest; the Communist enemy was never mentioned as such; as far as the public could see there was nothing to indicate that his much advertised role as the "Pope of Peace" did not correspond to a very real desire.

Nothing in the door ceremony was new; only in earlier centuries the actual unwalling used to be part of the scene, a tedious operation, which caused many deaths in the public scramble for a piece of the sacred masonry. There was nothing new either, generally speaking, in the Vatican's work and appalling expenses in getting ready for Holy Year, though of course there was less scope for architectural improvements than formerly. With all their troubles the popes spent enormous sums outdoing each other in the splendor of their Holy Years and in beautifying the city at those times. The fountains outside St. Peter's were put up in anticipation of one lavish jubilee, in 1675; another jubilee work, two hundred years earlier, had been the restoration of an ancient aqueduct to bring the purest of Rome's waters to another fountain, of Trevi, and the beautiful Ponte Sisto was built for the same occasion. Bridges and street-widening were always a main concern, because of the crushes and casualties of early Holy Years.

THE main restoration to be completed for 1950 was of Rome's only great cultural loss of the war, the ancient basilica of San Lorenzo, almost totally destroyed in the bombing of the nearby railroad yards; it was a marvel of modern expertise that all its frescoes and early sculpture were not lost; a great deal was put together again from their humpty-dumpty state. Meantime and throughout Holy Year some of the thousands of Romans whose living quarters had been bombed at the same time were still among those living in cardboard shacks, in caves and reappropriated schoolhouses, ten and twelve to a room. From the caves where they were likely to be seen by the city's visitors, under the Tarpeian Rock, they had been removed at the beginning of the year. Several new monasteries were finished in a rush, some of which served as hospices for pilgrims. But the big jubilee job was to finish the extension of St. Peter's square, at the end of the new thoroughfare leading to the river.

The work had been dilatory. The two end buildings, linking Bernini's colonnade with the avenue, had stayed half finished for over two years and were not ready for the opening of Holy Year; it was something of a scandal, but a minor one in that particular picture. The name of the architect is Marcello Piacentini. He had been the boss of Fascist building programs, until the end. In the 30's he destroyed the old crooked approach to St. Peter's, which had been half its majesty and spaciousness—all of Rome's grandeur was in these secrecies and suddennesses, before Fascism—and put through instead the present pompous avenue, the Via della Conciliazione, named for the Lateran Treaty of 1929. Suddenly St. Peter's had dwindled; the colonnade looked arbitrary and a little tawdry, without the old ragged asymmetry it had opposed and with its outer ends dangling. Even Piacentini himself seems to have been partly aware of the damage; all the proportions had been spoiled; the avenue was obviously too wide; he rectified it in time for Holy Year by lining it with rows of imitation obelisks, the current laughingstock of Rome, through which the most revered church in Christendom can now be approached like a pavilion at the New York World's Fair. About the two end buildings, which finally did get finished and for the rest of the year housed two huge exhibitions of Catholic art from all over the world, there was nothing to be done. To complete a picture made by Bramante, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Bernini, at least some small talent would have been needed; not that it is lacking in post-Fascist Italy—only it was not hired by the Vatican. A further mistake was made in exhibiting, as part of one of the art shows, photographs of the old approach together with the new one.

Of the two exhibitions, the one of primitive or "missionary" art was better to an embarrassing degree than most of the work by civilized Catholics, but that was not the fault of the Pope; the quality of the painting was probably in no way related to his fairly liberal pronouncement, placarded up around the lobby, on the proper subject and spirit for Catholic artists. Rouault, a few other artists of stature and long standing, seemed to have given their canvases to a ward bazaar. Another exhibition of the year was of life-size waxwork scenes illustrating the history of Christianity.

Among the more curious jubilee measures, in collaboration with the Demo-Christian

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government, was the addition of plastic fig leaves to the giant nude statues of athletes in the Foro Mussolini (now Foro Italico), and the removal to less conspicuous spots of the famous Dr. Strom signs, advertising cures for impotence and other "sexual anomalies," which used to be beside the bus stops. Also removed were several casefuls of saintly relics from a much frequented chapel in the church of Gesù, chief temple of the Counter Reformation. They were the usual skeletal remains, in this case mostly hands and forearm bones, richly encased and labeled with the saint's name; nothing uncommon except their number. It would have been unthinkable and physically impossible to play down the necrology of Roman churches—a very important aspect of the city's "holiness" and undoubtedly a great drawing card for many of the faithful in 1950 as it always was. Yet about this one display there seems to have been some uneasiness; it was so concentrated, and hands and forearms with their split structure are not as attractive as a simple shinbone or piece of rib, especially when they have turned black and even when they are silver-plated. There is a certain desperate look of continuing will and struggle in them, that might turn a Northern stomach, or frighten a Northern child; Roman children play games around the cases while their mothers pray, as they do in front of whole skeletons dressed in brocade and cheesecloth, as if it were a Natural History museum. So only a few were left there; the corners of the chapel where the rest had been were covered for the year with pastel paintings such as one might find in a parish church in Chicago.

Just before that chapel is the most magnificent of all baroque altars, a swirl of gold, silver, angels and lapis lazuli (the biggest known piece of it in the world), with a jeweled and silvered figure of Saint Ignatius represented in a mighty upward swoop of glory between two gold-ribbed pilasters. The altar railing is an elaborate one of wrought bronze, featuring cherubs, one of the handsomest works of the kind in Rome, and for 1950 it had been dusted. This was not a minor item; it had been coated with dust for at least three years before and quite likely longer; understandably, when one considers that the present religious sense of Rome is the one set by the Counter Reformation, and that the visible expression of that movement was the baroque, and that the formal essence of the baroque is the curve as opposed to the straight line and the unbroken surface. The amount of curved and broken surfaces inside and out that the Vatican has to keep clean, not to mention crannies such as those of several million angels' feathers or the *trompe-l'oeil* overhang of the ceiling figures in the church of Sant'Ignazio (companion to Gesù), is truly formidable. What was more awesome was that every curve and cranny, every crystal chip in the lovely chains of chandeliers in every important church seemed to have been scrubbed and polished for Holy Year. Miles of red damask pilaster strips, gold-edged, used only at special times, were put in condition and hung; miles of wax candles had to be laid in for the year, even though most of the candles like the church organs are now electric; endless big and little repair jobs on leaky roofs or art treasures were done, all at once. It is unlikely that many living people, even living in Rome, had ever seen the churches so beautiful—assuming one considers them beautiful at all, which people of Gothic or Bauhaus taste rarely do.

THEN they began to fill with pilgrims, at least the main ones did—the absence of curiosity among the mass of pilgrims for anything off the prescribed beat was very striking, not only with regard to pagan Rome; they missed half of Christianity. For the first time one seemed to be seeing the big basilicas as they were meant to be, swarming not just for a big event now and then but all day, every day. There were no more of those cold unmystical emptinesses that make Roman churches the great tourists' chore; no more remote acquisitive stare at what was meant for a clutter and closeness; not the eye or the mind, the whole body must know a Roman church. It was possible now; you could know them as you know a New York subway; it was only then that one was beginning really to know their beauty, or the religious meaning of so "shocking" a work as Bernini's Saint Theresa. The statue, or scene rather, happens to be in one of the tiniest churches, but the spirit of it, no more than was called for by the deliberate, orgasmic sensuality of the Counter Reformation, transformed all the largest basilicas too except St. Paul's. This was also the time when torture paintings, as frequent as bones in Rome, be-

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came most ghastly and prominent; the ancient Greeks would have scorned such emphasis on the body; the mind swam among physical extremes, pain and ecstasy becoming one, breast-milk and decomposition alike serving the rapture of faith. Such places are not for solitary inspection; they need the humdrum physical bustle that the smaller churches do have but that can be kept up in the big ones only in a time of pilgrimage.

In the streets one was mainly conscious of the foreign influx, and the word *pellegrini* became a rather derisive one in Roman mouths. In the everyday scenes in the basilicas the tone was set by Italians, largely from rural places, who made up a big majority of the year's pilgrims: over 70 per cent in the final figuring. Their adherence may have had something to do with the falling off of Communist prestige from its high point before the Italian elections of 1948, but the church had also done itself some harm at that time; many people not Communists at all had resented the political pressures applied from the pulpit and in the confession box; and the extraordinary bull of excommunication of Communists, in 1949, whatever use it may have been behind the Iron Curtain, had been a bad blunder in Italy; there was confusion and anger; then in a few days the decree was so qualified that nearly everyone forgot about it. It was and is a common state to be both in some way Communist and in some way Catholic; and the time of highest Communist influence was also a high point in visions and miracles, most of them not sanctioned by the church—appearances of the Madonna to children, holy statues breathing, corpses said to have been found perfectly preserved after many years of burial, and so on, along with a sharp upcurve in miraculous cures.

The greatest phenomenon of the kind, now and for some years past, has been the repute of the monk known as Padre Pio, inmate of a monastery near Foggia, said to have the stigmata and whose miraculous powers, aside from the common one of healing, are believed to include the gifts of ubiquity, prescience and in certain categories omniscience. He is the object of constant pilgrimages, not only by the poor; he has a following comparable in fervor to Rasputin's among the rich and the nobility, although on those levels he attracts perhaps fewer Italians than foreigners, especially English. Whatever his real psychic powers, and wherever else he may be at the same time, he stays, unlike Rasputin, in his monastery or the church nearby where he officiates, and was quite an embarrassment to the Vatican during Holy Year. The church has not been willing to commit itself on the subject, but in the summer finally felt obliged to publish a statement that a visit to Padre Pio was not a required part of the Holy Year pilgrimage.

In Rome, the atmosphere was far from visionary. There is doubt that at least in one way the collapse of the monarchy, even more than that of Fascism, although that too provided public spectacles, was an enormous advantage to the Vatican, and more than ever in Holy Year. After having many of the aspects of a double royalty for eighty years, and a three-way division of pageantry for over twenty, the city was back to its old single source of pomp and ceremony, the government being thoroughly self-effacing in that respect. For all the private sardonicism of the Romans, the endless religious processions were bound to be a success; with no rival on the Quirinal the Swiss guards and other handsomely uniformed Vatican corps were exciting as they had not been in three generations; the cardinal's cloak, the bishop's miter seemed actually supreme again; and local concourse, no matter how complicated, was bound to look simple to the world. The insides of the churches had an element of a big show too for most of the Italian pilgrims and they were not too rapt to take it in; the foreign groups were little islands of intensity in the general chattiness, which made St. Peter's most of the time seem a mirage of an ancient basilica, a huge place of business, with people scooting every which way among the statues and arcades, men hurrying somewhere with briefcases, little groups standing in conversation or interrupting it a moment to run over and be touched by a penitentiary's wand, cheerful penitents in procession breaking off their hymns to ogle the sights.

They were also packed three and four deep around the crypt rail saying the requisite prayers, and as the year wore on Saint Peter's bronze toe was being rubbed nearly to a knife-edge. For a particular celebration the statue was dressed in a miter and vestments from the Vatican treasure, thick with pre-

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cious jewels, and as a precaution a wooden railing had been put around it which made it hard for people to reach the foot. There were swarms of aspirants in front of it all day as though it were a trial of skill in an amusement park, laughing at their failure to reach far enough across the fence, beaming congratulations at the few long-armed ones who succeeded, and who would then pass the touch around to their companions' fingers, for them to cross themselves with. "Bravo! he made it!"—everybody was pleased. If the toe was unattainable the hem of the skirt would do as well. Around at the side another Italian, alone and sick-looking, seemed grief-stricken at not being able to reach even the pedestal; a sour young attendant went inside to straighten the fence and on supplication passed him a hasty touch from the statue's base, which traveled over the man's body in the sign of the cross and ended in a passionate absorption on his lips, moved by it for a long time afterwards in prayer. The contact was perhaps not more real to him than to the others in their more mysterious levity.

But such crowded scenes were not the rule early in the year. For several months, as was generally reported, Holy Year was not an overwhelming success. Hotelkeepers who in spite of government attempts at control had boosted their prices as much as 100 per cent were disappointed; it was not hard to find seats in restaurants. The city was crowded but not as had been anticipated, and not at all by comparison with many earlier Holy Years. It is true that Rome did not become a very big city until after the end of the Papal State and the jubilee "multitudes" need not have been very large to cause all the tramplings to death and cavings in of bridges that are recorded. Still the figures are impressive, even allowing for a big margin of guesswork: for the first Holy Year, in 1300, there are said to have been over 2,000,000 pilgrims altogether, and in 1450 it was estimated that 40,000 entered the city daily; in later centuries the numbers were still higher. By the middle of 1950 not a bridge had collapsed; there had been pilgrim deaths but not from asphyxiation; it was disheartening.

". . . and finally the havoc which ceaseless wars had wrought in the moral life of the Western kingdoms, led men to turn their eyes to Heaven. . . ." It seemed for a while that the present moral havoc was too deep even for that, assuming the unique propriety of both heaven and the particular approach to it in question. Toward the latter, Holy Year invited inevitably, from friends or enemies or plain witnesses, a new scrutiny. Havoc moral or physical need not imply a retrogression of intelligence. It was right to wonder if the legitimate anguish of the time could be met by a dogma so arrogantly out of line with modern thought as that of the bodily Assumption of the Virgin, and by the canonization of an eleven-year-old girl who happened to have been killed resisting rape; because although there were other canonizations and beatifications during the year, there was no such stir and propaganda for the others as for little Maria Goretti, and not many saints had ever been officially recognized so soon after death. That and the dogma of the Assumption were the two great themes of Holy Year; neither would have been out of place in 1300. Other questions were raised by the Pope's famous encyclical of the year, *Humani Generis,* which in its uncompromising attack on "modern errors" and restatement of "absolute law," or Catholic dogma as the summary of "revealed truth," struck at tendencies far closer to the fold than existentialism. It furthered the alienation of important "relativist" or liberalizing groups within the church, and as an appeal outside it scarcely seemed aimed at any but the saddest victims of contemporary havoc: those suffering from exhaustion of intellect. To all appearances, the true meaning of Holy Year was as the opening blast in a new Counter Reformation, a calculated and skillful challenge to the broken heart of the world, modeled on that last great triumph of the church by the method of the intellectual backtrack. It was to be seen how far it would work.

Judging only by numbers, from midsummer on it seemed to be working very well. Huge as it is now, the city did become jammed, and at night along innumerable shadowy outlying streets the pilgrim buses would be parked like sleeping circus elephants, who would not get nearly the rest they needed before the next day's performance. There are said to have been three million pilgrims by the end of the year and the number is probably fairly accurate; it seemed more like twenty million at the time. A great many of them, foreigners too, were very

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poor; of the foreign countries Ireland naturally sent by far the most per population, and most of those were naturally poor; they had taken on extra work and hoarded their savings for years to go to Rome. In that sense, for many the journey was still a hardship and penance worthy of the great indulgence; and then in Rome the last of their savings vanished at a furious rate, the prices in most of the hostels being equivalent to those in a first-class pension in any other year, though less than for most accommodations at that time. At least that side of things had been well organized; in the old days pilgrims used to be seen sleeping in all the streets. But an even more dramatic aspect of all the earlier Holy Years up to the 19th century used to be the exorbitant amount of charity given to poor pilgrims in Rome, however much profiteering was going on in the city at large; hundreds of thousands during the year used to be fed and put up free by various religious organizations. If any were this time the fact was not conspicuous. The one group of pilgrims that came from Australia went away complaining bitterly that their purses and watches had been snatched from them in public places; most were impoverished in more legal ways. There were certainly many individuals of more Christly inclination in the religious boarding houses, but they were not responsible for the set-up. The cut-rate services that were provided for pilgrims, as by monk barbers, annoyed the local tradespeople and were another great source of profit; nothing was free.

On the pilgrim side, whatever the financial sacrifice, the signs and attitudes of the old-time penitents—sackcloth, tears, bleeding feet—had gone more out of date than their equipment. In 1950 it was front-page news when a pilgrim arrived on foot or as one did on horseback; many came by plane; the eleven-mile trek to the basilicas, to which only one visit was now required, was done by bus or taxi; one heard nothing of any self-humiliation of the powerful before the poor, which used to be a most prominent characteristic of Holy Years. It was rare to see middle-class or rich pilgrims departing in any way from the customary foreign scorn of Rome's great natural charity—they were apt to be as harsh toward the city's beggars as any other tourist; and a good many seemed less bent on the "reform of life" that Holy Year was supposed to induce than on other possibilities of the trip. Devoutness was not always proof against some of the city's less holy influences; not to speak of people who came for convenience as pilgrims without being particularly devout.

STILL, the Vatican was the thing; many seemed never to have heard of Rome as consisting of anything else. The Museo Nazionale did no more than the usual seasonal business and often was practically empty; the Vatican Museums were a cattle-run all day every day, especially in the last half of the year. There was traffic control, with a new one-way route of an extra half-mile or so to the Sistine Chapel, and stop-gates set up throughout the museum; herds of pilgrims with their badges piled up behind them as at a slaughterhouse, then it opened and there would be another onward push through a Raphael room or the more dangerous bottleneck of the Apollo Belvedere. Some wore beautiful costumes—peasants from different parts of Europe dressed for all the stay in Rome in their holiday best. But the greatest number was always of Italian peasants, whose physique a century of democracy would not be enough to lighten into a likeness with any other class; it would take more ease than that to smooth away the coarseness of arms and legs and the rough wide beauty of face that seemed so out of place in Rome, although this was the very backbone of Holy Year: young girls, marked off more than by their dress and cheekbones, by the depth of their poise among all the city sights; great-grandmothers wizened to a little brown fistful of features under their shawls but with the same indomitable profile. In the animal room at the Vatican two men from the country were discussing a piece of ancient sculpture. "Look, what a beautiful rabbit! You'd think it was alive. That's by a real artist, you can tell." "It's beautiful but it's not a rabbit. It's a hare. Look at its ears. Who ever saw a rabbit with ears like that?" "I tell you it's a rabbit. Look at its paws! I caught one exactly like it just the other day, not a mile from the house." "It's a hare!" "It's a fine work of art and it's a rabbit." "It hasn't even got the expression of a rabbit. . . ." The argument goes on as they are carried forward, between pagan gods and busts of emperors.

The story of the child saint of the year, Maria Goretti, was in some ways a natural

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one for this public, for whom chastity has not altogether lost the hold of a life-and-death conception. It had other kinds of appeal too, aside from dramatizing several of the main virtues stressed by the church, especially obedience, to parents, the church, and God. The child, stabbed to death by an evidently psychopathic youth in 1902, had been of the poorest peasantry, living at the time on the edge of the dismal Pontine marshes, near Nettuno, and her canonization, which took place in June and was the biggest event of the year, was a powerful gesture of sympathy toward the poor. Furthermore her mother, *la mamma,* apparently herself of the highest dignity and beauty of peasant character, of the old-fashioned or pre-Marxist variety, is still alive and could be present at the ceremony—the first time in history that any mother had seen her child raised to sainthood: a very old woman, who had loved her husband, dead of tuberculosis and overwork fifty years ago; who had had to work in the fields a large part of her life; who had taught her daughter such love of "Christian purity" she had seen her murdered for it; who with all her great load of suffering, this more than anything, had forgiven the murderer. So had the child before she died, a crucial point, the miracles required for sainthood having all been post-mortem cures of people who had prayed to her; or all but one; the first "miracle" was the repentance of the murderer, after she had appeared to him in a vision in jail with her arms full of lilies. He served thirty years, and then became a gardener in a monastery, where he has been ever since. Purity, forgiveness, repentance: these were the essential story; for Holy Year purposes the apotheosis of motherhood was a not much less important part of it, and it was perhaps of some value too that there was a Goretti brother in America, who also came to the canonization. There was another side to it in the parades and exhibitions of the waxed-over body, looking closer to forty than eleven years old, minus the bones that had been taken out for relics. The huge portraits of the saint of the day that hang in St. Peter's for any canonization are always the same, saccharine representations that compare poorly with even the worst of American commercial art; but the permanent paintings in that basilica are not one of its strong points either.

It seems obvious that the main purpose in making so much of the Goretti story was to attack the "sexual laxity" that has been alarming the church as much as it does anyone else, and for an extra reason, permanent Vatican power being dependent on family stability. This was sensible, and no reason to suspect the Pope's moving and probably deeply felt plea for "purity of heart." The story itself was moving in that way; the child seems to have had really a rare grace of spirit, however one may interpret the origin of grace. Whether it could have kept so orthodox a form later, among the acid choices imposed by intelligence and even by ordinary generosity nowadays, particularly in such a world as hers, is another question. So romantic a glorification, in 1950, would no doubt have some appeal for adolescents and even more for the world's sophisticates. Rather ironically, since the story on the face of it seems most adapted to Italian peasant mentality, it seems to have misfired there more than elsewhere. In the villages the subject was apt to bring a shrug, from people not averse to saints and miracles in general. "What did she do? *Cos'ha fatto?*" There were more marvelous legends of saints in the neighborhood; there was perhaps also a clearer knowledge of modern life, quite aside from political urgencies, than in the Vatican, shut off behind so many screens of hierarchy; the sinfulness of the young now was not that simple; they knew it. The chances are that in spite of all the fanfare Maria Goretti will take her place as a minor local saint, in the two districts that can claim her; how far the story will have been useful in the rest of the world is part of the larger question, of the effect of Holy Year.

For export purposes the movie made from the story, with Vatican approval, called *Sky Over the Marshes,* was unfortunate. Its best scenes are of the wet eerie landscape and the atrocious poverty of the peasants. It is not easy to make "grace" interesting. The episodes are those stressed in factual accounts of the girl's life; in one she is shown fearlessly killing a snake, symbol of evil not always free of deliberate confusion between original sin and any sexuality, evil or not. Most of the movie is more explicitly sexual than that, to a point that would create panic in Hollywood. All its suspense is in the growth of the young man's bestial craving,

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which comes to a climax in the scene of the girl's first communion: her face transfigured by religious ecstasy, he goaded by her rapture to still more violent lust. Even for people brought up on some of the best as well as the worst religious art of Rome, it might be debatable whether the movie is more an incentive to religion or to rape.

THE arguments for the dogma of the Assumption, as for the earlier one of the Immaculate Conception, suggest something of the same obsession, but were hardly a surprise; the ancient preoccupation with Mary's body long ago became second nature to Catholicism; and if Christ's mother was free of any "taint" of sex it was logical that she should not be contaminated by worms either. The furore in the Anglican Church over this Holy Year dogma seems curious, unless inspired merely by its being the only one so far proclaimed by the Vatican in the 20th century. In any case it was inevitable, and the only pending dogma important enough to bring out in 1950. The idea has been accepted for centuries as a Catholic truth just short of dogma, as something that it would have been "impious" although not heretical not to believe; and August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, has always been one of the biggest holidays of the year in Italy, during Christianity and under another name before it. The scathing attacks on the proclamation by biologists and others seemed for the most part weak, if not rather ludicrous, as though one should take exception to a single thread in a rug. Inside the church the dogma had been growing, as the church puts it, for a long time, and was as much a grass-roots movement as a Vatican decision; there had been Marian congresses on the subject, petitions by innumerable bishops, etc. Most people were only surprised to discover that it had not been a dogma all the time.

It did, however, serve to dedicate this most ambitious Holy Year to Mary, under whichever of her names one might prefer: the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Mother, Our Blessed Lady, or as children call her, bringing their tons of white flowers on December 10, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, to her column outside the American Express, *la madonnina*. She takes care of them all, and of their parents too; she thinks about them, she takes them to herself silently in their sorrows, having herself suffered more than any; she is everybody's most perfect mother, and the church's most perfect counterforce to the crimes committed in its name, as well as to other hostile powers whether organized or only in the nature of men. No amount of supposings of theology yet managed to lessen the power and comfort of this great maternal image, and nothing else at the moment seems likely to lessen people's need of it.

The power that gathered all these elements into the greatest religious demonstration of the century, which is not to say that the century has been a very outstanding one in that line, was Pope Pius XII. At the end of the year, when all over the vast spaces around the high altar in the basilica of St. Paul you had to pick your way among kneeling pilgrims racing in Latin through their rosaries, the whole Vatican hierarchy is said to have been dizzy with success. Such numbers! such response! nobody would have dared to hope for anything approaching it. If the Pope cared to consider his efforts as anything more than an operation of divine truth, he might well congratulate himself; many people had wondered if he would survive the strain, healthy though he appears to be, until the end of the year.

For all the interest of Boniface VIII in the first Holy Year and his fame as the originator of the tradition, he was outside Rome the best part of the year, busy with diplomatic crises and in preserving the lull in his war with the Colonna family—who were excluded from all the benefits of the jubilee; remission of sins was not for political opponents. Others in the series of jubilee popes after overhauling the city would attend the most important ceremonies and let it go at that. The present pope was dedicated body and soul every minute. Even at his summer residence in Castelgandolfo there was scarcely any let-up in his exhausting number of private audiences, and he continued to appear twice a week in St. Peter's for the mass ones, which drew a near-capacity crowd every time; this on top of twelve beatifications and canonizations and a number of large special occasions, such as the epoch-making celebration of the Greek rite in St. Peter's, at which he assisted in December; plus the regular

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political, financial, and theological business of his huge, peculiar empire. The "Mystical Body of the Church," on which he had written in 1943 an encyclical considered by some Catholic authorities one of the greatest ever to come from the Holy See, depended by definition on the health and participation of all its members. An impression even more striking than the aesthetic one from the year's exhibit of missionary art was of the ubiquitousness of that body; jungles, lake-dwellings, obscure Asian plateaus were suddenly to be seen, really seen, not just known about, as parts of one organism with Rome. An unfriendly term for the impression would be tentacles—in those rooms the word lost its pallor from over-use, the image was brand new; the head with its never-sleeping eyes was a block from where one stood. In orthodox imagery the body is more like a human one, and no sacrifice undergone by any pilgrim could have compared with the grueling labors of the Pope in giving it its year-long blood transfusion, and making unforgettably dramatic for every participant its fabulous unity.

THE most publicized fact regarding his mass audiences was that he was able to address the pilgrim groups in five or six languages. It was impressive, but no more so than the welcoming gesture of his arms, alternating to left and right, as of a dancer, and his keeping that and his thin earnest smile, as he was borne across the "sea of faces," from becoming mechanical through so many repetitions. The great slow single wave of cheering that breaks around the progress of all popes down that aisle is a standard awe-rouser. In this case there was uncommon personal charm at work too, whether or not it were felt as emanating from uncommon holiness; it had warmth and what seemed even a real humility, not incompatible with an autocratic office and a character suited to making the most of it. But that was not the main point. There was one grandeur in these enormous gatherings that was not a matter of taste or opinion. It was a fact, for this century the most thrilling possible. For an hour each time many thousands of people, of many nationalities, stood together under one roof and were not asked to make war on anyone, neither a Communist nor a Colonna nor a Turk; the Pope's little speech of welcome and blessing, addressed to each group by name and repeated in all the languages he could pronounce, contained not a word of anything but affection and respect for the whole human race. It was moving; it was queer; it produced goose-pimples. It was likely to blind many people to various practical activities of the "Mystical Body," aimed at binding the whole human race with something more dependable than love. Nevertheless for one hour of their lives people had heard the words, and stood together hearing them; they had had at least one experience of peace, perhaps strong enough to turn some of them some day even against the church if the memory were betrayed; the Pope had risked that, perhaps more than any of his predecessors.

According to reports, he was truly convinced of the spiritual benefits of the year, whatever the worldly ones might be, and truly grieved when the day came at last to close the Holy Door. The wooden stands were up again in the portico; only now there was a trowel instead of a hammer. Inside, St. Peter's was lit up, not with the big vulgar lights of some churches but very beautifully with a Milky Way's worth of little ones, drawing forth other golden reflections from the tremendous barrel-vault ceiling, less Gothic, more celestial than ever, from the ribs of the writhing baldaquin pillars under Michelangelo's dome, and the huge sunbeam horse-collar ring, Roman archetype for all holies of holies, around Peter the Apostle's chair. His bones had been found down below, it was said, during the year; it was important that they should be, to settle any lingering disputes about the vicarage, and the excavations in the Vatican grottoes had been too extensive not to come up with them if they were there. Through the golden haze the inside of the dome was sufficient for the eternal glory of papal architecture whatever might be added or taken away, if only that were left, with its thin-rib lines gathering upward toward the lantern modeled on the eye of God; outside for miles around it was proclaiming, aside from what it always does, the triumph of this particular jubilee. Another work by Michelangelo but of his youth, not yet Roman, the dead Christ and

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mourning girl-mother of the Pietà beside the Holy Door, the only great work of pity in all Rome, looked utterly forgotten and dismissed afterwards, with the door rubbish heaped up around it. There had been signs up for several weeks, there and in the other basilicas, saying that one could give money for a brick for one of the four Holy Doors, which would be removed on Christmas Eve, 1974.

It was not a golden day, as it had been a year earlier when the door was being opened. It was chilly and gray; in fact it had been raining most of the time for two months, which is not the kind of thing anyone seems to report about the Holy City. There was only a loosely formed little crowd in the square, carrying umbrellas, waiting to make a dash for the upper corner where the parade of the guards would pass, and another one back to the center to cheer the Pope when as the really last gesture of Holy Year he appeared, a small figure in white high above them, at one of the Vatican windows. With the mystique of numbers still not altogether superseded, some might be thinking more of the year 2000 than of 1975, possibly with something of the terror that the world of the Middle Ages felt at the ending of the first Christian millennium and with somewhat better reasons.

Holy Year had certainly been a success in one way; it had shown the Catholic Church to be more of a going concern than many of its members might fully have realized before, and that alone was bound to strengthen it further, at least for the time being. The number of pilgrims who left Rome disillusioned was probably small; there were more charms working for the church there than it was responsible for, and its own are considerable. The number whose lives were morally changed by it was probably also small, it being of the nature of our havoc to make experience in general rather meaningless. The year had not been intended by its masters of ceremonies as a patching up and holding fast; nothing defensive; it was to have been a spiritual revival, a restatement of ancient creed in its strictest form because that alone would tear it away from all dangerous or half-hearted, half-energizing associations, and bring to the old formulae the drive and spirit of a *new* belief. There seems no sign that anything of the sort took place; numbers of conversions are no measure of it; not acceptance of the Virgin but the health one brings to her would seem the question for the church's ultimate vitality. Not that the deeper failure of Holy Year, if it was that, need be a source of cheer to Communists. The jubilee undoubtedly did undercut Communist power to some extent, not by creating new energies, but because of the joy of a past alive in symbols and in gestures made so many times before, and the love of travel, which people under Communist rule cannot have. Its closing piece of pageantry ended with a sudden downpour, just as the other four doors were opened to let the crowd out of St. Peter's, so they all put up their umbrellas and for a few minutes formed a stream of black inhuman creatures being belched out as in a parody of the Last Judgment all over the square.

THERE was another scene that became related to Holy Year, although it had happened long before; but nobody made much of it; it was not generally heard of. The murderer of Maria Goretti had asked her mother for forgiveness, and received it, by mail. Years later when he had finished his jail sentence he went to see her, only once, in the family's original village, to which she had returned and where there was now a chapel and shrine to Maria, already treated locally as a saint. He came without warning, on Christmas Eve; somehow everyone in the village knew who he was immediately; he knocked on the door and was let in by an old woman, Maria's mother. It seems they did not try to find anything much to say, but she urged him to stay to supper, surely not with any thought of an effect or thought of herself doing anything; it was only another natural sorrowful thing that she must do. She cooked the meal and served it to him, and later he went to midnight mass with her and sat at her side, beside the chapel to her daughter whom he had killed with a knife. For thirty years he had been a name of horror in the village; it had been a terrible excitement to them that he had come; now suddenly the old woman in her charity was stronger than their rage. They began to lose their curiosity, and after a while there was no more hatred in the church.

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THE DILEMMA THAT RACISM POSES FOR BRITAIN

The Shadow Athwart the Commonwealth

Labor's Colonial Heritage

RITA HINDEN

IN THE spring of 1950, world opinion was gripped by the story of an African chief who had married a white woman and was then exiled by the British government from his "kingdom." This episode has probably already been forgotten in the disturbing events that have taken place since. Even at the time, to most people it was little more than a romantic affair in which the British authorities played the part of the race-prejudiced villain.

Yet the Seretse case was something very much more than that. Britain's unfortunate action must be comprehended against the background of the most important of all problems in Africa (perhaps in the world!) today: the clash between the doctrine of white supremacy and the opposing doctrine of race equality. In deciding to ban Seretse Khama from the chieftainship, the British were concerned with something very much bigger than the fate of one man—they were faced with all the excited emotions that the struggle between the white and the colored races is now capable of engendering. Instead of firmly taking one side or the other, the government boggled and brought universal condemnation on its head. But when one understands just why it was that a progressive-minded government did flounder and blunder in this fashion, one has in one's hand the key to an understanding of the essential problem of the British Commonwealth in the mid-20th century.

THERE is nothing new in black and white being in conflict in Africa. But in recent years the tension has been heightened out of all recognition by a series of new developments. The first of these is the emergence, phoenix-like, of the new inter-racial Commonwealth out of the old, decaying British Empire. Few people have really grasped the fact that the British Commonwealth of 1951 is largely peopled by Asians. It contains about 500,000,000 Asians and Africans as against 75,000,000 Europeans.* In 1945 the free Commonwealth was predominantly European—the only substantial non-European community was the 8,000,000 Africans in the Union of South Africa (who are sub-citizens). It was made up of the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, with Britain as the metropolitan center, whose status differed from the rest only insofar as it was *primus inter pares*. In essence this was an Anglo-Saxon alliance, and the world regarded it as

BOTH internally and in its bearing on the present international struggle, the race problem looms large for the British Commonwealth of Nations. The countries of the former Empire and present Commonwealth include both South Africa, which is attempting to extend white supremacy over larger and larger sections of Africa, and India, which has been an active defender of the colored peoples and the chief opponent of South Africa at sessions of the United Nations. Between the two is England's Labor government, which is trying to lead her African colonies toward self-government, while not provoking a violent reaction either in South Africa or among the white settlers in the colonial areas. RITA HINDEN, Secretary of the Fabian Colonial Bureau in London, and author of many books and articles on Britain's colonial problems, here reviews the developing crisis in British Africa. In a companion article, BARNET LITVINOFF, British journalist who is now press officer with the Jewish Agency in London, describes the explosive situation created in one African colony where the British government has been trying to protect the interests of the natives.

*The Commonwealth—let it be absolutely clear—comprises only self-governing Dominions; the territories still dependent are known as the Colonial Empire, and have a population of about 60,000,000, almost all of colored race.

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such. Today three Asiatic Dominions have been added—India, Pakistan, and Ceylon—with a population about six times as great as the Anglo-Saxons in the other Dominions, including Britain herself, and have been accepted as of equal status.

Looked at from any point of view this has been a staggering change, and it is only the beginning of a process still unfolding itself. It can hardly be many years before the West Indies, with a further 3,000,000 colored people, federate and achieve Dominion status. Their emergence to independence will be followed hot on the heels by the independent status (as Dominions—if Britain handles the matter wisely enough) of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone, with approximately 30,000,000 Africans. Then there is Malaya, with a further 5,000,000 Asians, who can no longer stomach any form of colonialism. Bit by bit these dependencies will throw off the last shackles, and the hope then is that they will choose to join the fraternal association of the Commonwealth. This is the ideal that lies behind progressive thought on imperial policy in Britain today, and it is inherent in this ideal that all the Dominions should be absolutely equal in status, irrespective of the races which inhabit them. The ideal is something more than a remote utopia. In part, it is already a fact, and where it is not yet a fact there are active forces working ardently for the day when it will be. Look at it as one will, the reality is that the population of this vast potential Commonwealth of the future will be overwhelmingly of colored race, unless the Commonwealth is to disintegrate.

THE second development contributing to race tensions in Africa today is the phenomenal advance of West Africa. The people of the West African colonies are crowding into a generation what has usually been the progress of a century. At the outbreak of war in 1939, they had practically no representation in the governments of their countries, and certainly no responsibility; power was concentrated in the hands of British officials appointed in faraway London. In the civil service the natives were confined to the junior ranks. Their opportunities for education were deplorably few; there were no universities and only a handful of wealthy individuals could find their way overseas to study in Europe and America. A wage-earning class was only beginning to crystallize, and it was not organized into trade unions which could protect it from even the gross exploitation that was its lot. Local government was undemocratic in nature and primitive in function, and social services quite elementary. The old evils of illiteracy, disease, and prejudice stalked the countryside, and what nationalist movement there was, was in its veriest infancy. On every standard of what is usually accepted as "civilized" life, West Africa was still part of the Dark Continent.

It would be too much to say that all this is a thing of the past, but the change in these ten years has been revolutionary. Each colony has engaged in a fundamental and exciting political advance. In the Gold Coast, Africans now completely dominate the legislature and hold eight out of eleven cabinet posts. Nigeria is to undergo a similar startling change before the end of the year. These countries are now on the very threshold of independence.

Under our eyes effective power is being transferred from white officialdom to black political leaders, and if certain reserved powers still rest with British governors, they know better than to use them against the will of the people, and they recognize too that it is only a matter of a few years until these, also, are transferred. The civil services are being rapidly Africanized; hundreds of Africans are already holding senior posts and thousands more are being trained to do so. Each West African colony has its University College, and hundreds of scholarships are available for overseas study. Local government is everywhere being reformed; trade unions—and militant ones, at that—are the order of the day. Powerful national movements and an aggressive press dominate public thought. In spite of the virulent propaganda that "nothing has been done," intel-

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ligent Africans know in their blood that they are entering a new world of freedom—there are many, even, who are secretly afraid of the pace.

At the other end of Africa lie the Union of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, and here is the source of the third factor in a very dangerous situation. As opposed to the inter-racial ideals inspiring the Commonwealth as a whole, and the attainment of equality for the black races in West Africa, the Union of South Africa stands increasingly for white supremacy. Ever since it achieved independent Dominion status in 1910, South Africa has pursued a policy of discrimination against its large native majority. Since the advent of Dr. Daniel F. Malan as prime minister in 1948, things have gone from bad to worse, but it would be a mistake to think that any political party with any prospect of power in the Union would act fundamentally otherwise. Colored people are deprived of the most basic civil rights; they are segregated in special areas of the country and in special "locations" in the towns; they are deprived of opportunities of acquiring skills; politically and economically they are outcast. The 2,000,000 South African Europeans are in daily fear of being swamped by the 8,000,000 majority of the colored race. They see themselves as the torchbearers of European civilization in Africa and, in their view, they are justified in defending what they consider a superior culture against the sea of "barbarians" that surrounds them. So long as they hold this view—and as the colored people strengthen in numbers and education and economic progress they will hold to it in increasing fearfulness—there is no hope short of bloodshed of any basic change in South African native policy.

Southern Rhodesia (which in political status lies somewhere between a Dominion and a colony) has 150,000 Europeans and less than 2,000,000 natives. Its mood is different only in degree from that of South Africa. It also pursues a policy of racial discrimination, and Britain has found herself less and less able to intervene, though legally she still has the right to do so. What is happening in West Africa is anathema to all these white people of the South of Africa; what the latter are doing is an atrocity to the black people of Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The two processes are utterly incompatible.

What happens in the long stretch of Africa that lies between South Africa and the progressive territories in the North? There is a chain of British colonies—Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya—where, owing to high altitude and suitable soil and climate, European communities have found it possible to settle. They form alien islands in the heart of an African ocean of population, and are fiercely separatist in their cultural and political demands. Not only that, but Indians have taken root there, too, more numerous than the Europeans, but hardly less separatist. Both European and Indian communities are, in size, the merest fraction of the African, but the African is less educated, less skilled in politics and economic techniques, and he finds himself in an inferior position—a more or less despised race—from whatever angle he looks at it.

This is a problem which, in itself, is surpassingly difficult to handle. How deal with the complexities of political representation and democratic institutions where people of three entirely different cultures and standards must find expression? What of the education system, and medical services—where customs, languages, religions sharply divide group from group? Can the three races meet on an equality in the civil services?

Complex as all this is, it is made many times more intractable by the opposing developments elsewhere in Africa. The European communities in East and Central Africa are infected by the assertive policy of the Europeans in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia—it is perhaps only natural that, with this example before their eyes, they should jib at having to consider the colored races at all, and should resent the efforts of London to hold them back from unbridled

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supremacy. They are bitter at having so much less power than people of their own kind next door. The greatest cry for self-government today in Kenya and Northern Rhodesia comes not from the Africans but from the Europeans, who consider the Colonial Office to be their greatest enemy. For them, British control implies a deliberate watering-down of their own desires in the interests of Africans whom they despise as in every way their inferiors. The Africans, on the other hand, though suspicious of Britain and anxious to exercise responsibility on their own account, are fully aware that without London holding the ring, they would fall under the domination of Europeans or Indians or both, and repeat the sorry story of their fellow Africans farther south. Since Dr. Malan has been in office, deliberate attempts have been made to stir up white opinion in the British colonies; there has even been talk of Europeans banding together "on a common color platform" and on more than one occasion the white groups have made a direct appeal to the Union over the head of Britain. The more domineering and intransigent South African Europeans become, the more Kenyan and Rhodesian Europeans rebel against the bit that British control has put between their teeth.

In the meantime, the African people of these East African colonies are not quiescent. They may lack the tools of knowledge and wealth which the Europeans possess, but they have eyes to see and ears to hear and they know where the shoe pinches. They have heard of the new status of Indians and Ceylonese and Indonesians and Burmese; and tales are told of what is happening in West Africa. No East African can expect to be content with his menial lot when he knows that across the continent other Africans are achieving the highest posts in the administration and straining over the last inches separating them from an imminent independence. In West Africa there are now hundreds of African administrators, judges, doctors—let alone legislators; in East Africa there are practically none. There the civil service has resolutely refused to open its highest administrative grades to Africans, whereas in West Africa not only are the grades open but there is equal pay for the job. Under the impact of these and a hundred other facts, the Africans are increasingly restive, and their discontent is matched by the discontent of the European settlers, for opposite reasons.

IN THIS uneasy situation, Britain should long ago have given an unequivocal lead. Unfortunately, she has allowed herself to drift on a sea of ambiguities. The Europeans are encouraged thus far, and no further; the Africans are protected thus far, and no further; the Indians are sometimes courted and sometimes spurned. The result is obvious. Britain is constantly accused by each race of favoring the other, and is trusted by no one. There is something of the same desire to hold the balance between races that was so disastrous in Palestine through the twenty-five disturbed years of the British Mandate. The political institutions being evolved have no clear vision of a possible accommodation between the races, and are not designed to bring it about; policy goes no further than holding the ring against conflicting claims. What the Africans fear more than anything in East Africa is the alienation of their land, which has followed in the past on European immigration and settlement. What the Europeans want more than anything is the acquisition of land, so that their numbers may increase and their community strengthen its political power. To neither of these claims does Britain give a satisfactory answer. She has clamped down on large-scale alienation of land, and immigration is firmly limited. But *sufficient* alienation continues, and *sufficient* immigrants trickle in to disturb the Africans' sense of confidence. It is Palestine all over again! And, as is inevitable when policy is ambiguous, tensions mount and relations deteriorate.

It was against a similar background that the Seretse case occurred. It so happens that Britain still has control of three small Protectorates in the South African region—two,

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Basutoland and Swaziland, are actually surrounded by Union territory; and the third, Bechuanaland (in which Seretse's territory lies) borders on South Africa. On every ground of economic or administrative common sense, these protectorates should be incorporated in the Union, and, indeed, under the South Africa Act of 1910, which gave the Union independent status, it was agreed that they would one day be transferred to South African control. But the day for the transfer was left open and Britain has never found it right or expedient to transfer the protectorates, because of the deterioration in South African native policy. It would have been a betrayal of the African peoples, with whom Britain had long-standing treaty commitments, to hand them over to the fierce race hatred of South Africa. Yet it has not been easy to administer these distant lands, which, economically, are anything but viable units, and all the time South Africa is putting forward increasingly insistent claims for their incorporation.

Caught in this dilemma, the one thing Britain has wanted has been a peaceful administration of the protectorates, for there has been a very real if unspoken fear that with any trouble the South Africans would simply march in and take them over. Britain has no armed forces there to protect them, and the mere thought of open warfare with South Africa—a member of the Commonwealth—was utterly unpalatable. When Seretse planned to bring a white "queen" back to Bechuanaland, there was good reason to believe that there would be a serious split within his tribe. Civil war was actually threatened by the reigning Chief Tschekedi, Seretse's uncle, who had violently disapproved of the marriage. No doubt South African views about the mixed marriage of an African chief on her very frontiers played its part in determining the British decision to bar Seretse from the chieftainship. Whatever it was, the action was taken blunderingly and had a disastrous effect on opinion everywhere. But it is only fair to realize that something more than the position of Chief Seretse was at stake; the whole future of the three protectorates with a population of a million souls hung in the balance; indeed it still hangs there. To allow these people to fall within South Africa's grasp—would that not have been a betrayal to arouse the whole colored world? Or would Britain really have been prepared to fight to prevent it?

The complexities of this one case flow through to all the neighboring countries. It becomes almost impossible to adopt a simple and straightforward policy without becoming enmeshed in the endless cross-threads of this tangled pattern. If Britain wished to make self-government possible at this point in, say, Northern Rhodesia, she would merely be handing over power to a small European minority and repeating the history of the Union of South Africa. It will be remembered that in 1910, when the Union achieved an independent status, Britain was complimented on the liberality of her action after all the passions of the Boer War. Yet today there are few who are so sure that what was done in 1910 was right. The white man was given what he wanted; the black man in South Africa has, as a result, suffered from a crescendo of humiliation and demoralization. Almost certainly the same story would follow an immediate grant of independence in any Central or East African territory. At the same time to give the black man his way, even in the protectorates where the population is almost wholly black, might cause a series of mutinous upheavals in the white communities which Britain would not be prepared to put down by the force of arms, and perhaps even a military conflict with the Union of South Africa.

Here is headache enough to bedevil the peace of mind of British statesmen and officials. But the implications are even wider. How can the vision of an inter-racial Commonwealth survive a tolerance of racialism in any one part of it? India has already made known her deep concern regarding race discrimination anywhere in the Commonwealth, and has assumed a certain leadership among the colored races. It is clear enough that South Africa's increasingly discrimina-

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tory race legislation, involving her attitude towards her own Indian community, is dynamite to India. Will India agree to remain within the Commonwealth at all if South African ideas travel northwards and Britain allows them to do so? There are still doubts enough about Britain's good will in India, and Pandit Nehru has had his work cut out to keep his country within the Commonwealth. It only needs a little extension of South African ideas in the British colonies north of the Union for India to find her Commonwealth membership incompatible with her own ideals—and to overthrow her association, taking with her, in all probability, Pakistan and Ceylon, and ruining Britain's last chance of a peaceful relationship with Malaya. The days of Britain in Asia will then indeed be numbered.

PROBABLY few people in Britain realize just how carefully the Indian government and people follow these racial questions elsewhere and how keenly they feel on them. And the whole question has been aggravated beyond recognition by the Korean war, which has already been entangled with the race hatred that colored people everywhere feel against the white man. Within the British Commonwealth, South Africa's continuing membership has already begun to be questioned—but not answered. All South Africa stands for is utterly incongruous with what Britain has tried to represent, and with what has made it possible for India's loyalty to be maintained. South African policy is as out of place in the context of the Commonwealth ideals of today as was Hitler's policy in the context of Western democracy in the 1930's.

And it is not as if British policy has been static in Asia and elsewhere in Africa. Britain has been actively pursuing the ideals of race equality in these areas, and has put into practice her belief that Asiatics, Africans, and West Indians are as capable of managing their own affairs as anyone else. Against this dynamic approach comes the equally dynamic anti-race-equality policy of South Africa; it does not stop short on the South African frontier but spills over—in its emotional effects—into British terrain. Can an explosion be avoided? Should South Africa continue to be welcomed as a Commonwealth partner, flaunting the will of the United Nations in no uncertain terms, as, for example, in the case of South West Africa? Or will such tolerance in the end poison the whole structure of the Commonwealth?

There are of course many strategic and economic reasons which make an open break difficult for both sides, but it has become too serious a matter to be allowed to hang fire any longer. Is what South Africa is doing any less bad than what was done in Franco Spain? Is it easier to condone than the events behind Russia's Iron Curtain? Can we tolerate the one while we cut off relations with the second, and are prepared to go to war with the third?

Unless this problem of race can be settled within the British Commonwealth, a real tragedy faces the Western world. For the Commonwealth ideal is, after all, an inspiring one. It is one of the few adequate answers which the West can give to Communism's play on racial emotion. If, in this unique pattern of free association among races of all colors, democracy can offer some solution to the question of race, the Commonwealth will have proved its worth. How this is to be done with the Union of South Africa still retained as a participating member is the first and greatest challenge to the Commonwealth today.

Cocktail Party in East Africa

BARNET LITVINOFF

FOR many years to come the country folk of Arusha, Tanganyika, will have their most exciting bit of gossip to tell since Stanley met Livingstone high up in the Great Lakes and took the dying missionary on a boating trip.

It was not long ago that Arusha jumped out of the dark backwoods of East Africa and into the news, sending everyone in Lon-

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don hastily in search of his geography book. The townlet suddenly received a visit from a Very Important British Person. This was Mr. John Dugdale, Minister of State for the colonies in the Labor administration; and every inch a British minister he looked, tall and well groomed and the sort of man you would expect to dress for dinner in the jungle, keep the Union Jack flying as though two world wars had not taken place, and as though South Africa's crusading missionary, Reverend Michael Scott, had never been near that busybody place at Lake Success to defy Prime Minister Daniel F. Malan in the interests of a few thousand indolent South African natives. The sight of Mr. Dugdale was enough to restore to the die-hard English settler in forgotten Arusha the faith that even a socialist administrator might know how to play the game. But not for long. For Mr. Dugdale, beneath that true-blue exterior, was nurturing a social atom bomb. And he elected to hurl it at that most sacred of functions—an East African cocktail party.

The minister had been engaged on a tour of British East African territories—Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, a wide and busy area containing 17,000,000 African natives, 165,000 Indian and Pakistani traders, and 45,000 Europeans. The government had lavished millions of pounds on a huge scheme for growing peanuts in East Africa that had all but collapsed, while a grant for colonial development had been in operation for some years; Mr. Dugdale wanted to see at first hand what was going on out there. Besides, the Trusteeship Council in New York had been asking some awkward questions lately, and British UN delegates were winning a reputation for vagueness and evasiveness. Some delegates—not from the other side of the Iron Curtain alone—used the term "deliberate obstruction." So Mr. Dugdale set out to discover the facts for himself. It was at the end of his tour that he turned up at Arusha, where the British colonists, engaged for the most part in the profitable industry of sisal culture, were commiserating with themselves as the forgotten empire builders of the old country.

It is worth recalling at this stage that Britain first came into possession of her East African group of territories ostensibly in the course of a campaign to eradicate the slave trade, of which the sultanate of Zanzibar was an important center. The sultan's suzerainty extended inland to the Great Lakes, a domain which in the 19th century was the main reservoir for the supply of African slave labor. Britain was not yet in a colony-collecting frame of mind and restricted her vigilance to patrols by the Royal Navy and moral pressure at the court of the sultan. However, a new pace in acquisitiveness was set towards the middle of the 1890's by Imperial Germany. The kaiser, too, had faithful subjects who were intrepid explorers, and one of these was busy planting the German eagle over some of the sultan's provinces. Lord Salisbury, the British prime minister, acted swiftly. He came to an agreement with the Germans to divide the spoils, declaring Uganda and Kenya British protectorates. The Germans took Tanganyika, but this, too, was to come under British rule, as a mandated territory, after Germany's defeat in 1918.

These African territories never attracted the type of British colonist that built up Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. The climate is unsuitable for mass settlement by whites; but a few younger sons of the nobility did in the 19th century leave their stately homes to try their luck in the cultivation of cotton, sisal, and coffee. They cleared giant estates, worked industriously with armies of African natives, and sold their products to the Indian merchants in Nairobi, Mombasa, Dares-Salaam, and elsewhere on the fringe of the continent.

The English grew rich by exploiting the vast reserves of native labor. The Indian merchants were humble and thrifty, keeping their place in the commercial areas of the new towns. There was no union organization and no labor strife. To the north the Italians were having difficulties with tribal chiefs in Abyssinia; to the south the whites of Rhodesia were being harried by the British Colonial Office because they wanted Dominion status—for whites. But in the hinterland

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of Tanganyika there was no one to interfere with the regime erected on the basis of race exploitation, native ignorance, and the color bar. The outbreak of the Second World War saw hemp required in hitherto unheard of quantities; and sisal, the raw product from which it is manufactured, became a commodity for the cultivation of which the bush was ransacked for workers. The white settlers grew fantastically rich, congratulated themselves on having colonized a gold mine, and tried to keep the 19th century going well into the 20th. That is, until the visit of Mr. John Dugdale.

A LEADING local resident in Arusha planned to do honor to the distinguished visitor and have the cream of local society meet him and discuss the colony's problems and hopes —by both of which they meant aid to the European element. Nobody else was considered to have any problems. The Europeans, though they could hardly be said to have fallen on hard times, were experiencing a little more difficulty in marketing their crops in peacetime. They wanted an assurance from the British government that their trade was safe, and were anxious to strengthen their position amid the general native unrest in Africa.

A cocktail party was, therefore, arranged at a leading hotel. The colonists, impeccably attired for the occasion, mustered in force. The minister was coming with his wife. It would be nice to see what the current London fashions were like. As it happened, Mr. Dugdale telephoned the hotel just before the party. He asked whether the establishment was open to Africans—colored Africans. He was informed that this hotel, like many others throughout Tanganyika, allowed no Africans—or Indians—in except as servants. Mr. Dugdale declined to join the party. He could not, he said, go to any public building or attend any function where the color bar operated.

With eyebrows raised below tropical topees, the British colony got together in haste to decide on the next move. This minister was not only a socialist, which was bad enough; he was also impolite. They organized another party for the guest, this time in a private home where questions of racial prejudice could be neither raised nor answered. Here the minister duly arrived, and the conversation, to judge from reports reaching London, was generally cool and commonplace.

This only lasted for a few minutes, however. Soon one of the guests, who apparently had not merely gone through the motions of taking cocktails, tapped Mr. Dugdale on the shoulder and charged him with being a troublemaker, with showing intolerance for the white man's point of view, and with openly encouraging revolt among the natives. Such persons, it was pointed out, were not welcome in a peaceful and happy community like Arusha. Mr. Dugdale, after the fashion of 19th-century novelettes, promptly ordered his carriage, took a summary departure, and left everyone who mattered in Arusha standing. Another stronghold of race superiority began to sag groundwards.

NOT all the English communities in East Africa hold the same beliefs as those of the residents of Arusha. Mr. Dugdale, on his return to London, maintained that he found frequent examples of generosity to the natives and of equality of status. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that 17,000,000 colored Africans have been given their first hope in a situation that has persistently failed to secure enough attention.

A struggle is rapidly developing in East Africa between the large majority seeking elementary rights and the few who wish to maintain the status quo. Opinion was divided in London as to the wisdom of a minister of the crown making so open a gesture in favor of human rights. How far, after all, was Mr. Dugdale's government prepared to go, it was asked. The Africans might suspect that the walls of repression had tumbled down, and the next step was not simple equality, but independence; and Britain was not just now in a mood to give away any more of her colonies.

It is not the old-fashioned concept of im-

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perialism which causes Britain to cling to her African colonies—quite the contrary, as can be seen from recent developments in West Africa where both the Gold Coast and Nigeria are undergoing in slow motion that "transfer of power" accomplished with dispatch and under threat of revolution in India and Pakistan. The reasons for Britain's retention of East Africa lie in the complex emotional tug of war that accompanies progress in multi-racial societies. The East African territories, like their neighbor Northern Rhodesia, are ruled by that agent of the British taxpayer, the Colonial Office, acting through its civil servants on the spot. But in fact decisions are made—or rather, official ordinances are effectively resisted—by the white settlers. These settlers take the view that they were encouraged to colonize the Empire, to set up homes, to create wealth, under the protection of London. Consequently, Britain's responsibilities are twofold; she must honor an old pledge to the native of preparing him to rule himself, and she must safeguard the person and prosperity of the white who cannot think of African self-determination except in terms of white supremacy, as in South Africa. The ensuing pattern is crazy: the white settlers are repressing the natives, obstructing Britain, and clamoring for British protection all at once; and the Colonial Office stands between racial groups whose attitude towards each other is a mingling of fear, hate, and aggression.

Visiting East Africa almost at the same time as Minister Dugdale was another British member of parliament, Mr. Fenner Brockway. A veteran social revolutionary, Mr. Brockway did what no British public figure has so far had the courage to do. He stayed in the homes of native Africans throughout his trip. At Nairobi, capital of Kenya, 3,000 natives crowded into the airport to see the important Britisher who was not to stay at Government House, but with their own people. Mr. Brockway was refused a meal in a Nairobi restaurant because he wanted to dine with an Indian and an African friend. He discovered that five restaurants had but lately had their licenses withdrawn for serving meals to mixed parties. He complained to the governor, a worried man who had last year to quell native riots by calling out the military. The governor hates prejudice, but he hates trouble more, and he sees a Black and Tan situation developing in which the Europeans could be massacred.

The European settlers in East Africa are not evil men. They are worried, perplexed, frustrated individuals and they are caught just now in the upthrust of a nationalism creating a political situation without precedent or parallel. The white settler regards each new demand by the African with foreboding. The colonial civil servant, on the other hand, is schooled to expect such difficulties and is more concerned with regulating the awakening giant than with frustrating him. He finds the settler's prejudices unsophisticated, out of touch with modern life, and quaintly ignorant of the world as understood and preached by the young lecturers at the London School of Economics.

Sometimes, however, even the advanced theorists of the London School of Economics seem quaintly unsophisticated. East Africa is the most westerly outpost of the Indian diaspora. Indian "Zionism" (which is a matter for the Hindu rather than the Moslem) looks toward the motherland as the country where the oppressive Englishman was driven out, and the place to find both political strength and spiritual succor. The Indian of East Africa is economically successful and therefore generally unpopular. Also, he is educated, organized, and has considerable capacity for leadership. He gets on well enough socially with the African—who has no particular sense of racial inferiority towards Indians—and acts as a kind of intermediary between white and black. In these circumstances the Indian is all one would expect him to be: sensitive, proud, fascinated by Communism, resentful of the Englishman's social domination.

The Indians have aligned themselves with the native Africans and are the articulate organs of native nationalism. They campaign

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against discrimination and have taken all steps open to them to lift their own political status. They oppose limitation of Indian immigration and refuse to recognize any difference between the policy of the British government and the conduct of the British settlers. Yet, ironically enough, should there be a pogrom in East Africa, it will be directed not against the whites but against the Indians. For it is they who own the shops and run the bazaars at which the natives buy and to which they are in debt; the Europeans live way up in the mountain strongholds.

AFRICA is now emerging from a society of strata, of one race sitting upon another, to a society of plurality, of one race living beside another. One of those characteristically foggy statements made periodically by British statesmen to keep the rest of the world guessing about their intentions, was recently uttered in the House of Commons:

"Our objective is self-government within the Commonwealth. Self-government must include proper provision for all the main communities which have made their home in East Africa but in the long run their security and well-being must rest on their good relations with each other. Good relations cannot flourish while there is fear and suspicion between the communities; it must therefore be our task to create conditions where that fear and suspicion disappear. In any constitutional changes in the direction of self-government, care must be taken to safeguard the proper rights and interests of all the different communities. Future policy must be worked out in full consultation with those who belong to the territories. . . ."

This pronunciamento, like the Balfour Declaration on another occasion, poses more questions than it answers. It does not reveal how the British Colonial Office is to influence the whites who have the power in East Africa to accept a position of mere equality with the natives. Just before he died, Ernest Bevin described his government as "leading East Africa along the road traveled by India." A perfectly commendable statement, yet not the kind to reassure any sector of the local population: they each interpreted it according to their fears, not their aspirations.

Officially, Great Britain's attitude to the race problem of East Africa is to ignore it. It can carp at Dr. Malan in South Africa because he is the prime minister of an independent country, even though within the Commonwealth. But it cannot attract too much attention to the race problem in colonial provinces for which it is responsible politically to the British people and morally to the Trusteeship Council. The latest report issued by His Majesty's Government concerning its East African wards is 165 pages long. It deals with political progress since the war, regional collaboration, reconstruction, and the development of natural resources, social services, and community life, but not a word is recorded of the race problems within the territory.

What, therefore, did Minister Dugdale discover during his East African trip? He discovered that a showdown with the white settlers cannot for long be postponed. Five years ago this might have involved an abdication of power by the Colonial Office, as power has been all but abdicated to the white settlers in the Rhodesias. But today, with the aid of public opinion in Britain and international opinion at the United Nations, there is a chance that the showdown may produce a firm and statesman-like formula for progressive self-government in this plural community such as has already been achieved with considerable success in the case of the British West Indies.

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EPITAPH FOR ERNST WIECHERT

The Tragedy of the Good German

ALFRED WERNER

All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true poet must be truthful.
—Wilfred Owen

MUNICH was where the first Nazi putsch took place, in 1923, and twenty years later that same very conservative city saw the first open rising against the Nazis. A desperate effort to mobilize German intellectuals against the regime leading their country to ruin was initiated by two university students, Hans Scholl and his sister Sophie, who later paid for it with their young lives. Who knows but that Hans Scholl (though he would have been hardly more than an adolescent then) was among the few Germans in Munich who dared to cheer the poet and novelist Ernst Wiechert when, in metaphor and symbol, he attacked the philosophy of the Third Reich in two separate speeches made, respectively, on July 6, 1933, and April 16, 1935?

Wiechert's 1933 address, on "The Poet and the Youth," delivered in the University of Munich's Auditorium Maximum, was comparatively mild, but it did remind the Nazis, then flushed with recent victory, that there were things more important than earthly power—namely, God and love. Wiechert addressed himself to the German youth, asking that they be humble, and always remember that there was "a great deal of suffering in our time." Two years later, speaking on "The Poet and His Time," Wiechert was more outspoken: "It may happen that a nation ceases to distinguish between good and evil. It may then be that it will win a gladiator's glory and through its victories in battle set up an ethical system that we might call the ethics of the prize ring. But the scales will already have been hung above this people. . . ."

A few in the audience had the courage to applaud Wiechert as he spoke out in the university auditorium against those educators of German youth who were training them to "affirm with cold eyes the anarchy of the moral world." But their faint applause was drowned out by catcalls, and the shocked rector of the university, who had expected from this noted writer, if not an endorsement of Nazism, at least a neutral, inoffensive tissue of platitudes, barred the doors of the university against him forever.

UNTIL the time of his second address, the Nazis had left Wiechert alone, hoping that he might eventually come over to them; and even on this occasion they contented themselves with forbidding the press to mention his speech. But it was secretly passed from hand to hand in typescript, and so reached thousands of anti-Nazis all over Germany. One exile from Czechoslovakia tells how in 1936 a messenger who had come to Prague from Germany put a loaf of bread before him on his desk and asked for a knife "to get out a peculiar brand of crumb"; it was the text of Wiechert's second speech, wrapped in waxed paper. The speech was published in France in Henri Lichtenberger's *Le Troisième Reich*, and in Moscow in *Das Wort*, a German-language monthly published by Berthold Brecht, Lion Feuchtwanger, and Willy Bredel.

THE German poet Ernst Wiechert, one of the few German intellectuals who remained in his homeland throughout the Nazi regime and yet could claim to have offered neither comfort nor support to the Nazis, died on August 24 of last year in Switzerland, where he had gone to live in 1946. In some sense Wiechert may be taken as the prototype of the "good German," displaying not only the virtues but also the conspicuous weaknesses of the type. ALFRED WERNER, who writes this portrait of a German conservative, has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, the New York *Times Book Review*, and other periodicals.

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Americans will find an English version of this memorable lecture in *The Poet and His Time: Three Addresses* (1948), a slim but precious volume which, like all of Wiechert's works previously published here, has hardly been noticed by the critics or the public. His other books published in America are *The Baroness* (1936), *Forest of the Dead* (1947), and *The Girl and the Ferryman* (1947). It is not difficult to understand why the first and third, both novels, did not appeal to the modern American public. These works, like the numerous other narratives produced by this industrious writer over a period of almost forty years, have a certain poetic charm and a pensive mood which are closer to Thoreau than to Hemingway. Their heroes are mainly East Prussian foresters, peasants, landowners, pastors, and retired army officers, who live in a setting of forests, heaths, and lakes. Written in a lyrical prose rarely relieved by humor, they are tales in praise of the contemplative life, with little action and a great deal of metaphysical meditation.

Wiechert's autobiographical writings—*Waelder und Menschen* (Munich, 1936), which is the story of his boyhood, and *Jahre und Zeiten* (Zurich, 1949), a sequel covering the first half of this century—throw more light on the personality of the late poet. Equally important is *Forest of the Dead*, mentioned above, which under a fictional disguise tells of the author's imprisonment in a Gestapo jail and in Buchenwald.

After the close of the recent war, Frank Thiess, a brilliant but politically unstable German novelist and essayist, coined the term "inner emigration" to justify himself and other German intellectuals who remained in Germany under Hitler but claim now to have had no real relations with the Nazis except for discreet attempts to oppose them. We know, of course, that it was Hitler's aim to make everyone *mitschuldig*, that is, an accessory to his crimes, and in a sense everybody who remained in Germany outside prison or a concentration camp after March 1933 did become a collaborator: by purchasing a loaf of bread he strengthened the Nazi economy; by putting a stamp portraying Hitler on an envelope he helped to spread Nazi propaganda. But leaving aside this involuntary and inevitable "collaboration," it is still possible to say that the vast majority of German writers cut very sorry figures under Hitler; after all, even the totalitarian Third Reich did not actually compel writers to eulogize political leaders or dedicate books to them. Yet too many did exactly that.

Wiechert was one whose right to call himself an "inner emigrant" is incontestable. He did in effect say "No!"—when a Gerhart Hauptmann was hastening to say "Yes!" There is an irony here: both Hauptmann and Wiechert came from pious and conservative middle-class families in Eastern Germany; but whereas the Nobel Prize winner started out as a socialist and in the 20's became the pampered darling of the Weimar Republic, Wiechert was from the first hailed by right-wing Germans as a true representative of *Blut und Boden*—"blood and soil"—and he continued to enjoy this doubtful approval long after he had cut all his connections with German nationalism.

The Nazis' relative leniency towards him up to the spring of 1938 can be explained only by the fact that in their eyes he remained a true representative of the *Blut und Boden* credo. Did not his novels glorify life in the villages and forests? Was he not born (in 1877) the son of a forester in East Prussia, cradle of Junkerism and nationalism?

Actually, Wiechert's family was, "racially," a mixture of German, Slavic, Lithuanian, and French blood. And beneath his soft-spoken romanticism he always remained a strong-willed idealist essentially opposed to all state authority, whether wielded by the kaiser, the Weimar Republic, Hitler, or the Bonn government.

In his autobiographical writings he never ceased to attack his country's educational system for its inculcation of subservience and pusillanimity. He had taught for twenty years at various secondary schools, chiefly in his native East Prussia, where he had come to know and abhor the typical Ger-

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man Gymnasium teacher – intolerant, arrogant, and sadistic to his students, and at the same time abjectly submissive to his superiors. (Wiechert had also loathed the majority of his fellow students at his university for their endless dueling and beer-swilling.) The average German teacher had the soul of a non-commissioned officer, and the worst teachers were the first to wear swastikas in their lapels. Wrote Wiechert: "How could one who had been a little slave driver all his life help being enthusiastic about big slave drivers who chained a whole nation to the benches of servile obedience?"

DURING the First World War, Wiechert served first on the Eastern and then on the Western front, and was wounded in France. He cared as little for his uncouth fellow officers and their stupid super-patriotism as he had for his fellow students at the university and his Gymnasium teachers. And unlike Ernst Juenger, Franz Schauwecker, and other rightist German authors, he never glorified warfare as such. Yet in his first novels, published around 1920, many of his heroes are disgruntled ex-officers who abhor the newly founded Weimar Republic and all it stands for. In *Der Wald* ("The Wood") a German officer, returning from the war to the forest where he grew up, learns that it is to be taken over by the state to make room for a settlement; he sets fire to the forest. In *Der Totenwolf* ("The Death Wolf") Wiechert even came close to Nazi ideas. The hero of this novel, a forester, blames Christianity for the miseries of life: "I believe that we are perishing because we followed Christ, losing our Germanic soul in order to gain a Christian one." The world is not yet ripe for love, he says, and Germans must be prepared to go through a period of hatred, armed and girded for battle.

It must stand to Wiechert's credit that later, instead of passing in silence over this element of his past, as so many others have done, he readily admitted his errors. He spoke of *Der Totenwolf* as a "sick" book, and conceded also how wrong he was to dismiss the German Revolution of 1918 as the wicked work of some drunken Red sailors. Significantly, he began to be more and more Christian and humanistic in his leanings just when many, if not most, German educators and authors were already preparing themselves for the "inevitable" victory of Nazism. While yet a teacher, Wiechert got into trouble with his superiors by telling his students that Oscar Wilde should not have been treated as a criminal; as a result of this he was immediately accused of homosexual inclinations. On another occasion he invited an author who had lived among miners to lecture to his pupils on the plight of these workers – and he was immediately charged with being a Communist. He suffered social ostracism because, while technically married, he lived in "sin" with a woman who was estranged from her husband. (Shunned by his friends and colleagues, he got financial help from a former student–one of the many Jewish students who had come to respect and love him. And after the death of his first wife, the poet was able to marry the woman with whom he had been living.)

IN THE early years of the Nazi era Wiechert traveled abroad but did not actually emigrate. Having moved from Northern Germany to a village on the Starnberg Lake, in Southern Bavaria, he continued to live as though nothing had happened, seeing his Jewish friends as before and changing neither his style nor his philosophy. Except for the two speeches he made before the Munich students, he did nothing to fight Hitlerism openly, but his attitude of stubborn aloofness angered the Nazis nevertheless. "He is a sorcerer," one high official in Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda complained, "but he refuses to use his magic on our side." At the same time, his colleagues exiled in Switzerland, France, England, and America were wondering why Wiechert and the other non-Nazi writers still in Germany did not raise their voices to protest against Hitler's pogroms, concentration camps, and suppression of personal freedom. After all, they reasoned, the Nazis would have hesitated to jail a dozen or more prominent "Aryan"

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authors whose books were more widely read than those put out by the party clique.

But Wiechert had not capitulated. From the time of his second Munich speech, he no longer permitted his prudence to interfere with the voice of his conscience, though he definitely knew that he was *persona non grata* and was being closely watched by the Gestapo. About 1937 he wrote *Der weisse Bueffel* ("The White Buffalo"), a short novel whose anti-Nazism is quite obvious. It might be compared to Ernst Juenger's *On the Marble Cliffs*, but it is a better book, and its opposition to Nazism less carefully concealed. Juenger's novel was actually published in Nazi Germany, while *Der weisse Bueffel* had to wait to see print until 1946. But Wiechert read excerpts from this book to various literary circles; when some of these meetings were rudely interrupted by Nazi hecklers, Wiechert protested angrily to Goebbels—and received no answer.

The author said later of *Der weisse Bueffel:* "Its relation to the [Nazi] age was so clear that everybody expected to see me hauled down from the platform and arrested on the spot." In an ancient village in India two strangers wantonly kill a white buffalo. A villager goes to court to seek redress. On his way to the capital he refuses to do reverence before a statue of the king, and is arrested and brought before him. The king offers him his life and a hundred white buffaloes if he consents to bow before the statue. But the peasant, raised by his mother in the belief that no mortal has a right to enslave his fellow men, flatly refuses to comply. Threats are useless: "Torture is always there where power becomes powerless," he answers defiantly, and adds: "The ruler is responsible for every tear shed in his kingdom." The villager is put to death, but the king eventually realizes that justice is more important than power, and he relinquishes his throne and goes to do penance as a hermit.

With his next step Wiechert really did get into trouble. Learning of the arrest of Pastor Niemoeller, who had dared to object to the Nazi state's interference in church matters, he wrote to the local Nazi party office that in the future he would no longer contribute to the party welfare organization, but would send his money directly to Niemoeller's wife. Wiechert knew that "with this letter the die was cast," as he put it in *Forest of the Dead.* Charged with "outspoken emphasis in opposition to the state" and "inciting public unrest against the party and the state," he was first confined for two months in a filthy cell in a Gestapo prison in Munich, then sent to Buchenwald for another couple of months. During part of the dreary journey to the concentration camp he was kept in chains.

Had it not been for the aid extended to him by his proletarian fellow prisoners, Wiechert, weak, tubercular, and nearing fifty, might never have survived Buchenwald, where he was first put to work as a stone-carrier and then in the "surface drainage crew," until his hands and feet became unrecognizably swollen and he had to be given lighter work. His body recovered, but his religious nature suffered a severe shock; witnessing all this horror, he felt "a crack run through God's image, a crack that would never heal." One image rose high before him "in towering silence . . . the face of man as he appears when he is given power, freed from restraint, and rolled into a gigantic ball called 'Mass.' "

But with the best German writers gone abroad, the Nazis could not afford to destroy a man of Wiechert's reputation. Strange as it sounds, while in Buchenwald he obtained permission to order all his published books for the camp library, a fact that to him seemed "grotesquely funny," since some of these books had been at least a minor, if secret, reason for his arrest. After a short time he was released and then ordered to participate in a writers' conference in Weimar—only a few miles from Buchenwald. To refuse the "invitation" was impossible, since Goebbels had threatened to have him executed should he ever misbehave again. But he was received in Weimar like an outcast, and his frightened or arrogant colleagues would not talk to him. "I was only meant to be a poster stuck on the wall so that everyone

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could observe how magnanimous the Third Reich had been to me. Yet I felt more insulted than I had felt while in chains."

Shortly before the outbreak of the war a new Wiechert novel, *Das einfache Leben* ("The Simple Life"), was published; apparently the Nazi censors found it a "positive" book. Goebbels himself was furious at its publication, but it was too late, and *Das einfache Leben* had an unparalleled success: it is said that people tore the book out of each other's hands in their eagerness to read it. Only one who has lived in the turmoil and unrest of Hitler's Reich will understand the excitement over this novel, the plot of which is so unexciting. A naval captain finds new strength and happiness by retiring to a remote East Prussian estate and living there the simple, strenuous life of a fisherman: "To be able to lie down at night with a joyful heart, that was perhaps the whole secret."

During the war Wiechert and his family lived under the close supervision of the Gestapo, which read his letters and tapped his telephone. He hid his Buchenwald memoirs and other manuscripts in strongboxes which he buried in his garden. His works were still avidly read by anti-Nazis, but *Die Buecherei,* organ of the Nazi librarians, cautioned its readers against keeping his books on their shelves since most of them were "intolerable," and, in any case, his pacifist writings were to be discarded at once. Wiechert himself prayed for a defeat of the German armies, and slept with a revolver under his pillow.

After Hitler's fall, Wiechert, unable to forget the horrors of the past "as one forgets an illness," could not return to the ivory-tower life he had led before 1933. In lectures, essays, plays, and stories he called upon the Germans to face their own bankruptcy. But his listeners did not care to be reminded of how "almost an entire people lost the last remnant of its moral possessions and went to ruin as a gambler does." Intent on burying the immediate past, they did not like to be told that "no new world will come into bloom until you saturate it with your love," or that "whatever you do, you should do it to lessen suffering." Wiechert was deluged with anonymous letters threatening him with every possible outrage. Hoodlums repeatedly smashed the windows of his home in Southern Bavaria. In despair, the old man at last moved to Switzerland, making this sad final statement to a Swedish journalist:

"Should Hitler return, 60 to 80 per cent of the people would receive him joyfully. There is no hope for this people, it is rotten to the core [*zutiefst verdorben*], it knows only greed, hate, and envy. Never again shall I address the Germans, not even the German youth. My only comfort is in the letters I get from former pupils of my teaching days in East Prussia, who now live in Palestine, Hungary, England, Mexico, and the United States. Here in Germany I find nothing but one vast anarchy of souls [*eine einzige Seelenanarchie*]. . . ."

IF ANYONE can be called a representative "good German," perhaps it is Ernst Wiechert, sincere and brave and at the same time utterly confused when it came to practical realities. His political philosophy—if he ever had one—changed tremendously, from the destructive nihilism of *Der Wald* to the Christian resignation of *Das einfache Leben.* But such resignation contains, for less disciplined men than Wiechert, the seed of danger: it can mean political lethargy and passive acceptance of the status quo. "We need no possessions, we need only work, poverty, and a little time"—this doctrine of Wiechert's may be innocent enough in itself, but does it answer fascism with any true relevance?

If scores of thoughtful and serious Germans like Wiechert had not lived remote from the concerns of active life, perhaps Hitler might not have conquered Germany. The German intellectual of the 19th and 20th centuries has been too often an *Unpolitischer* — to use Thomas Mann's term — one who gladly left to the militarists and the bankers the "dirty" chores of government and administration. Significantly, Wiechert in his 1933 speech characterized the poet as "a child that talks to stones and animals, to clouds or to

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the wind." Earlier, Friedrich Schiller had assured his nation: *Freiheit gibt es nur im Reich der Träume*—"freedom exists only in the realm of dreams."

In the imaginative writings of even so self-aware a German as the dramatist and poet Friedrich Hebbel—not to mention Thomas Mann—characters are often the bearers of pet ideas rather than "real, active human beings." And this tendency towards the abstract is particularly strong in Wiechert, whose finest works are his allegorical novels and his fairy tales, and not his pseudo-realistic fiction, over which, alas, there often hovers an inexplicable haze through which one perceives the *dramatis personae* but dimly. Traditionally, the German expects the poet to be a tender character, *musisch*, and naive and impractical. You cannot expect this bright, delicate child to deal sensibly with political problems. Or can you?

THE "naive" poet Wiechert had many Jewish friends. As a college student he fell in love with a clever Jewish governess from czarist Russia to whom he read his first poetry. A brilliant Jewish physician once saved his life. While in the army during the First World War, he tells us, he defended Jewish soldiers against the anti-Semitism of their officers, and he took pride in the fact that as a teacher he was loved by Jewish students with leftist leanings no less than by the sons of Baltic aristocrats.

Still, the Jews seem to have remained for this East Prussian a people different from the rest of mankind and not equally "real, active human beings." As a student in Königsberg he observed his Russian Jewish fellow students with some anxiety, wondering whether these queer foreigners might not be dangerous assassins plotting to overthrow the czar.

Wiechert introduced a half-Jewish surgeon into one of his later novels, *Die Furche der Armen* ("The Furrow of the Poor"), written during the war as a sequel to *Die Jeromin-Kinder* ("The Children of Jeromin") and published in 1947. This half-Jew always felt closer to his Jewish mother than to his Gentile father, practiced Judaism, and considered himself a Jew. A kind, lonely old man, he teaches his disciple, young Jons Jeromin, that in order to be a complete doctor one has to be good of heart as well as intelligent. But Dr. Lawrentz, in his talks with his young Gentile friend, also expresses certain ideas regarding Jews that come straight from Wiechert's mouth and are part and parcel of the set of stereotypes concerning Jews that were current among philo- as well as anti-Semites in 19th- and 20th-century Germany. The Jews, he asserts, are clever, but lack imagination; they have no relation whatsoever to nature. They are good mathematicians, chess players, businessmen, lawyers, physicians, and actors, but they are virtuosos and without creativeness. Here, as elsewhere, Wiechert's outlook remained circumscribed by those fixed ideas about race, destiny, ethnic "soul," etc., etc., that had—and have—such a hold upon most Germans with aesthetic leanings, and which left them so intellectually unprotected against Hitler.

IF GERMANY had had a few thousand men like Wiechert in 1933, Goebbels might not have found it quite so easy to fill the universities, academies, and editorial offices with a horde of spineless and unprincipled flunkies. And yet, even the Wiecherts, good-natured and impractical, noble-minded yet wavering and sometimes astonishingly beside the point in their thinking, could hardly have prevented that mass betrayal of the spirit which remains the crime of the German intelligentsia as a whole.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

MY BUDDY, FISHBINDER

The Individualist in the Ranks

JAMES YAFFE

I WAS using Grand Central Station as a short cut the other day when I came upon a dozen young men, new draftees, all around nineteen or twenty years old, huddled together at the entrance to one of the tracks. They were carrying little paper packages or lunch boxes, and they stayed very close to one another, talking in low voices, and occasionally they laughed sheepishly.

But in the center of the group was one young man who contrasted sharply with the rest. There was nothing sheepish about *him,* and there was certainly nothing very low about his voice. On the contrary, he was talking away as loudly as he could, waving his arms excitedly, strutting and telling jokes and showing off like mad. Naturally, I was reminded of Fishbinder.

MOE FISHBINDER was his name, and he came from the Bronx into my life not so many years ago, when I was in the same position as those uneasy young men in Grand Central Station. I was nineteen years old, too, with a year of college behind me, and now I had been drafted into the Navy. I hated the idea of leaving school, I hated the all-American boys, jazz lovers and baseball fans, with whom I found myself at Great Lakes Training Center. I hated Mr. Durkee, the chief petty officer in charge of our boot camp company, with his sour expression, his sharp way of barking out "fwd *Ha-a-a-a-arch!*" and his "stinker list" of souls-to-be-purged. Most of all, I hated Fishbinder.

He was listed officially as a member of our company, but that was a lie. The idea of Fishbinder's being a member of our company, of any company, of anything whatsoever, was a contradiction in terms. Fishbinder was the man who's always got an objection, disobeys orders as a matter of principle, makes jokes on serious occasions, sleeps on watch, quarrels with anybody bigger than he is, and generally can be depended on for the worst possible blunder at the worst possible time.

Right from the start, Fishbinder didn't leave anybody in any doubts about himself. The night we left New York the whole bunch of us, twenty draftees, were supposed to meet at Grand Central Station at eight o'clock. Everybody was there—except Fishbinder. Fifteen minutes later, the Navy recruiting officer in charge of the party received a phone call. "This is Fishbinder. I'm here at Penn Station! Where the hell is everybody else?" When he finally showed up, a full twenty minutes later, what we saw was a fat, dumpy, round-faced little fellow, but wearing a silly little black mustache and puffing blandly at a big cigar. The recruiting officer looked daggers at him, and Fishbinder just smiled and tapped the ashes off his cigar onto somebody's suitcase.

The train was late, so our officer took us all into the Oyster Bar for a bite to eat. Since Fishbinder's name happened to be first on the list of recruits, the officer handed him the

ARMY or Navy, in every company there is one such undisciplined spirit as Fishbinder; and it is testimony to the basic soundness of our defense system that the U.S.A. is able, nevertheless, to fight and win wars. A collection of JAMES YAFFE'S short stories, *Poor Cousin Evelyn,* was published this year by Little, Brown. Mr. Yaffe's "When the Season Cometh Round" appeared in the February 1949 issue of COMMENTARY.

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packet of official papers that would go along with us to Great Lakes.

"Hold on to these while the rest of us eat," he said. "When we're finished, give these papers back to me, and you can get some food yourself. But be careful. *Don't* let the papers out of your hands."

Fishbinder nodded vigorously. "As good as done," he said. "Just leave it to me."

The officer looked worried, but he shrugged his shoulders and led us into the Oyster Bar. Ten minutes later he looked up from his plate, and who should he see sitting at a corner table, devouring a Sea Food Special, but Fishbinder. The officer rushed up to him. "My God! Where are the papers?"

"Hold your water, hold your water," Fishbinder said. "Your papers are all right. I left them with a guy in the waiting room. He ain't going to run away with them. Believe me, with the load he's got on, he's in no condition to move!"

The papers were rescued, and then the officer exploded. "What do you mean by doing a thing like that?" he shouted at Fishbinder furiously. But Fishbinder shouted back at him, just as furiously, "You want a guy to starve to death? You want to wipe us all out before we even get a look at a Jap?"

LESS than two hours after we got to Great Lakes, Fishbinder was arguing with the tailor about his pants. "For God's sake, give me a pair that don't have so many buttons!"

Needless to say, Fishbinder was the first name on the Chief's stinker list. The moment the Chief set eyes on Fishbinder, during our first morning inspection, he looked extra sour and said, "You'll shave off that mustache, sailor, or I'll know the reason why!" The next morning Fishbinder showed up for inspection with the mustache. The Chief expressed his annoyance in a few basic phrases, then told Fishbinder to go into the barracks right that minute and shave it off.

"Wait a minute!" Fishbinder said. "There ain't nothing in regulations against mustaches. General Pershing had a mustache—"

"Get in there, sailor!" the Chief said. Fishbinder brought up a few more constitutional points in defense of his mustache, until finally the Chief looked real ugly and said, "Do you know what you get in this man's Navy for disobeying orders, sailor?"

"Okay, okay," Fishbinder said, "if you're going to put it that way." And he stamped off to the barracks, muttering.

The morning after the Chief told us we would have to keep a clean towel hanging from the end of our bunks at all times, Fishbinder was caught without a towel. "It slipped my mind," he said. He hung one up, and three hours later the Chief—by this time he was giving Fishbinder his personal attention—discovered the towel with a big black handprint all over the face of it. "So I wiped my hand! So what?" Fishbinder protested when he was assigned to extra guard duty. "What's a towel for? Just answer me that!"

Discipline just seemed to bring out the genius in Fishbinder. The tougher the Navy got on him, the tougher he got on the Navy.

One day, during the exercise period, Fishbinder refused to bend over and touch his toes. "A guy with my build," he said, "it ain't human!" So the Chief made him stand up before the whole company and touch his toes fifty times. The punishment was a failure. Fishbinder volunteered to do it again the next day; he liked the publicity.

MEANWHILE, Fishbinder managed to antagonize practically every member of the company. He got into quarrels at the drop of a hat. Any reason would do, anything from an insult against his mother to an item of erroneous information about some baseball player. If there hadn't been strict laws against fist-fighting in the Navy, Fishbinder would have been black and blue after a week. And it didn't help matters any that every night Fishbinder was the center of a friendly and absolutely illegal little poker game—in which he somehow managed to get most of the good hands.

Naturally, he had to pay for all this by taking an awful lot of kidding, not all of it so good-natured. One night, for instance, we were talking about professions and vocations, and what's the best sort of work for a man to do in life. One boy from Boston, whose father was a prep school teacher, couldn't see anything but being a prep school teacher. A boy from Iowa, who wasn't much of a public speaker, put in a few slow painful words for the life of a farmer. And then Fishbinder said, "All that stuff, that's a lot of bull! My old man's got the greatest job you can get. If they ever let me loose from this Alcatraz, that's what I'm going to be!" And he ex-

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plained to us that his father was a waiter in a delicatessen.

Well, the horse laugh that went up was terrific. Everybody began to make cracks. And the New York boys came up with the usual jokes about delicatessen waiters—about putting their thumbs in the soup, reducing the meat in sandwiches to cigarette-paper thinness, and spilling coffee on the customers. "A real high-class job," someone said. Fishbinder was right there with an answer. "It just goes to show what a bunch of birdbrains I'm living with! I'll bet you think it's more high-class to be one of the customers, and get the coffee spilled on *you!*"

"Say, Fishman," said Calhoun, a big husky fellow from Louisiana who made a big pretense out of not being able to remember Fishbinder's right name, "what is that, anyway, that delly-catessen? Never heard tell of any such thing down where I come from."

"Down where you come from!" Fishbinder gave a laugh. "Listen, down where you come from they never heard tell of nothing except scratching for turnips! Down where you come from, they think Robert E. Lee is General of the Army!"

"Still, you must admit," said the Boston boy, "that being a waiter isn't a very dignified profession. Running around all day, taking orders from people."

"Sure, sure. It's a lot more dignified, ain't it, to run around all day taking orders from school kids! Like a certain profession I can think of!"

It is not surprising that from the first moment I saw Fishbinder, I was overcome by revulsion. With that raucous voice, that sloppy appearance, that obscene leer, he struck me immediately as the incarnation of vulgarity, ignorance, brutishness, philistinism—everything, in short, that I hated most in the world. The reason why I never put in an insult or two of my own was simply that I could hardly bear to address a word to Fishbinder—or worse still, to have him answer me.

When he didn't happen to be around, of course, I was perfectly willing to join in the general merriment at his expense.

THAT's the way I felt about Fishbinder until one night about a week after I got to boot camp.

I was standing the twelve midnight to four in the morning watch, and standing it along with me was Fishbinder. Now this was certainly one of the roughest things we had to do in boot camp. After working hard all day, we were half asleep on our feet, and the barracks were dark and chilly, and no sound except for people breathing in their sleep.

Fishbinder and I didn't say anything for a while. Just paced up and down. But finally he came out with a loud whisper, "My feet are killing me! I'm taking a load off!"

"You can't sit down! That's against the regulations."

"Regulations, regulations. What does the regulations know about my feet?" And he lowered himself onto a bench with much puffing and gasping, took off his shoes, and began to rub his toes. After a while, he spoke up again. "Have a butt?"

I gazed in horror at the pack of cigarettes he was holding out to me. "But you can't *smoke* on watch!"

"Who can't?" he said, and he lighted up.

"But suppose they catch you?"

"Fat chance. You think any of these officers are going to get up in the middle of the night and spoil their beauty sleep, just to catch me smoking on watch? And so what if they did?" he added. "What'll they do to me? Make me walk the plank?"

I didn't answer him. I had a vague idea that if Fishbinder got sent to the brig, I would probably be sent there along with him for not doing my duty as a patriotic member of my country's armed forces and making him put out his cigarette.

"So you won't smoke, and you won't sit down," Fishbinder said, and he broke into a gay cackle which I was positive would wake everybody up and bring the Shore Patrol down on our heads. "What's the idea? You letting these officers put a scare in you?"

"Listen to me," Fishbinder went on, indignantly. "You want to know a secret about those bums? Take away all that garbage from their hats, and they're no different from anybody else. They could have half a dozen stripes on their sleeves, and a chest full of fruit salad, but they still got to put their pants on one leg at a time, like us ordinary people. Listen, I got lots of experience with that type. Bosses, foremen, department heads, I been working for them since I was a kid. And there wasn't one of them yet that could make me wiggle my nose if I didn't feel like it. That lieutenant, for instance. He's just

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like Mr. Spiegelberg, that owns the dump where my old man works. He likes to hop around, look busy, tell people what to do, make like a big wheel—but believe me, every time he gives you an order, he's shivering in his drawers you might laugh in his face. You just keep that in mind."

This advice didn't seem especially practical to me at the time, but I found myself listening attentively.

"You don't like it here, do you?" he asked suddenly. "You think you're out of place with this bunch of morons. You're used to a more refined type, ain't you?" Fortunately, Fishbinder went right on talking. "Me too. I don't like these morons no more than you do. I also am used to a more refined type."

Then for the next three hours, Fishbinder entertained me with stories of his life in the Bronx. His stories were coarse, obscene, boastful, probably a pack of lies. But still, I got such pleasure out of them that it was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud. And what's more, I even went so far as to tell Fishbinder some stories about my own life, and my ambitions, and my love of literature, and so on—all very apologetically, of course. And when four o'clock finally came around, I was actually feeling even sort of happy—for the first time since I got into the Navy.

This was a great puzzle to me, and I wondered about it all the next morning. I was slightly embarrassed about it, too, and went out of my way to avoid any contact with Fishbinder. At lunch somebody said to me, "How did you like your watch last night? Old Fishbinder didn't bother you with his snoring, did he?" And I said, "No, he stayed awake all night. We had a very interesting talk. He taught me how to make a corned beef sandwich without corned beef."

One split second after I said this I was ashamed of it. So I turned my attention quickly to the food, and tried to put Fishbinder out of my mind.

But it wasn't so easy. That same afternoon something happened which put Fishbinder right back in my mind but good.

In order to make this incident clear, I will have to explain briefly the Navy's policy about cleanliness. Ordinarily, a person is supposed to keep clean for purposes of health and comfort. But in boot camp, in order to keep as clean as they wanted us to, we had to give up all our comfort and ruin our health. The process of straightening out our bunks, for instance, was enough to give even the better-than-average mathematician a nervous breakdown. Everything had to be in exactly the right position, exactly the right number of inches from everything else, exactly at the right angle from the windows, the doors, the North Star, the inspector's big toe. What's more everything had to be spotless—otherwise the stinker list would claim a new victim.

All of this led us, of course, to only one possible state of mind—terror. Since the least little spot was an act of treason and the tiniest wrinkle was subject to capital punishment, the scared recruit defended himself the only way he could, by trickery. In less than a week I had already picked up a number of useful dodges, such as wearing my undershirt abnormally tight so it always looked cleaner than it really was, and volunteering for special sweeping details in order to avoid regimental inspection. In the Navy honesty was definitely *not* the best policy.

On the afternoon I'm talking about, we were scheduled for a special inspection. Commander Michaels, the head of our division, was coming over to take a personal look at our barracks. After lunch, all during our free period, we scraped the tables, sandpapered the floors, and generally gave the place a high polish—which, of course, it couldn't possibly keep for more than half an hour. Just long enough to amuse Commander Michaels.

Well, it happened that I finished my particular detail a little early, so I sat down at one of the tables and read a book, Shakespeare's tragedy, *Antony and Cleopatra.* Pretty soon the signal came that Commander Michaels was on his way. We all scurried to our bunks and stood at attention.

Commander Michaels came in, followed by the Chief, who was smiling all over and looking practically good-humored—which didn't suit him at all. Behind the Chief was the company clerk, with a sinister-looking notebook to take down the names of anybody who attracted the Commander's attention. The Commander was a tall, lean, gray-haired man, with a slight stoop and sleepy eyes. He marched around the barracks slowly, followed by his party, peering here and there, at this and that, and occasionally mak-

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ing a brief comment which the clerk would scribble down frantically in his notebook. I wasn't exactly the ideal of the cool, clear-headed, steely-nerved fighting man when the Commander got to me.

But he passed by me without a word, and I was all set to breathe a sigh of relief, when tragedy struck. Commander Michaels came to a stop at a table in front of the barracks, and said in a quiet voice full of menace, "What's this book doing here?"

I didn't need to look up to know what book he was talking about. I had been in such a hurry to get to my bunk before inspection that I had left my Shakespeare behind, in plain sight.

"Shakespeare," Commander Michaels said, with a grunt. He didn't seem impressed. "Mr. Durkee, tell the man who left this lying around to step forward."

"Right, sir," said the Chief, all smiles while he was looking at the Commander. Then he turned to us and immediately became all frowns. "Okay, who's responsible for this? Who does this book belong to?"

I couldn't have stepped forward even if I'd wanted to. I was absolutely frozen with fright. The only idea going through my head was: keep your mouth shut, don't say a word, the book doesn't have your name in it, so how will they ever know?

The Chief was repeating his question in a louder voice, with a redder face. He repeated it three or four times, and then Commander Michaels spoke again, in that soft voice. "This is a serious matter, Mr. Durkee. You'll have to question them one by one."

"Okay," the Chief said, "we'll take them alphabetically."

And just then help came.

Fishbinder stepped forward with his usual confident smile. "Say, wait a second, let me look at that book!" Before the Chief could say yes or no, Fishbinder had walked right up to the company clerk and was squinting at the book. "Just like I thought!" Fishbinder said. "That's *my* book! Anthony and Cleopatter."

The Chief gave a sigh that was mainly made up of disgust and anger, but also with a tiny bit of weariness; you see, already Fishbinder was beginning to wear him down. "Fishbinder," he said. "I might've known you were mixed up in this."

"*Your* book?" said Commander Michaels, giving Fishbinder a hard stare. "You go in for reading like this, son?"

"Who, me, sir? Listen, I been a big Shakespeare fan since I was a baby in my mother's arms. Poetry, that's what I was brought up on. I come from a very intellectual-type family."

A few laughs broke out from various parts of the barracks, but they were choked off immediately by a look from Commander Michaels. Then he transferred that look to Fishbinder for a while and finally nodded his head. "Very well. See to it that this man suffers the proper disciplinary measures, Mr. Durkee." And he turned and marched out.

All this happened so fast, and I was so stunned by it all, that I didn't even open my mouth. I should have—I shouldn't have let Fishbinder take the blame for what I did—but I kept quiet. Anyway, it was now too late. The Chief was already snapping at Fishbinder. "You! Get into your dungarees, double time! You're going on garbage duty at the chow hall! Snap to it!"

"Yes sir, yes sir," Fishbinder said, saluting a few more times than he needed to. Then he flashed a great big smile at the company, and closed his left eye in a broad wink.

I don't think I've ever felt so miserable.

AFTER dinner we were free until bedtime. Usually I spent these two precious hours by drinking a milk shake in the canteen, then relaxing in the library with a book, or writing letters. But I knew I wasn't going to do that this time. I knew there was only one possible thing I could do on this particular night. Almost without any help from me, my feet started me off in the direction of the chow hall. It was against all the rules for a recruit to hang around the chow hall after meals, unless he happened to be on duty there. But I didn't care at all. I walked straight towards my goal, and the stinker list didn't enter my head even once.

I got to the place behind the chow hall where the garbage detail was stationed. An awful smell, and lots of guys lifting pails, squirting hoses, and generally occupying themselves in filthy work. But no sign of Fishbinder. I went up to a group of fellows and asked about him. They didn't recognize the name, but as soon as I said, "A fat little guy, with sort of a loud voice," they all started nodding in unison.

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"Oh, him!"

"*Loud* voice! Listen, a fire siren could rock you to sleep in comparison."

"Right around the corner! But you better not disturb him—he's very busy."

I went around the corner, and there I found Fishbinder. He was on the ground, with his legs stretched out, his back propped up against the side of the chow hall, and his pudgy little hands folded over his stomach. His eyes were shut, an angelic smile was on his lips, and he was snoring.

For a few seconds I stared at this astonishing sight. Then I wet my lips and said, "Fishbinder—oh, Fishbinder."

He opened his eyes slowly and smiled up at me. "Well, what do you know! I got a visitor. Sit down, sit down, make yourself at home."

I squatted down on the ground, feeling very uneasy. But it was better to speak than just to stare at him in silence, so I said, "I don't understand. Everybody else seems to be so busy, but you're not doing a thing."

"That's why they're all so busy," he said. When I still looked puzzled, he laughed. "Very simple proposition. I match them."

"Match them—?"

"Match them, match them! Don't you know English? I match them for my share of the detail. Every hour on the hour, we match quarters. If I win, I don't work. If I don't win, I work my elbows off. Also, winner keeps the quarters. So far I been doing pretty good. I'm five bucks ahead, and I ain't had such a nice rest in years, which I certainly deserve, the way that Chief's been running the wind out of me lately."

I expressed my amazement that Fishbinder was so lucky at matching quarters.

Fishbinder waved this away modestly. "Nothing to it, nothing at all. Just clean living. I was always head of my class at Sunday school." And he gave a laugh which would have seemed a little out of place in any Sunday school that I ever heard of.

We sank into silence. Fishbinder watched me calmly, and I looked down at the ground. I knew that the tough part was coming, and I couldn't put it off any longer. I took a breath, lifted my chin, and tried to meet his gaze as steadily as possible. "Listen, Fishbinder," I began. "I don't know exactly how to say this—but I'm sorry. Honestly, I'm sorry as I can be—that this happened."

"Sorry! Sorry!" Fishbinder cried. "Why, this is the best thing that happened to me yet, since they shanghaied me into this organization!"

"The best thing—?" I said weakly.

"Why, positively! First of all, it's the first chance I got all week to get away from that sewer we're living in—and those sewer rats! And second of all, I never ate so good till I came down to this chow hall. It's practically like the Bronx again. Like Sunday morning breakfast, which in *our* family is as big as most people's Thanksgiving dinner. And third of all, this whole business has finally straightened out a big mistake that should've been straightened out a long time ago. You see, I been getting the idea lately that those meatheads in our company thought I was just a common ignoramus, without no education or culture or nothing. But now that this has happened, they don't have no more doubts about what a highbrow type they got for a shipmate."

I nodded my head. "Yes, that's right. No more doubts."

"Say, wait a minute!" Fishbinder said, the smile fading off his face. "Don't tell me you're just like those meatheads! Don't tell me you don't believe that Shakespeare book was my personal property, neither!"

I looked at Fishbinder a long time with a feeling which I can't describe, but which was completely different from any feeling I'd been having about him up to then. And finally I said, "I believe you. Honestly I do." Then I got too embarrassed to face him another moment, so I turned and started walking away.

But he shouted after me, "Hey Junior!" I wasn't his junior at all, but from that moment on—and all through the friendship that we enjoyed together during boot camp—that's the name he called me by. "Hey Junior, you know it's strictly illegal for you to come down here and talk to me."

"Yes, I know that," I said.

"Well, that's more like it!" he said, rubbing his hands together. "You know, I was beginning to worry about you, Junior. But now it turns out there's some hope for you yet. I mean, maybe your head ain't *absolutely* full of rocks!"

I blushed a little and my self-esteem soared—because after all, coming from Fishbinder this was a real compliment!

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

THE SIXTH DAY

A Selection of Old Testament Legends

FROM the traditional sources, JOSEPH GAER has made a new collection of legends which grew up around the events narrated in the Hebrew Bible; the following selections are from his forthcoming book, *The Lore of the Old Testament,* to be published this month by Little, Brown. These accessory tales sometimes make some moral or ethical point, explain away an apparent contradiction, or seem to embroider the Biblical text for the sheer sake of story telling. They come from sources of varying antiquity: the Aggadic portions of the Talmud (from which selections were published in Cedars of Lebanon in January, March, August, and September of 1950), from the Midrash (commentaries on specific books of the Bible), from various other commentaries on the Bible and Talmud, from the medieval mystical *Zohar,* and other works. The first seven days of creation were probably the subject most popular for elaboration. Some of the tales relating to the sixth day are printed below.—Ed.

ON THE sixth day of Creation, God was confronted with a dilemma. Up to that day He had worked one day in heaven and the next day on earth, to avoid any jealousy between them. If on the last day of Creation He worked entirely in heaven, earth would be grieved. God therefore devoted most of the first Friday to the creation of man, whose body is of the earth and his soul of heaven.

The First Hour of Man's Creation

ON THE first hour of the Sixth Day, God took some dust from the very center of the earth, where the Holy of Holies was later to be built. Then he took dust from the four corners of the earth in equal measure. Some of the dust was red, and some black, some white and some as yellow as sand. These he mixed with water from all the oceans and the seas, to indicate that all the races of mankind shall be included in the First Man and none be accounted the superior of the others.

The Second Hour of Man's Creation

DURING the second hour of the Sixth Day God molded the clay, and in making the human body He created a work that by its very form was to excite the boundless wonder of the world, and to declare the wisdom of the Creator forever.

In each part the human body is a marvelous construction, but the greatest achievements are to be found in the human head. The face was made to measure no more than the distance between the outstretched fingers of one hand, yet it contains four varieties of water which do not intermingle: the water of the eye is salty, so that tears smart the eyes to keep one from grieving overlong; the water of the ears is oily, so that bad news and idle gossip can enter one ear and go out through the other; the water of the nose is fetid, so that when an unpleasant odor is inhaled it is tempered by the nose and does the lungs no harm; and the water of the mouth is sweet, so that if a man takes into his mouth food that is spoiled he can spit it out and the sweet water of his mouth washes away the bad taste and he is happy again.

The eyes, the ears, and the nose are not under man's control, for he often must look on things he would rather not see, listen to words and sounds he would rather not hear, and inhale smells that he would rather not smell. But the mouth is under his control. He can speak and he can be silent. He may use blasphemous language or he may speak

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the language of the Holy Book. The tongue in man's mouth, therefore, is capable of great good and great evil.

To keep the tongue from evil talk, two rows of teeth were placed around it, like locking doors; and like walls around them both were placed the closing lips.

The body was made so that in each man part resembles part, excepting the face as a whole. Though every living person is cast in the die of Adam, no two human faces are alike. This was done to protect man from committing adultery with every woman, mistaking her for his own wife.

The Third and Fourth Hours of Man's Creation

During the third hour on the first Friday, God covered the clay image with skin. And during the fourth hour He blew the living soul into its nostrils. When God said: *Let Us make man in Our image,* he referred only to the soul and not to the body. That is why when a man dies, his body, which comes from the earth, is returned to the earth, and his soul, which is from God, returns to Him in Whose image it was made.

Man's divine semblance was given him so that no man should ever despise another, remembering that hatred of any man is hatred of God.

Where man's soul resides is as great a mystery as the residence of God. But we know that man's soul is to be found in his name and in his words: for man alone of all the creatures on earth has a separate name for each individual member of the race, and his name exists as long as man lives; and only man of all the creatures on earth can speak in many words and in seventy languages. In this respect man is the superior of even the angels, who speak only Hebrew, excepting, of course, the angel Gabriel, who knows all the languages of man and beast.

The Fifth Hour of Man's Creation

On the fifth hour of the day, God commanded man to rise, saying: "I name you Adam." Adam arose and stood on his feet. He was like an angel, and his body reached from earth to heaven. His skin was as bright as daylight and covered his body like a luminous garment. The first words he uttered were a psalm unto the Lord, as he looked about him on the Garden of Eden.

He saw that the Garden was at the entrance of the Celestial Paradise. Sixty myriads of ministering angels, the face of each bright as the splendor of the firmament, stood guard at the ruby gates. But the gates of the Garden of Eden toward the world outside, in Beth-Shean, were unguarded.

Adam saw that the Garden of Eden was sixty times as large as the earth outside it; eighty myriads of species of trees grew in the garden; and in the center of them all rose the Tree of Life, on which grew five thousand varieties of fruit, each different in appearance, in aroma, and in taste. The branches of the Tree of Life extended over all the other trees and reached from one end of the Garden of Eden to the other. And over the Tree of Life bright clouds floated like bridal canopies, driven by the four winds of heaven, and they filled the world with the fragrance of the Garden of Eden.

And from every corner of the Garden, above the sound of the nightingales, were heard the soft sweet voices of angels singing.

Adam lifted his eyes and said: "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord!"

The Sixth Hour of Man's Creation

In the sixth hour of the Sixth Day of Creation Adam arose, and God brought all the animals before him to be named.

Satan came up before God and pleaded: "You created me before Adam and I should like to name all the living things."

Satan had hated Adam from the start. He had been against the creation of man to the last. When Adam first arose and sang a psalm unto the Lord, the archangel Michael commanded the angels to pay homage to the image of God. And all the angels obeyed, excepting Satan. Whereupon Satan was banished to the nethermost part of the abyss.

Now Satan came to claim a prior right to name the living things on earth.

"Name them," said God to Satan, "and name all the fruits and all the berries and all the herbs and all the things that I have created, including the insects."

Satan tried, but he no sooner named one animal than he changed his mind and gave that name to another. When he came to the insects he grew so confused that he did not know how to go on and hung his head in silence. Then God told Adam to go on with the naming.

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Adam named each creature according to its nature: the ass he called *ass* because it was clearly the most foolish creature, and an ass is a fool; the horse he named *horse* because he liked its joyful nature, and "horse" [Hebrew: *sus*] means joyful; the eagle he named *eagle* because he knew that every ten years this bird would shed its feathers, and, at the age of a hundred years, would fly straight up toward the sun until the heat scorched him, and he would fall down into the great ocean and die, and "eagle" [Hebrew: *nesher*] means falling down. One creature in the sea he named leviathan because he was as large as a continent. And Adam said to God:

"That pair of leviathans, O Lord, are so big that if they are fruitful as You commanded them to be, they will soon fill the sea and even destroy the whole world."

God then emasculated the male leviathan, and killed the female and preserved its flesh in the briny deep for the great feast to celebrate the coming of the Messiah.

The Seventh Hour of Man's Creation

As ADAM named all the creatures, he noticed that each creature had a mate. Though there were many beautiful females in the Garden of Eden, Adam saw none that he wanted for a wife. Yet he felt lonely.

The Creation of Woman: As Adam slept, God looked at him and thought: From what part of man shall I make his mate?

If she is made of his brain, she will be too proud—

If she is made of his eye, she will be too envious—

If she is made of his ear, she will be too curious—

If she is made of his mouth, she will be too talkative—

If she is made from his heart, she will be too possessive—

If she is made of his hands, she will be too acquisitive—

If she is made of his feet, she will be too adventurous—

Therefore He made her from the thirteenth rib of man's right side, which is covered with flesh and cannot be seen.

But, alas, all this caution was of no avail. For though woman was not created from the brain, women are proud and walk with outstretched necks; though not made of the eye, women want to see everything and are envious; though not made of the ear, women are eavesdroppers and curious; though not made of the mouth, women delight in gossip; though not made of the heart or the hands women are possessive and acquisitive; though not made of the feet, women can't stay still and must gad about.

The Eighth Hour of Man's Creation

IN THE eighth hour of the Sixth Day of Creation, Adam awoke and beheld woman beside him. And he saw that she was more beautiful than any of the angels. God had adorned her with the splendor of a bride, with wimples and bracelets and earrings and a caul shining with rubies, and rings on her hands and tinkling ornaments on her feet. Adam looked at her, and he embraced and kissed her.

God led Adam and his bride under a series of ten canopies studded with gems and pearls and ornamented with gold. The archangels Michael and Gabriel acted as grooms, and God pronounced the blessing.

After the ceremony, a watch was set over the bridal chamber and the angels danced in the Garden, beating their timbrels and singing many songs.

The Ninth Hour of Man's Creation

ADAM'S happiness made Satan sad. And Adam's wedding made Satan miserable.

Satan plotted Adam's downfall. But he did not know just how to accomplish it until the ninth hour of the Sixth Day of Creation.

For in that hour God called Adam and his wife before him and said:

"The Garden east of Eden is yours to inhabit, and you shall have dominion over all the fish in the seas and the birds on wing and the living creatures that move over the earth. You may eat the Bread of Angels, and your meat may be all the sweet-smelling herbs and the fruit of every tree. But in the center of the Garden, next to the Tree of Life, there is the Tree of Knowledge. He who eats of the fruit of this tree becomes wise in the ways of good and evil. But also he who eats thereof becomes the pawn of Satan and the creatures of evil desire. You must promise not to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. For if you do, on that day you will surely die!"

Adam and his wife promised.

They were happy with each other in the Garden of Eden, but, alas, not for long.

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ON THE HORIZON

THE NOBEL PRIZE COMES TO MISSISSIPPI

How Yoknapatawpha County Sees Its Author

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

AS YOU approach Oxford, Mississippi, the first thing that greets you, floating on the horizon, is the silver bubble of the water tower, on which, as you draw closer, you may read painted in bold black letters: OXFORD—HOME OF OLE MISS.

Oxford also happens to be the home of William Faulkner, winner of the Nobel Prize in literature. But, although he has brought world renown to this small community (population less than 5,000) wherein he has lived most of his fifty-three years, it's not very likely that the slogan on the water tower will ever be replaced with: OXFORD—HOME OF WILLIAM FAULKNER.

No man is a prophet in his own country; and in our small towns especially, the writer is still looked upon as an eccentric, if interesting, non-productive member of society. So it's not surprising that William Faulkner, titan of American literature in the eyes of his European admirers, should be of considerably less than legendary size to those who see him almost every day, frequently unshaven, lounging around in front of the county courthouse, talking (or rather listening) to the blue-denimed tobacco-chewing country folk and Negroes. He doesn't talk much to anybody else, and with strangers—especially literary strangers—he is likely to sit chewing on the stem of his pipe and reply in muttered monosyllables.

I came down to Oxford to find out how the town felt about its famous native son. The collective image that emerged would be startling to French intellectuals. Sartre may discern seeds of his Existentialist philosophy in the works of this odd Mississippian, but it is doubtful if more than a handful in Oxford, outside the University, could tell you what Existentialism is; and it is more than doubtful that Bill Faulkner himself would be particularly coherent in any such discussion. Most subtle of American novelists, a writer whose works are saturated with directions and indirections, rich with overtones of destiny and man's fate, he is peculiarly ill at ease in the realm of ideas as such.

"All Bill's tryin' to do," his brother John, also a novelist, told me, "is tell hisself stories and explain his county to hisself." Of course, the second half of the remark is most significant; his "explanations" are what lift him so far above the level of a mere yarn-spinner.

But in his home town he is read as a story teller, insofar as he is read at all. His books are not prominently on display at the few shops that sell books. Not until he had become indisputably famous did the good burghers of Oxford pay any attention to that lazy Faulkner boy, the "Count No-'count" who had never managed to get his high school diploma and who attended the University in a few desultory attempts at a formal education, working at odd jobs, shoveling coal, selling postage stamps, while he

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SIDNEY ALEXANDER has published two volumes of poetry and many short stories. His first novel, *The Celluloid Asylum,* will appear in October. He was born in Brooklyn in 1912, and was graduated from Columbia University. His article "Passover in Venice" appeared in the April 1951 COMMENTARY.

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wrote books that didn't sell and that nobody even tried to read.

During those uphill years there were only a few people in Oxford who had faith in him—most notably, Phil Stone, the lawyer who was Faulkner's literary mentor in the early days; Mack Reed, who displayed the young novelist's books and magazine stories in the window of his drugstore on the square; Professor and Mrs. Calvin Brown of the University. Encouragement also came from another famous local son, Stark Young, though the latter had already taken the more traditional pattern of migration to the intellectual nerve center of New York. Spurred by these few friends, but mostly driven by his own demon, Faulkner remained home and "explained his county to hisself."

Out of the real Lafayette (pronounced La*fay*ette), he forged his mythical Yoknapatawpha County, symbolic epic of the entire South. Walking these streets, listening to these soft Mississippi voices, one is teased by the life that imitates art, and the art that, like a flower, grew out of this life.

Most of Faulkner's friends of early days are still in Oxford. I spoke to all of them. One sensed an air of vindication now that "Count No'count" had won the Nobel Prize. I wondered whether Faulkner had ever been embittered by the long years of isolation.

"Not at all," his wife told me. "That's what makes Bill great. He is personally indifferent to what people think of him. He never reads any reviews of his books and he's never been bothered by the fact that Oxford has been totally unaware of his greatness as a writer." In *her* tone, however, there was a trace of bitterness. "Why, everyone around here thought he was just no good at all. You know, Bill didn't *work* for a living; all he did was write. . . . Outside of the University, I'd say there were only about a dozen people in the whole community who've ever read his books; and then maybe they'd taken a crack at *Sanctuary* because they'd heard it was naughty, or maybe *Intruder in the Dust* because the movie was made down here. But very few have tried to read any of his good work—like *The Sound and the Fury*, or *As I Lay Dying*—and if they did, they wouldn't understand it."

PERHAPS any artist who creates a world and then peoples it must be prepared for terrible aloneness. He sees so keenly, that it is too painful to share his blinding insights in casual conversation with folk of ordinary defective vision. Too painful for him and too painful for them. And so he is most relaxed in "simple company"—children adore William Faulkner. At one time he was a scoutmaster, though hard-shell Baptist opinion considered him unfit for the post. Country folk and Negroes talk freely in his presence. But Professor Harry Campbell of the University, who lectures on Faulkner in his course on Southern literature (there is no special course devoted to this most celebrated native son) and who co-authored a scholarly study of his works, has met Faulkner but once in four years. A working farmer, Faulkner is likely to be out "killin' hogs with the Nigras" when adulatory intellectuals call.

For instance, there were those Russians. John told me the story, expertly rolling cigarettes, flavoring the yarn with his slow Mississippi drawl. John looks so much like his more famous elder brother that you are startled. The same small stature, delicacy of movement, graceful gray mustache and hair. It seems that when Ilya Ehrenburg and his party phoned for an interview during their American visit several years ago, "Bill said he'd give 'em an hour. He had a date to go huntin' with Ike Roberts. Well, sir, those Russians got mad. They wanted to spend three days with Bill but he wasn't interested that much. *He* wanted to go huntin'." Angered, the Russians departed without ever meeting the American author whom they most admired. "I think the Russians admire Bill because they just don't understand him," John said with a sly grin. John's own admiration for his brother's work even outdoes O'Hara's for Hemingway. "I think Bill is the greatest writer that's ever lived," he stated flatly, "includin' Shakespeare. . . . A few years ago Bill told me he was goin' to win the Nobel Prize. He wasn't braggin' or nothin'. He just *knows* he's the best writer of them all."

To his old hunting companion, Ike Roberts, Faulkner's qualities have nothing to do with literature. "Bill Faulkner," Roberts wrote in the *Oxford Eagle* when the big news broke, "is a full hand at anything

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he does. The rule is, that the hunter stays on the stand from sunup until he hears the three long blows on the horn from the man who is following the dogs. Bill will stay on the stand until after sundown, if he doesn't hear the horn, and someone will have to go by and get him. He'll pick up the smutty end of a log as quickly as anyone when the fire needs attention."

Slowly over the days, as I wandered about Oxford and spoke to friends and acquaintances of the novelist, the collective image took shape—an image of paradox and contradictions. Here was a man of extreme shyness and almost arrogant assurance, a primitive and a sophisticate, an intellectual who didn't intellectualize ("Symbolism?" he once remarked to a young lady from the University who was doing a thesis on his work. "I'm afraid, miss, I rightly don't know what that means.") On some levels, Faulkner's political ideas are undiluted Dixiecrat. He shares all his townspeople's prejudices against "Nigger uplift societies from up No'th." But the same William Faulkner goes far beyond most local opinion when he holds forth the vision of an eventual (if distant) elimination of segregation.

No American writer has been more rooted in his region. None has been less tempted to travel, to escape into the exoticism of foreign lands. None has so successfully violated the ritual pattern of flight from the philistine small town to the bohemian big city. Yet, the most frequently heard local criticism of his works—when, timidly, any criticism is hazarded at all—is that the characters are not *typical;* that the white country folk and "Nigras" from across the Yokanaw River are hardly representative of the "best" of either race.

Of course the Faulknerian myth is not typical of the reality. *Typical* is a term that applies to Gallup polls, not to works of art. The artist frequently illuminates the typical by the atypical: the violence, rape, incest, hatred, the baroque patterns of decay in Faulkner may outrage the mild-mannered Southern middle class, but they burn a searching beam into the most obscure, dragon-haunted corners of that same middle-class mind. There are still a few maiden ladies around Oxford who told me severely that they like Mr. Faulkner as a man but as for his literature—"Well, I just don't approve of that sort of thing." The infamous *Sanctuary* was carried home more than once wrapped in a newspaper.

Today, of course, even Oxonians cannot help but be aware of the fact that a world-famous author has slowly been maturing in their midst. There is a kind of Chamber of Commerce pride about him as if he were a natural wonder, like an underground cavern wondrous with stalactites and echo chambers. You don't go down there much yourself, but it sure attracts visitors. "Yes sir," one merchant told me, "I think Mr. Faulkner is a definite asset to Oxford." The merchant had read only *Intruder in the Dust,* on the flyleaf of which he had autographs from every member of the movie company—except the author. "Who? Mr. Faulkner?" a waitress said. "No, I've never read any of his books. I don't fool much with that local stuff."

As IN most county seats in the South, Oxford's life centers around its town square, dominated by the handsome, white-columned, pseudo-classic courthouse. In front of the courthouse stands the Confederate soldier you meet in every Southern town, in this case (to the disgust of several of *The Unvanquished*) with his back to the No'th. Around the square are the two- and three-story wooden buildings, the drugstores, the Golden Rule, the Pink and Blue Grocery, the College Inn, Friedman's Dry Goods, the two banks. Since the movie *Intruder in the Dust* was filmed almost entirely in Oxford, millions of "outlanders" have been privileged to look upon the courthouse, the square, and the town, over which Faulkner has brooded for more than two decades with a kind of fierce, paternal protectiveness. Saturday mornings the country folk and Negroes come to town for their weekly shopping, dressed in their clean blue overalls and plain cotton dresses, loading up the cars parked obliquely all around the square which is the heart of this town, the streets radiating in all directions like arteries and veins—out to the University, past the neat frame houses in their nests of lawn, and into the roads north to Memphis and south to Jackson.

You are in Oxford for only a few hours when you find yourself promenading in a regular circle around this square. Though the architecture is as grab bag as in most

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of our small towns, there is a settled quality here that is almost European, the enclosed and focused convergence that all squares and *piazze* lend, as opposed to the history-less bleak Main Streets that run in and out of circumambient emptiness without the needful moment of self-examination.

"You ought to see Phil Stone," everyone remarked as soon as I explained my mission. "I guess Phil is just about the most intellectual man in this county." A prominent local attorney, onetime president of the Mississippi Bar Association, Stone occupies an odd little gabled red-brick building off the square. The office was brown-dingy with dust and legal tomes. On the wall hung an autographed photo of Jim Farley.

Stone is a lively baldish man with shrewd penetrating eyes and a whiplash colloquial-salted tongue. I had learned already about how Stone had helped to finance, and had written an introduction for, Faulkner's first collection of poems, how the first few novels had been typed by his secretary, how (after the success of *Sanctuary*) he and the author had resubmitted the earlier rejected short stories with price tags neatly typed on each. I knew that Stone was the acknowledged literary mentor of Faulkner's fledgling years, although a few Oxonians challenge his too exclusive proprietorship of this title.

We spoke for more than an hour, and all the while, as his sharp and frequently critical literary judgments on Faulkner rolled forth, I was teased by the conjecture that this man might be the prototype of Gavin Stevens, the lawyer who is the intellectual spokesman in several of Faulkner's books. "Well, I don't know," he replied thoughtfully when I shot this embarrassing question at him, "I suppose in a way I am. But no fictional character is ever drawn from one person."

Stone felt that he had helped shape Faulkner's early development as a writer. He instilled in him some of his own overwhelming enthusiasm for Balzac, he lent him books on aesthetics to read ("which were returned with the pages as white as when I gave them to him. . . . Bill's simply not interested in *ideas*"). He urged Faulkner to take the trip up to New York which led to the publication of his first novel, *Soldiers' Pay*, but took it for granted that Bill would come back to Oxford. "Oxford is a good town for a writer because there is no dead hand of culture down here. There was no meddling concern with literature which had just been getting born and had still to be walked of nights a-bawling." As for the town's attitude, Stone laughed with sarcastic tolerance. "Oh sure, now people notice Bill because he's rich and famous. But I can't help wondering where they all were twenty-five years ago." Like Faulkner's wife he doubted whether the novelist's best work was read or appreciated even today.

With the approving sadness of a parent he told me that it was probably "better that Bill got out from under my influence. I don't see too much of Bill these days; and when I do, we seldom discuss literature. As a man there's none better. A lot of us talk about decency, about honor, about loyalty, about gratitude. Bill doesn't talk about these things; he lives them."

Mrs. Calvin Brown is another Oxonian who has known "Billie" since his boyhood. A white-haired elderly lady whose sense of humor twinkles in her eyes, Mrs. Brown belongs to "all the organizations from A to Z." Like most other old residents, when she talks about The War, she is not referring to World War II or even World War I. She is herself a leading light in the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a DAR, a former instructor in Latin and Greek at the University, and her late husband was head of the Romance languages department at Ole Miss. "I remember," she said, "when Billie came to Mr. Brown and asked him whether studying mathematics would help him to think more clearly. They sat out there on the gallery all evening discussing it. . . . When I called up to congratulate him about the Nobel Prize, all he did was repeat over and over 'Well, thank you ma'am, thank you ma'am.' He's a very retiring person." (Lawyer Stone scoffed at the notion of Faulkner's shyness: "No such thing as a shy Faulkner.")

"I think Billie is heartbroken about what he sees," said Mrs. Brown, "heartbroken about the deterioration of ideals. Now you take those occasional interminable involved sentences of his that puzzle so many people. Why, Billie does that deliberately because those sentences express the confusion and mixed-up emotions that all intelligent Southerners feel about the race question."

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I wondered how local Negroes reacted to Faulkner's treatment of this problem.

Mrs. Brown's tone changed. "I doubt whether any have read him."

"Some college graduate?" I suggested.

"I doubt whether there's a Negro college graduate in the county."

I COULDN'T help thinking of the good lady's remark the next morning as I sat talking with Mr. Sydney Gooden, principal of the local Negro school. On the wall hung his diploma from Atlanta University. All week, whenever I as an outlander had touched on the race question, there had been a noticeable chilling of the psychological atmosphere. "Nigras" were irresponsible children, they were happy under present conditions, there wouldn't be any trouble if it weren't stirred up by Northern "uplift societies," the "Nigras" wanted to be segregated quite as much as the whites did, etc.

What did Mr. Gooden think of Faulkner's depiction of Negroes?

He explained that he had had time to read only *Intruder in the Dust*. Stylistically, he thought Mr. Faulkner was difficult to wade through, he wrote so ungrammatically. Perhaps Mr. Faulkner's bad grammar was the result of his inadequate formal education. (One of the librarians at the University made the same objection.)

"What about his general ideas on the race problem?"

He eyed me shrewdly, with the faintest suggestion of a smile. "Didn't everybody around here tell you there was no problem?" He slowly shook his head. "Oh, Mr. Faulkner's ideas are idealistic all right but I don't agree we should leave the issue to the Southern whites. Without federal government pressure, nothing would get done."

Mr. Gooden felt that so far as local courage on the Negro question was concerned, the palm should go to Mr. Krebs rather than to Mr. Faulkner. Krebs was the editor of the college newspaper which had come out boldly for acceptance of Negroes into Ole Miss. The expected storm broke, a cross was burned outside Krebs's dormitory, but the editor stuck to his guns. Nevertheless, the University of Mississippi still remains one of the Southern colleges that have not acceded to the Supreme Court decision.

"Now, Krebs shot at a specific target," Gooden said. "He didn't just speak a lot of vague idealistic words. The best hope is with the younger generation, especially in the colleges. . . . The others. . . ." He shook his head sadly. "We live so close together and we're so far apart."

Today, Gooden would probably want to modify this statement. In March, Faulkner demonstrated that he is quite capable of shooting at specific targets. Speaking to a delegation of the Civil Rights Congress, the novelist expressed his belief in the innocence of Willie McGee (the Mississippi Negro subsequently electrocuted on a rape conviction) and authorized public use of his name. Although bitterly attacked by several Southern papers both for this statement, and for the Communist-front aegis under which it appeared, Faulkner stuck to his guns on what he felt was the main issue: the unjust conviction of an innocent man.

Nor was this his first non-auctorial appearance on the Negro problem. A few years ago he published a letter in a Memphis paper castigating a white jury for acquitting several white men charged with murdering a Negro. Any sensitive reader knows that Faulkner's attitude toward Negroes is a complicated mixture of love, admiration, guilt, and humility; that he considers them—as he does children or very old people—closer to the heartbeat of nature: their wisdom is intuitive, more profound, and beyond intellectualization; they *endure*. As with any first-rate writer, Faulkner's political attitudes cannot easily be fitted into topical pigeonholes. Consider how Soviet critics for years have been trying to determine whether Dostoevsky was a "radical" or a "reactionary."

The day before I left Oxford the square was colorful with fuzzy-bearded college boys dressed in gray Confederate officers' uniforms with broad-brimmed hats and swords. It was Dixie Week and the boys were waving the Stars and Bars and whooping up rebel yells in preparation for the grudge football game with Mississippi State. A Nobel Prize had come to Oxford but all excitement was about the game. The issue of the *Oxford Eagle* which announced the Nobel award had contained a brief paragraph: "With the election over and the football season approaching an end we suppose we will have to talk about the weather."

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THE STUDY OF MAN

WHAT OPINION POLLS CAN AND CAN'T DO

Some Findings of the Post-Mortem on 1948

NATHAN GLAZER

SINCE 1948, public opinion polls have not been much in the public eye. The Great Miscalculation of 1948 drove them from their favored places in the daily newspapers, and the experts in opinion and attitude research, commercial and academic, retired to the haven of the professional journals and specialized publications, where they could meditate at leisure on what had happened and why.

Despite its recent fall from grace, there is no doubt that public opinion polling in its contemporary form is a far sturdier and solider plant than the straw poll, which was completely finished off by another great error, the *Literary Digest's* prediction in 1936 of a Landon "sweep." The straw poll, based on the wholesale and indiscriminate distribution of ballots, had no way of finding out what exactly had gone wrong when its prophecies fell flat. In contrast, the public opinion poll, even though it covered a few thousand individuals as against millions, was systematic enough to make it possible to figure out just where it had fallen into error. It could retrace the steps of its operations: had the question been asked incorrectly?—it could then compare the effect of asking two different types of question; were interviewers' biases at fault?—it could compare the results obtained by different interviewers; had the sample been selected incorrectly?—it could calculate what the effect of differently constructed samples would have been.

All this, and more, was done shortly after the election in a 396-page study published by the Social Science Research Council: *The Pre-Election Polls of 1948*, by Frederick Mosteller, Herbert Hyman, Philip J. McCarthy, Eli S. Marks, and David B. Truman.

The discussions in this volume are impressive in their mathematical clarity and precision. At every point of the polling process, errors were possible, and at every point some checks exist by which it is possible to find out whether such errors actually occurred. How to evaluate the role of the different errors in the total picture is a different and more complicated matter, and indeed it is not attempted. But one over-all conclusion is perfectly clear: nothing really exceptional happened in the 1948 election. Working with the customary samples and procedures, errors *of this degree* must be expected. As Frederick Mosteller sums it up: "In the present state of polling, where systematic errors of 3 or 4 percentage points are common, it is not to be wondered that polling operations incorrectly predict elections. The wonder is that polls do as well as they do."

This is, from the point of view of the social history of polling, a rather remarkable conclusion. After all, the reader is bound to exclaim, no one told us this before 1948!

The mathematics leading to Mr. Mosteller's conclusion are interesting. Because of the peculiarities of the electoral college system, to forecast elections correctly one must correctly predict the vote in each of a large number of states. Many of these states split almost exactly 50-50 between the two parties, so that a small percentage shift can throw any of them into one or the other party's lap. Now statistical theory tells us how large a sample we need to achieve a certain level of precision in describing some characteristic of a population from a sample of

NATHAN GLAZER, associate editor of COMMENTARY, is co-author, with David Riesman, of articles on public opinion research in *Public Opinion Quarterly* and the *International Journal of Opinion and Attitude Research.*

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this population. Thus, to get the same precision for the state of Iowa that a sample of 3,000 would give us for the entire United States, we would need a sample of no less than 2,994! And if we wanted to get the same precision for a town of approximately 32,000 people, we would still need a sample of 2,743! It is financially quite out of the question to use samples for every state as large as the one we ordinarily use for the nation. Consequently, the estimates for the various states are bound to be precarious.

There is a further theoretical complication. Any sample drawn from a larger population will not be an exact miniature of the larger population. For, leaving out all considerations of bias that may enter into the interviewing or question-construction or interpretation, which will produce what is called "systematic error," we must expect a certain "random error," the variation that we will get from sample to sample, even if we get perfect random samples with no bias. Let us suppose a not uncommon random error of 3 per cent (which means that any sample will be off from the true figure on the average 3 per cent) and consider a state which splits 51-49—a not unlikely occurrence. Under these circumstances, the poller would have six chances out of ten of hitting the winner right—he would not do much worse if he flipped a coin. A 48-52 split would give him seven chances out of ten, and only with a 55-45 split would he have nine chances out of ten.

This is on the basis of the statistical theory alone—which assumes a pure random sample, and no bias. When we add the distortions inevitably produced by the variation in the sample actually interviewed from a true random sample, as well as other biases, it is clear that polls can predict elections with no great certainty.

One further item of analysis by Mr. Mosteller is of interest. In order to test how good any system of prediction is, we have to compare it with some other system of prediction. This, it seems, is done in meteorology, where one compares the excellence of prediction with the results one would have got if one had simply assumed that any day's weather was going to be just what the preceding day's weather had been. Now suppose, says Mr. Mosteller, we try the same with election forecasts. Suppose we predicted at each presidential election that each state would go the way it went last time. Embarrassingly enough, this rather mechanical system of predicting does about as well as polling for all the elections in which polling has been used, which means all those since 1936. It is true that the Democrats won every one of these elections—in other words, that things have not changed too much from one presidential election to the next since 1936, and we would have to expect this "persistence forecasting" to do quite well under the circumstances. If we go backwards, we find that "persistence forecasting" would have done a horribly botched job in such elections as 1920 and 1932, where there were changes of administration; polling might have done better in these elections.

But, after all, the predicting of elections is a rather special task, and an exceptionally difficult one, and it would be unfair to judge polling by it alone. To quote Mr. Mosteller again: "It is a rare study that has a serious interest in the change from 49 to 51 per cent." It is in these fields other than elections, where the change from 49 to 51 per cent is of little interest, that polling has undoubtedly made a quite considerable contribution. The polls have performed a task similar to that of a geographical survey: they outline the social landscape, telling us how people in different areas and countries, of different age groups and classes, differ on a vast variety of questions. Of course they do only a rough topographical job, and we should only depend on them for broad outlines: they tell us there is a mountain here and a lake there, without giving exact dimensions.

It is the poll as social survey that provides the chief interest—indeed, the fascination—of a huge volume, *Public Opinion, 1935-1946,* published by the Princeton University Press, under the editorial direction of Hadley Cantril, and prepared by Mildred Strunk. It contains 1,191 large double-columned pages and costs $25.00. It reports, with breakdowns, results of nationwide polls conducted by twenty-three polling organizations in 16 countries that concern themselves with regular polling on public issues. Even at that, it does not include all the poll questions asked by these organizations; and it does not attempt to deal with the questions asked by market research agencies or public polling organizations for private clients.

There is in this book a great deal that is astonishing, a great deal that is amusing, a great deal that reminds one, though hardly nostalgically, of those distant days when the depression, Martin Dies, and Father Coughlin (in 1938 nine per cent of the population listened to him regularly) were all live issues. Many of

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the results are cause for speculation. Why do 39 per cent of Americans report they are very happy, and only 8 per cent of Frenchmen? Is it really possible that 22 per cent of the American people had read *Gone With the Wind* in 1939, and that at one point, in 1937, five per cent of the American people were engaged in reading it? One is impressed by the cultural level of the Scandinavian peoples: in Sweden, 42 per cent of the people own oil paintings (including 31 per cent of the workers); 21 per cent of the population in Sweden and Denmark own more than a hundred books; 25 per cent of the Swedes read one or more foreign languages (not counting Danish or Norwegian), and 12 per cent two or more; in 16 per cent of Swedish homes someone plays the piano, in 8 per cent the violin, in 6 per cent the organ. One is charmed to discover that more Danes like modern furniture than traditional furniture. And awed to discover the number of Bible readers in the United States: 5 per cent of the population read the Bible every day (that would be some five or six million); a further 35 per cent have read some of it in the past month; 26 per cent have read it through. And one sees the lay of the land in these United States when one discovers that 91 per cent of those in the South believe in immortality as against only 63 per cent of the residents of the Pacific Coast.

To this reader, at least, it was more interesting to read about these matters, generally of only peripheral interest to pollsters, than about attitudes towards reciprocal trade agreements; naturally it is polls of this latter sort that make up the bulk of the volume. But, inevitably, one must turn from this type of intellectual grazing to consider what this huge volume, and the many-branched enterprise it represents, adds up to. How does it modify our intellectual horizons? What does it make possible? Perhaps the most interesting approach to these problems is to ask, as Hadley Cantril does in his brief introduction, what would have been the significance of similar types of polls conducted during the French or American Revolution, or during the Civil War, or in Germany before Hitler. Mr. Cantril does no more than raise this question; another leading figure in the field, Paul F. Lazarsfeld, goes into the question in some detail in an address to the American pollsters' professional association, "The Obligation of the 1950 Pollster to the 1984 Historian" (*Public Opinion Quarterly,* Winter, 1950-51).

Professor Lazarsfeld's article is filled with several examples of the possible role of the polls in the illumination of history. For example: Lord Macaulay makes a distinction, in his essay on Machiavelli, between the dominant values of Renaissance Italy and those of contemporaneous Northern Europe. Italy, a land of commercial towns, had developed a culture in which ingenuity was a dominant value; the still backward North continued to prize courage. Carrying through his distinction, Macaulay suggests that to a Florentine audience seeing *Othello,* Iago would have been the hero.

Here, suggests Professor Lazarsfeld, Macaulay proposed a hypothesis that falls squarely into the field of opinion research, and one which could have been directly tested by a poll. After rather facetiously considering the preliminary technical operations, Professor Lazarsfeld says: "The crucial question would have been: how many Florentines and Londoners, respectively, approve of Iago, and how many of Othello, and how many say 'don't know'? Nothing less, but hardly much more, would have been needed to provide empirical evidence for Macaulay's brilliant conjecture."

This is a rather breath-taking possibility. One thinks of all the historical hypotheses that have been debated these many years and whether poll data could have confirmed or refuted them. Certainly the extension of the polling process into the past—even speculatively—raises some interesting questions: who, for example, among the Londoners and Florentines would we have polled? Would we have questioned the theatergoers alone? Would we have compared only the merchants of the two towns? What about the workers and *lumpen?* And what about the clergy and nobility? Whose opinion *mattered* on this question? Our present-day election pollers have at least this problem settled for them: they poll those who are eligible to vote.

What Professor Lazarsfeld is after, of course, is to get pollsters to look at history, both past and current, so they can be helpful to the historian of the future when he comes to consider the mood, the attitudes, and the opinions of the men of the 1950's. Professor Lazarsfeld sees the polling profession in a position where it can afford to let up on its almost single-minded concentration on technical problems and consider how it could be of value to other social scientists. A great deal of what the pollsters have already done is unquestionably of great value in this respect. In the volume *Public Opinion,*

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1936-1945, for example, one can find series of questions, asked of the British at intervals of a month or two, to find out what they thought of Neville Chamberlain: we can thus trace the rise and fall of his popularity more closely than by a study of the British press. Similarly, the series of questions testing American attitudes toward entry into the war, asked every few months in 1939, 1940, and 1941, forms valuable data for a historian of this period.

But it is in the field of the rise and fall of values—the history of a "Protestant ethic," or of a "success ideology," or of the conflict of "courage" and "ingenuity"—that Professor Lazarsfeld is most interested in seeing the polls make their contribution: after all, the polls study attitudes and it is to the history of attitudes that they have the most to offer. Perhaps this highly speculative branch of history, based generally on isolated bits of literary evidence, might be transformed by polls into something as substantial as diplomatic or economic history. For example, Professor Lazarsfeld suggests that the polls may be able to test David Riesman's hypothesis (in *The Lonely Crowd*) that there has been a shift in America from dominance by an "inner-directed" type of person—self-willed, certain of his goals, relatively impervious to the views of those around him—to an "other-directed" type, to whom goals are less significant than approval by others. Now as a matter of fact a great deal of existing poll data can be taken as supporting such a thesis. Riesman has written that the greatest fear of the "other-directed" type is of his own temper: both because the explosion of temper may lose him approval, and because the need to rein himself in builds up a pressure to explode, which he must restrain. And one poll does report that 14 per cent of the American people say that "temper" is their worst fault—twice as many as choose the next most popular fault. Can we consider this as offering validation for Riesman's thesis? Certainly no opponent of Riesman's would be convinced: he will simply reject the interpretation that "temper" is a good index of "other-direction" or that those questioned meant by "temper" what Riesman means.

This, essentially, is the problem: we know, after a poll, that about three thousand persons in all spheres of life have been approached and had a single rather simple question put to them. But can one take their "yes" or "no" as sufficient proof for the existence of a subtle and complex attitude that it may take a book to expound? Consider another example from Professor Lazarsfeld's article. He refers to a finding in *The American Soldier* that those soldiers who do not pray seem to be more mature and get along better with their fellow soldiers than those who do. What might explain this? Professor Lazarsfeld suggests that in an industrial society there is a bifurcation in attitudes to religion: one group clings to it because society is so incomprehensible, uncontrollable, and frightening; another group, more mature and capable of unblinkingly facing the disenchanted world, rejects it. Now no poll could have even suggested such an extensive theory: nor could any poll or even many of them demonstrate it. The poll may give plausibility to the theories developed by a historian; it adds a new type of evidence; but as long as men are interested in comprehensive interpretations of history, we cannot expect polls of themselves to refute or prove any single theory.

Professor Lazarsfeld is quite aware of this: he does not think the introduction of evidence from polls does away with the historian's need to interpret. Polls are new evidence, and in the social sciences evidence has always played a rather ambiguous role. Theories arise, are fiercely held, and pass away—and after it is all over, it is often hard to see that the weight of evidence was so overwhelming as to have led to their acceptance in the first place, or their abandonment in the second. Persuasiveness of argument, apt examples from history and experience, inner logic, and perhaps our simple need to have a part of our experience given satisfactory meaning—these have played a far greater role in the history of theories in the social sciences than strict canons of evidence and proof. It seems that we human beings want to believe we know more about our human state than a strict adherence to scientific method would allow. The thought that we will now be able to buttress our ideas with the solid foundations of the opinion poll is an exciting one, and in many individual cases we will be able to do just this. But when it comes to those large constructions, the few glories of the social sciences, that pull together many things in one flash of illumination, polls will give only some additional data, no worse than we had before, and not much better, but in any case very far from justifying the assurance with which each of us holds his theories, or seeks to persuade others to relinquish theirs.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Birth of a Jewish Community

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . As one who was intimately involved in the events described, I take sharp exception to Herbert Gans's article, "Park Forest: Birth of a Jewish Community," in the April Commentary. . . . In the description of the events which led to the creation of a Sunday School, no attempt was made to probe beneath the surface and Mr. Gans missed entirely the major issue involved. It was not a question of secular versus religious education at all, nor was it a question of "adult versus child orientation." Practically all elements in the community favored religious education but there was considerable confusion in the minds of many as to the nature of the religious education. Such terms as "secular," "non-sectarian," and "comparative religion" were tossed about freely without there being basic common understanding as to the precise meanings intended. . . . When finally resolved, it became apparent that the majority of parents favored the same thing—that is, Jewish religious education in its broadest sense rather than narrow religious indoctrination along particular denominational lines.

Furthermore, the majority did not reject personal involvement in Jewish community life and were not averse to the practice of tradition in the home. How else explain the rapid simultaneous development of additional adult Jewish community institutions and the expansion of the Jewish educational system in Park Forest? In a relatively short time after Mr. Gans's "study" there have been organized a congregation, a Hadassah chapter, a B'nai B'rith women's group, and a Jewish Welfare Fund—in addition to the already existing B'nai B'rith lodge, the Council of Jewish Women, and the Board of Jewish Education. In response to community demand, the Board of Jewish Education has expanded its scope to include a two-day per week Hebrew school. Over 90 per cent of the eligible children in the community attend Sunday school, 55 per cent of these children also attend the Hebrew school, approximately 32 per cent of the Jewish families hold congregation membership in Park Forest or Chicago Heights. . . . The accepted curriculum in the Sunday and Hebrew schools is the basic "Curriculum for Religious Schools" published by the Board of Jewish Education of Chicago.

The author lacks objectivity in his interpretation of the Chanukah program presented by the National Council of Jewish Women. The theme was not "Techniques of Chanukah Celebration," and his personal interpretation of it—"that is, techniques of competing with Christmas"—is entirely gratuitous. On that occasion, the Council, spurred by a genuine desire of its membership to learn more about the historic and traditional aspects of the holiday, in order to observe it intelligently in the home with the children, invited a qualified speaker who discussed the history and significance of the holiday and the *traditional forms* of its celebration. As might be expected, the perennial issue of Chanukah versus Christmas was raised in the question period. . . . It is interesting to reveal that as a direct result of this meeting Jewish women in Park Forest purchased Jewish books, Chanukah menorahs, and candles worth over $300. . . .

When Mr. Gans states that the Jews of Park Forest reject traditional practice, he fails to remember the early part of his article where he indicates the youth of the parents and the very young children in the family. Should he not relate this to the fact that two grandparents are still living? And that by custom and tradition and perhaps even habit, the grandchildren, along with their parents, celebrate and observe the important holidays with the grandparents? . . . There was (and is) no rejection but rather an inability to cope with situations for which the parents were not prepared, and, what is more revealing, a genuine desire on their part to equip themselves. The author reports only 42 per cent ever attend High Holy Day services and yet when such services were offered in Park Forest practically the entire adult community attended. (An estimated 90 per cent of the residents attended services in Park Forest and Chicago Heights.). . . .

Let us turn to the text:

(1) . . . "Many Jewish Park Foresters had known each other previously . . . or bore introductions. . . . In this respect, the Jews differ sharply. . . ."

Not true. Some Jews and non-Jews alike

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came to Park Forest with letters of introduction. The Argonne Laboratory, the Sinclair Oil Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, and other large employers, friends, and fellow employees, were instrumental in assisting newly arrived workers, coming from all parts of the country, to find housing in Park Forest by referring them directly to the developers or to people already resident in the community.

(2) "'They [Council of Jewish Women] don't care for Jewish values, but they recognize that they are Jewish and they need a Sunday school because the kids ask for it . . . they want a non-sectarian school. . . .'"

This quotation, attributed to a B'nai B'rith man, is offered as a reason for the Council's objection to the formation of a congregation. The statement is misleading. The Council as well as the majority of the residents did not consider the organization of a Sunday school to the exclusion of a congregation. The basic issue was economic. At the time, a Sunday school was within the community's financial means—a congregation, not.

(3) "Why, we even teach them the customs of the Negro Jews. . . ." The passing reference to the "Negro Jews" is presented out of its context of a discussion on the curriculum which lasted more than an hour. The author reports the insignificant and omits entirely any reference to the real "basis of reconciliation," which was a clarification of the "Curriculum for Religious Schools" published by the Board of Jewish Education of Chicago. . . .

(4) "The conflict over the Sunday school was between those who wanted . . . an adult-oriented community and those who wanted a child-oriented one. . . . Thus, the women wanted a school for the children . . . not one that would involve the adults in Jewish community life. . . ."

The growth and development of seven religious, cultural, and educational institutions, and the wide participation on both adult and child levels, reveals that there is much desire for involvement in Jewish community life.

(5) "Some of these people did not hesitate long before joining a wealthy congregation in Chicago Heights—especially those whose own income and social position were . . . equal . . . to the Heights community. . . ."

Why assume that "wealth and social position" were the motivating factors? What evidence is there other than the author's mere assertion?

(6) "'I have a friend who is not Jewish who told me how fortunate I was in being Jewish. . . . Most of the Jews . . . have more culture and better education; strictly from the social and cultural standpoint a man is lucky to be born a Jew.' . . . These feelings have a basis in Park Forest reality. . . ."

I imagine that a pretty exhaustive study would have to be made to substantiate this statement. Does putting the words in the mouth of a non-Jew make it more acceptable?

(7) "The two Christian groups . . . developed much more quickly than the Jewish one—largely because there was much less internal disagreement . . . and both were . . . already engaged in building programs. . . ."

Simply not a true statement for the first part. Substantial financial assistance for the building program came from central religious institutions. Were there a central Jewish religious institution ready to supply funds, a congregation probably would have been organized and a synagogue building begun within days after the arrival of the tenth Jewish family.

(8) "In its first year, the Jewish community was very sensitive to the problem of anti-Semitism. . . ."

There are some in the community who suspect that Mr. Gans's questions on anti-Semitism started the ball rolling. With stimulation many of us could find instances of suspected anti-Semitism. Actually, as Mr. Gans states, there has been very little or no anti-Semitism in Park Forest and there was no widespread sensitivity to the problem either. . . .

VICTOR PERLMUTTER

Park Forest, Illinois

Mr. Gans Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I suppose every sociological study of a Jewish community—or any community—brings forth a letter like Mr. Perlmutter's. This is no doubt the result of the fact that a community looks different to someone acting within it than it does to an outsider. The outsider, being neutral, talks freely to both sides and hears things that never come to the ears of the community leader.

If Mr. Perlmutter had interviewed close to 50 per cent of the 140 Jewish families then in the village, as I did, he would have discovered that a majority did not want personal involvement, especially in the religious-cultural sphere. At the same time, they accepted Jewish religious education, interpreted in its broadest sense, for their children. The split between adult and child orientation was quite evident.

Perhaps it is in the nature of things, but it is unfortunate that community leaders cannot also see their community to some degree as the sociologist does. The former, overworked as he usually is, and short of time, tends to have most of his contact with other leaders in the commu-

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nity, while the interviewing sociologist can and does talk to other people who make up the community, people who do not organize B'nai B'riths and Hadassahs but who come to meetings when they feel like it. For these people, Chanukah is a major problem. The women I talked to went to the Council meeting with more than a genuine desire to learn about the holiday; they also had to contend with children who wanted Christmas trees and Santa Clauses. Perhaps that is why they purchased $300 worth of Chanukah items.

I am also sorry that Mr. Perlmutter views the study as a series of moral judgments against Park Forest. I attempted to show the life of young Jewish families in an American community as objectively as possible, without moral evaluations.

To comment on some of the points Mr. Perlmutter mentions:

(1) I said nothing about letters of introduction, but spoke about formal introductions and previous acquaintances. My interview material —obtained from two research projects, the second in the non-Jewish community—supports my thesis.

(2) The accusation I quoted was leveled against a group of women from the Council, not the Council itself. However, I should like to contradict Mr. Perlmutter to the extent of saying that the Sunday school-congregation conflict was only secondarily economic. When I was making my study, a group of men wanted to set up a congregation and I was told by one of its leaders that certain people in Park Forest were willing to subsidize heavily the construction of a synagogue. But there was then no community support for a congregation.

(3) Because of the tensions between the various sides, I was asked not to come to the discussion referred to. Interviewing the participants afterwards, including Mr. Perlmutter, it was clear to me that the adult-child orientation split was at the bottom of the conflict. Nobody I talked to ever objected to the Board of Jewish Education curriculum, but they did object to having to continue the Sunday school education of the children at home.

(4) The number of organizations indicates little except that there are people who have organized them. In 1949 Park Forest was no different from other Jewish and non-Jewish communities in that a few people were "active" in organizations, and a handful did the work.

(5) I said nothing about motivating factors, but indicated that the richer Jews joined the Heights congregation, whose dues, I was told by a number of other Park Foresters, were out of reach of the bulk of the residents.

(6) The quote is obviously rather extreme; the rest of my own remarks on the subject presented a more balanced picture.

(7) There was much less disagreement among Catholics and Lutherans, since they are both rather centralized groups. There was as much disagreement among the other Protestant groups about an attempt to set up a community church as in the Jewish community. As I said previously, there was plenty of money available to the Jewish community for building.

(8) As far as I know, Mr. Perlmutter is the only one who has accused me of getting "the ball rolling" on anti-Semitism. If he had been with me on my interviewing, Mr. Perlmutter would have heard the complaints that there was too much talk about anti-Semitism, and would have noted the speed and intensity with which many people answered my questions as to whether there had been any anti-Semitism in Park Forest. This is reported in my article.

It seems to me that the social scientist can make a real contribution to Jewish community leaders by extensive interviewing and objective observation. Such studies would show the tremendous task that faces American Jewish leaders in the next decades. Ignoring facts does not help matters.

HERBERT J. GANS

Chicago, Illinois

On Washington Heights

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one of Ernest Stock's recent "immigrants," I would like to say that in printing his astute analysis, "Washington Heights' 'Fourth Reich'" (June 1951), COMMENTARY again lived up to its practice of publishing the most interesting articles in the Jewish field. . . .

In the opinion of many, Washington Heights is considered at best a transitory "ghetto." Immigrants came here to get roots, to be protected by other immigrants, to be able to withdraw whenever it should prove necessary. The fact is that a good many people now in the second phase of establishing themselves are moving away. Most of these people are in their middle twenties and are the people whom Mr. Stock described as the young veterans who "came back to Washington Heights, literally or figuratively." These people find better employment opportunities outside our overcrowded metropolis and frequently take their parents with them to share a home in other parts of the country. . . .

FRED STERN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Scott Fitzgerald and George Washington, not to speak of those who live in Washington

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Heights, must have turned in their graves on reading Ernest Stock's biased, inaccurate generalizations about the historically famous area. . . . The number of German immigrants in Washington Heights does not constitute 75 per cent of the population at the point he mentions. Nor does it at any other point anywhere in the Twenty-first Congressional District, which embraces the Heights. New census figures show that the percentage of German-born in the area is less than one-eighth of the total populace. The term refugee *is* taken with discomfort by the Germans; and rather strange it is, too, since its connotations are old and honorable. . . . None of the German papers are sold on all the stands; the bakeries do not devote their main efforts on Friday or any other day to *barches;* the ladies have a far more extensive wardrobe than Mr. Stock admits; and a great number of the refugees didn't emanate from those curiously ubiquitous middle-class homes. The Jew, in Germany, wasn't as free from poverty as Stock claims.

But the greatest error of the article is one of omission: Washington Heights, more than any other region of New York, is full of all races, religions, and ethnic groups. And American and German Jews are only alongside, not ahead of, Irish, Negro, Puerto Rican, Spanish, and other groups. . . .

JULES BERGMAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Ernest Stock's article grossly misrepresents the relationship between Eastern and Western Jewry and the author's implications regarding the mass deportation of the Polish Jews from Germany are, even in the form of a joke, more than deplorable. . . .

In contrast to Ernest Stock's portrayal, Leo Baeck, an authority on the character and life of German Jewry, in a speech recently delivered before the Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain, gives quite a different picture of the main features of the German Jew. He praises his orderliness and discipline, which make for his ability to build up well-organized communities. He attributes to him the gift of penetrating into the spiritual atmosphere of his own legacy and of his environment. Emancipation thus becomes a pedagogical, educational process. He finally outlines the sincerity with which the German Jew tries to translate his religious convictions into everyday practice.

In Mr. Stock's essay nothing of this deeper insight into the personality of the German Jew can be found. Either Leo Baeck is wrong or Ernest Stock did not take the pains to discover the soul of the *Yeckes.* The traits described by Leo Baeck are also incorporated in the personal and communal life of the Jews from Germany living now in Washington Heights. . . .

RABBI HUGO HAHN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The haughtiness of the German Jew described by Mr. Stock is not confined only to refugees, but is a state of mind shared by those who came from Germany generations ago. I had heard of this attitude before but ran into it forcibly while in Baltimore after the war.

I heard that "long list of accusations not too much unlike the ideas about Jews generally harbored by anti-Semites" used by third-generation Americans of German Jewish origin about their neighbors whose parents and grandparents had come from the "wrong side of the river Oder."

Among other things, the separation of Jews of different origins has been perpetuated by the existence of two country clubs whose membership has been admittedly selected depending on whether your grandfather was or was not from Germany. . . .

B. LOWE KINGSTON

New London, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Reading Mr. Stock's article on Washington Heights in the June issue of COMMENTARY, I was both surprised and shocked at his description of the deportation of the Polish Jews from Germany. It is not clear to me whether Mr. Stock was a witness to this most tragic event. Since he places it in July when it actually occurred in October 1938, I am inclined to doubt it. . . .

I was only twelve years old, and yet there are few things which made as lasting an impression on me as that fateful Friday in October. Never was the feeling of identification and the awareness of a common fate between East and West greater than at that time. Mr. Stock does not seem to know that whole communities organized themselves to help their brethren. In our community of over five thousand Jews, caravans of trucks and cars were organized to take food, warm clothing, and other necessities from the Jewish homes and stores to the trains. Canteens were set up to feed the people who had been taken from their homes, and many German Jews risked their lives by hiding Polish Jews in their homes until they could escape to other countries. . . .

MRS. MIRIAM H. COHN

New York City

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Voluntary Groups and the Democratic Process

LAW AND SOCIAL ACTION. By ALEXANDER H. PEKELIS. Edited by Milton R. Konvitz. Cornell University Press. 261 pages. $3.50.

Reviewed by MORROE BERGER

THAT prophetic and quotable observer of American life, Alexis de Tocqueville, remarked over a century ago that "wherever, at the head of some new undertaking, you see the Government in France, or a man of rank in England, in the United States you will be sure to find an association." He was referring to "commercial and manufacturing companies," political parties, churches, charitable societies—the whole range of civic groups or, in the current phrase, voluntary agencies. America has always been a "pluralistic" society, in which private groups have enjoyed a relatively strong position vis-à-vis the state. Yet if this quality of our national life has been a source of strength in enabling individuals to accomplish great things through what Tocqueville called the "principle of association," it has also been a source of danger in enabling the voluntary economic or political agency to limit the freedom and welfare of other individuals and groups. Most early European observers of American society were impressed by the democratic features of this arrangement, but the more recent ones have emphasized its less democratic side. When we want to stress the less favorable aspects of the influence which these economic, civic, and religious associations exert, we call them "pressure groups" or "private governments." This term suggests that their power rivals that of the state, although they lack the representative quality and the formal responsibility of the latter. Such "private governments" in the United States are the main subject of a book of essays entitled *Law and Social Action* by the late Alexander H. Pekelis.

Pekelis was a gifted legal scholar who was familiar with the literature of the social sciences, especially economics and sociology, and showed, as Max Ascoli and Alvin Johnson point out in brief appreciations of him included in this volume, a remarkable understanding of American society and law, though he came to this country only in 1941. Professor Ascoli says of Pekelis that he had "an amazingly disturbing power to assimilate the culture of any country, to make himself into a citizen of every community. . . . If the capacity of absorbing and dramatizing cultures is, as I think, a Jewish trait, then I have never met in my life a man who was so thoroughly a Jew."

THE importance of the actual facts of economic and social life for the legal system which is designed to regulate them is the theme of most of the essays in this posthumous collection. Among these facts, Pekelis found the most striking to be the power of private groups to damage the general welfare, especially by practicing a racial and religious discrimination that our laws forbid to the elected government. To meet this problem, Pekelis attempted to blueprint a "jurisprudence of welfare."

The "jurisprudence of welfare" involves a frank recognition by judges and administrators that since they, too, make law, they ought to do so consciously and in awareness of the facts of social and economic life. For generations American courts were making law, and for generations these courts modestly disclaimed this fact, insisting that they merely "interpreted" the law. As recently as 1936, Justice Owen Roberts, in the course of a majority opinion, gave this fiction its classical expression when he proclaimed that when a law's constitutionality is challenged the court "has only one duty—to lay the article of the Constitution which is invoked beside the statute which is challenged and to decide whether the latter squares with the former."

While this doctrine was being enshrined in the official documents, the 1920's saw the rise of a type of thinking that, borrowing much from such men as Gray, Holmes, and Pound, called itself "legal realism." Most of the important legal thinkers of recent years were to

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become associated with it, to greater or lesser degrees. Following this trend, Pekelis urged upon both the courts and administrative agencies a more intimate knowledge of the factual findings of the social sciences, together with the frank recognition of the creative nature of the judicial and the administrative process. Only then, he argued, could a body of law be established that was oriented toward the living community of men and designed to improve their welfare. Pekelis was aware of the difficulty of getting agreement, either among the specialists or the public, on just what "welfare" covers. He argued that complete agreement is unnecessary, since there is already agreement on at least the elementary needs of human beings. The achievement of these goals, he asserted, is a big enough task for one generation.

Pekelis stressed the obstacles that group associations, in their role of private governments, placed in the path of "welfare." The rights of individuals are constitutionally protected mainly from the action of the federal government, to a lesser but increasing extent from the states, and hardly at all from individuals or groups. Though this picture was changing even as Pekelis wrote, and has changed still further since that time, it represents substantially the present situation. The federal government, according to traditional judicial interpretation, has relatively little direct authority to control unfair discrimination by private persons and groups in education and housing, although its authority to curb employment discrimination is now increasingly recognized. In addition, it can resort to indirect powers through its grant-in-aid programs. The state governments have greater power, but they have used it sparingly, and only since 1945 with appreciable effect in the field of employment. Some of the greatest among the recent gains in civil rights have come about precisely through Pekelis's jurisprudence of welfare, that is, through judicial reinterpretation of the federal Constitution and statutes (thereby creating new law), and through administrative action on the federal level. Other important gains, the local fair employment and fair education practices laws and those outlawing discrimination in places of public accommodation, have been legislated by the states. Meanwhile, however, the federal government, which by its very distance from local pressures can vigorously protect the rights of minorities against private governments, has not been able to enact a single civil rights law since 1875.

Most of the essay on "Private Governments and the Federal Constitution" is devoted to an attempt to find constitutional means of broadening the federal government's power to control the private governments. While some of these are ingenious extensions of current tendencies in the courts, they are unlikely to be adopted in the extreme form in which Pekelis presented them. Pekelis, for instance, proposed the expansion of the Supreme Court's 1941 *Classic* decision (validating federal power over state primary elections for federal office—and thus striking a blow against the Southern white primary) to prevent private governments from "interfering," through malicious and false propaganda and economic coercion, with our right to select our representatives in an atmosphere of genuinely free discussion. That, however, is going pretty far even for a Supreme Court most of whose members were educated, in law school and out, at least to some extent in legal realism.

ALTHOUGH Pekelis was eager to curb private governments, he knew enough about centralized power and American society not to want to see these islands of private power eliminated. Having himself been active in the American Jewish Congress, he was aware that voluntary groups, while sometimes damaging to the democratic process, are one means by which that process accomplishes its aims—they are the agents of democratic activity. And he was quite aware that it could be argued that enlarging the discretionary powers of federal administrative agencies would be contrary to the Anglo-Saxon common law tradition, because such agencies are not adequately circumscribed by fixed rules of law. To answer this, Pekelis drew effectively upon his knowledge of various legal systems. He contended, in the essay entitled "Administrative Discretion and the Rule of Law," that the United States and England, where the common law reigns, have relied much more than continental Europe upon discretionary powers and much less upon strict rules of law. The American evidence for this claim, he asserted, lies in the extraordinary network of federal independent administrative agencies built up in the last half-century or so (Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Trade Commission, Federal Communications Commission, etc.), and in other agencies, with discretionary powers, within the framework of the federal departments. These, he pointed out, have no counterpart in Europe.

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Pekelis further developed this distinction which he saw between the Anglo-Saxon common law and European civil law. In the United States, public utilities are closely *regulated* by administrative agencies. In Europe, however, they are more likely to be *owned* by the state. Public ownership, he continued, is only an *indirect* form of public regulation. Far from being stronger than regulation, state ownership, Pekelis suggested, may be the result of the absence of a national tradition of control of private enterprise through administrative agencies as in the American and British political economies. This line of thought clearly throws into doubt the generally accepted notion that socialization is more "drastic" than regulation. It suggests that socialization may be the last resort of a government which lacks the economic force and the legal tradition to accomplish certain tasks in a less restrictive way, rather than the strong medicine which a powerful state administers to a faltering economy.

Not content merely to point to this American tradition of administrative discretion, Pekelis sought also to account for its steady growth. He suggested it has three roots in Anglo-Saxon legal technique: judicial power to enforce a standard of personal behavior through the power of contempt of court; the sweeping power, generally accepted by Americans, of the governmental agencies to compel individuals to disclose their affairs in the public interest; the wise exercise of these broad powers.

Pekelis insisted that the first two of these qualities of the American legal tradition, the judicial power to hold individuals in contempt of court and the power of disclosure, show that our law is collectivistic rather than individualistic. This, too, presents an unusual perspective on American legal institutions. But, Pekelis added in his essay on "Legal Techniques and Political Ideologies," this collectivistic law covers a plural system of small collectivisms: state and local governments, communities, churches, trade unions, and so on. These small collectivisms exercise considerable control over individual behavior and in turn, through these collectivisms and private governments, the individual in America can take an effective stand against centralized government. The result of this web of powerful private economic and civic agencies is that, as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., has observed, the individualism of the American people "has meant not the individual's independence of other individuals, but his as well as their independence of government restraint."

The significance of this pluralistic structure, Pekelis continued, is that through it the traditional opposition between individualism and centralization of power is reconciled. The centralized government, distant from the individual, may be more congenial to unrestrained individualism than the kind of decentralized society, like ours, in which there are relatively more local restraints. Individualism, further, may reinforce centralization and authoritarian power by leading to a decline of civic interest and to a dissipation of communal solidarity. This line of thinking may help explain how fascism was able to conquer not only in Germany but also the Italians, Spaniards, and Latin Americans, peoples whom we think of as individualistic.

In the concluding essay, "Full Equality in a Free Society," Pekelis brought this entire intellectual apparatus to bear upon some practical problems facing the Jewish community in America. He saw that in the fate of private governments and America's pluralistic society lies the future of American Jewry and other ethnic or national groups. Freedom for such

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groups is possible only in a delicately balanced counterplay of private and official governments. Such an equilibrium requires both the protection of small collectivisms such as the Jewish community, the Negro community, and other similar groups, and appropriate limitations upon the powers of private governments such as employers, landlords, educational institutions, owners of places of public resort, local officials, and so on, all of whom often discriminate wilfully or in acquiescence to a real or fancied bigotry of local populations. This type of equilibrium is, of course, the classic goal of democratic polity: the balancing of freedom and opportunity by legal restrictions upon the powers of some groups in order to enlarge the liberties of others.

Many of Pekelis's recommendations in this essay, already "in the air" when he wrote, now underlie the work of the Jewish "defense" agencies. Through social research, community action, and legal means (including judicial and administrative techniques as well as legislation), Pekelis urged a program of general social and economic progress, protection of civil rights and liberties, and development of Jewish education and culture. He dealt briefly, too, with questions of world Jewish organization, but here he was less convincing and less in conformity with the American pattern of group life which he otherwise understood so well.

The Poverty of Soviet Philosophy

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY AND MUSIC. By ANDREI ZHDANOV. International Publishers. 96 pp. $.60.

Reviewed by JEANNE WACKER

THE *Daily Worker* recently reported that toy manufacturers in the Soviet Union had been reprimanded for making green rabbits and unrecognizable ducks, thereby departing from the principles of "socialist realism" and, it seems, confusing the minds of Soviet children. Perhaps because its ideology was less elaborate and its personnel more cynical, not even the Nazi regime achieved a totalitarianism so total as to exclude even Donald Duck. The adult mind of Andrei Zhdanov revealed in these essays reflects yet another distinctive trait of the Soviet cultural terror: assuming as an axiom that socialism has been realized in the USSR, his own logic forces him to attribute the shortcomings of the artists and scholars he criticizes to personal moral corruption. So error becomes identical with malicious lying, heresy, and sin; and he must invite his readers to believe that the Soviet intelligentsia are an incredibly perverted and venal lot.

Zhdanov's "essays" are in fact directives and scoldings delivered to professional groups; in them he announces the postwar purge that came to be associated with his name. One scans his words in vain, however, for any reflection of his own tastes or interests; in every case his critical criteria are extra-literary, extra-musical, or extra-philosophic—in short, they are political. Each group is accused of a cultural "cringing before the West." The writers are found guilty of allowing an "art for art's sake" attitude to creep into their work and of protecting "rotten and corrupt" colleagues. The musicians are scolded for inclinations toward "music that deliberately ignores the normal human emotions, and shocks the mind and nervous system of man," and for flouting "the demands of the people." The errors of the philosophers are equally numerous and, in some ways, more revealing.

Zhdanov reveals that, in 1947 at least, there did not exist in the entire USSR a single journal devoted specifically to philosophical discussion. Zhdanov's own attitude toward this state of affairs is a masterpiece of diplomatic ambiguity. On the one hand he justifies the situation by stating that to enclose philosophical discussion in a professional journal would reflect "an obvious underestimation of the high level of our readers and their demands," and make philosophy the "property merely of a group of professional philosophers." At the same time he asks his audience not to regard him as an opponent in principle of such a journal (a great country like the Soviet Union should have, as a matter of pride, its philosophical journal, even if philosophy really has nothing new to say) and actually holds out the prospect of one like a carrot before their noses, provided they remedy the "poor quality" and "insufficient quantity" of their writings.

One wonders, however, what possible task the Soviet philosopher can set himself. In contrast even to the situation of the Soviet artist, his tether is brutally short. Either he must compete professionally with Marx and Engels—an obviously lunatic procedure—or confine him-

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self to a heresy hunt of philosophers of the contemporary democratic world. Consider the other alternatives: If he treats some philosopher upon whom judgment has been passed, he is, according to Zhdanov, being redundant. "The problem of Hegel was settled long ago. There is no reason whatever to pose it anew." If he treats some aspect of the history of philosophy which has escaped an official pronouncement, it is by definition trivial and, in another Zhdanov phrase, he is encouraging a "revival of Scholasticism." If he fails to find any portion of the contemporary philosophical scene outside the USSR abominable, he has forgotten that philosophy is first and foremost a weapon in a total struggle in which neutrality is a contradictory concept. If he is circumspect and does not go beyond a dreary rehash of the clichés of dialectical materialism, he commits the "metaphysical" error of regarding Marxism-Leninism as a completed theory. No wonder Zhdanov finds that "monographs and articles on philosophy are a rare occurrence"!

A grim note for the future is sounded by Zhdanov after a scathing criticism of C. F. Alexandrov's textbook *A History of Western European Philosophy*. He suggests, pointedly, that such a task is beyond the powers of one man and ought to be undertaken by large groups of authors working collectively. If one originally had doubts about the possibility of a Soviet philosopher's being able to express his own views, those doubts harden into certainties when one reflects on the inducements to shun personal responsibility and personal integrity provided by collective authorship on the scale Zhdanov forecasts. Intellectual integrity, as the following quote makes quite clear, is only a bourgeois prejudice: "Comrade Alexandrov finds it possible to say something good about almost every philosopher of the past. The more eminent the bourgeois philosopher, the greater the flattery that is offered him. All of this shows that Comrade Alexandrov . . . is himself a captive of bourgeois historians, who proceed from the assumption that every philosopher is first of all an associate in the profession and only secondarily an opponent. Such conceptions, if they should take hold among us, would inevitably lead to objectivism, to subservience to bourgeois philosophers and exaggeration of their services, toward depriving our philosophy of its militant, offensive spirit."

In an attempt to explain the inexplicable paucity of philosophical literature in the Soviet Union, Zhdanov has to resort to character assassination. Ignoring a somewhat inconvenient Marxist dogma to the contrary, he says: "Obviously, the cause for the lag on the philosophical front is not connected with any objective condition. The objective conditions are more favorable than ever. . . . The causes for the lag . . . must be sought in the subjective sphere." What they are, is left in the grim twilight of implied personal corruption. The implication holds for the rest of the intelligentsia, too. How could it be otherwise, after all? Where the system is sacred, only men are vile.

A Modern Mystic

MAN IS NOT ALONE: A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By ABRAHAM JOSHUA HESCHEL. Farrar, Straus, and Young. 305 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by MARVIN FOX

IN THE fundamentally secular environment of contemporary American Judaism, in which almost every conceivable kind of activity is given precedence over Torah and worship, Professor Heschel has written a profoundly moving religious book. It comes as a breath of fresh air in an atmosphere which has grown heavy with triviality. It challenges us to return to the source of our being, to search for the very foundations of all reality, to rediscover the presence of God in the world of men. Genuine religious experience is rare in our society, but Dr. Heschel is one of the few chosen people who seems truly to have found the way to God. Readers of this book will have the opportunity of following the road which the author has illuminated.

One might question whether the book has been given an accurate subtitle. We are told that it is a philosophy of religion, yet it lacks all the usual characteristics of a formal philosophy. The book does not depend on careful discursive argument. It has not attempted to solve the problems to which the philosopher of religion ordinarily addresses himself. Nor has it provided us with a complex systematic structure in terms of which we might organize a coherent picture of the diverse aspects of the religious life. The very thesis of the book asserts that such an approach to religion is seriously mistaken. Professor Heschel believes

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that the subject matter of religion is of such character as to make discursive treatment totally inappropriate.

Instead he has given us a phenomenology of the religious life. Through careful writings and sensitive reporting he has opened up for his readers the hidden aspects of divinity. In a striking sentence Professor Heschel complains that "Philosophy, enticed by the promise of the known, has often surrendered the treasures of the higher incomprehension to poets and mystics." In this book he employs the art of the poet and the insight of the mystic to bring to his readers a rich awareness of the inner nature of the religious experience. This may not be philosophy in any strict or technical sense, yet it accomplishes skillfully the task which every philosopher sets himself. The book has profoundly important insights and it communicates them with singular success. Do not those who will want to argue that this is, nevertheless, not philosophy, but poetry, have an unnecessarily restricted conception of what philosophy is? Plato, Augustine, and others reach the summit of their philosophic insight precisely at those points where they are most genuinely poetic. And for our age, when religious insensitivity is so strong, one needs the art of the poet in order to transmit to men a living awareness of the nature and reality of God.

This is the first task that Dr. Heschel sets himself, the task of bringing his readers close to God. He knows how far most men in this age are from any direct personal religious feeling: "Instead of being taught to answer the direct commands of God with a conscience open to His will, men are fed on the sweetness of mythology, on promises of salvation and immortality as a dessert to the pleasant repast on earth. The faith believers cherish is second-hand: it is a faith in the miracles of the past, an attachment to symbols and ceremonies. God is known from hearsay, a rumor fostered by dogmas, and even non-dogmatic thinkers offer hackneyed, solemn concepts without daring to cry out the startling vision of the sublime on the margin of which indecisions, doubts, are almost vile."

We must abandon this external kind of religion and approach God immediately, directly, from within. The key to the religious life, according to Professor Heschel, is "radical amazement." Plato remarked that philosophy begins in wonder. Heschel asserts that religion begins in a far more radical kind of wonder. Religion begins when man feels transcendent amazement at his own being, at the being of others, at the very existence of the world. With a sudden shock we discover that all we normally take for granted is mysterious. We do not really know ourselves. We have not really understood our world. And we are filled with a thirst to confront being as such, to stand in the presence of ultimate reality, to know the secret of the universe. Even the pebbles on the road stand in "petrified amazement."

Like every mystic Heschel believes that the mystery which confronts us is filled with the deepest significance. It is not mere chaos and confusion. But how do we rend the veil? How do we penetrate beyond the darkness? Professor Heschel's only proposal is that we must follow the mystic way. Calling on his own experience he gives us a live and moving picture of the search for God. We pass through the various preliminary stages until finally "a tremor seizes our limbs; our nerves are struck, quiver like strings; our whole being bursts into shudders. But then a cry, wrested from our very core, fills the world around us, as if a mountain were suddenly about to place itself in front of us. It is one word: GOD. Not an emotion, a stir within us, but a power, a marvel beyond us, tearing the world apart." At the moment of high ecstasy we know that He exists, that He is the ground of all existence. When we have found God in this manner we are convinced. Argument is futile and proof irrevelant.

Yet when we seek to express what it is that we have discovered we are tongue-tied. Ultimate reality is ineffable, Heschel tells us. God's nature cannot be expressed. We see and are struck dumb. To contemporary ears this will sound strange. Skeptics will sneer and demand proof. Naturalists and positivists will insist that if God exists His presence must be empirically verifiable. Even most religious men will prefer the classical proofs for God's existence.

But is not every ultimate insight ineffable and undemonstrable? Inexpressibility is not a unique defect of God's nature. It is equally the case, to take just one instance, with aesthetic experiences. One cannot communicate discursively the beauty of a poem, or the transcendent loveliness of a symphony. One can, at best, hope to help others to have for themselves the direct experience of this beauty. We do not

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demonstrate that there is in a particular artistic masterpiece a certain exquisite grace. We merely seek to exhibit it to others. People who share our aesthetic experiences do not require argument and demonstration, while those who lack aesthetic sensitivity will find our arguments obscure and unconvincing.

Perhaps this is a defect of man's nature. Perhaps he ought to be able to prove such things by close and systematic argument. But the simple fact is that we are incapable of proving the things that command our deepest devotion. No man proves that his beloved loves him. He feels it and knows it with an immediate and direct certainty. Such is our knowledge of beauty, of goodness, of truth, and of God. But, some will object, there are times when we acknowledge that we have erred, that our insights were wrong. Sometimes our beloved betrays us, and the apparently beautiful turns out on closer inspection to be ugly. The objection is justified, and yet man must run the risk. His only other choice is to live in the circumscribed world of the empirically verifiable, a world which has neither goodness, nor beauty, nor the vision of God.

Though God's nature is ineffable Professor Heschel does discover one crucially important thing about Him. He is not a remote and self-sufficient being, according to Heschel. God needs man. "Man is not an innocent bystander in the cosmic drama. There is in us more kinship with the divine than we are able to believe. The souls of men are candles of the Lord, lit on the cosmic way, rather than fireworks produced by the combustions of nature's explosive compositions, and every soul is indispensable to Him. Man is needed, he is a *need of God.*" It is thus that man's profoundest yearning is satisfied. For as he is described in this book man, like all the other animals, has many needs, but he alone needs to be needed. Man wants to give, not only to get. It is this that makes him human. And in the divine scheme of things, as Heschel portrays it, man is needed, needed on a cosmic scale. This brings us close to God in a very special way; it makes God the Father whom we love and to whom we dedicate ourselves. He is not merely the Prime Mover. He is rather the God of the thirteen attributes, merciful and long-suffering.

I am not sure (any more than any man can be sure) that Dr. Heschel has given us *the* true picture of God, man, and their relationship. But I feel sure that every sensitive reader of this book will find it filled with many illuminating flashes of insight, with language that is always striking, occasionally genuinely poetic, and marked throughout by the deepest earnestness and sincerity. Many of those who are today searching for a way to God will, one predicts, find themselves permanently indebted to Dr. Heschel for his help in discovering the road.

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The Rough Rider

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Edited by ELTING E. MORISON. Volumes I and II, THE YEARS OF PREPARATION. Harvard University Press. 1549 pp. $20.00.

Reviewed by RICHARD HOFSTADTER

THIS edition of *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt,* to be completed in eight volumes, is second in importance among current editorial enterprises in Americana only to the great collection of Jefferson's writings under way at Princeton. The first two volumes cover T. R.'s career from the time of his first extant letter, written in 1868 when he was ten, to the close of 1900,

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when he was Vice President-elect and as mature a man as he ever got to be. Inevitably there is material that will interest only scholars or specialists, but routine items have been eliminated and what is here is important. Mr. Morison and his co-editors have performed their immense task admirably; even their annotations are as spirited as the task of editorship will allow.

Roosevelt himself this reviewer finds consistently interesting but consistently unlikable. His reputation began to go sharply downward twenty years ago with the publication of Henry F. Pringle's biography, and nothing that has since come to light—certainly nothing I can find in this mass of correspondence—goes very far to rehabilitate him. The letters, which confirm the familiar picture of his merits and defects, are unlikely to cause either an admirer or a detractor to change his mind.

One of the keys to T. R.'s situation is that he was marginally rich and marginally honest. He came from a substantial and reputable family wealthy enough to keep him at the fringes of a society of great opulence but not enough to make him an easy member of it. His literary and historical work was for some time a crucial part of his income. In fact, he was something of a hack writer—a role well suited to the character of his mind, which rarely showed poise, balance, maturity, or detachment but which was abundantly endowed with energy and a kind of insensitive good cheer. During the years from 1886 to 1897 he published twelve volumes on history, Western life, and politics, whose quality, needless to say, is a little uneven. Before he established himself as a successful politician he seems to have felt the presence of a community of men considerably richer than himself as an obstacle to his career. Later, when his political success was beyond cavil he developed a certain disdain, well founded on the whole, for the political inflexibility of rich Americans. Although he felt that their callousness and their unwillingness to make concessions to popular needs might eventually cause social upheaval, his most pressing complaint about them was that they were not interested in war or empire and that their materialism was eating away what he called the great masterful fighting qualities of the race.

In saying that he was marginally honest, I do not mean to imply that T. R. was ever so much as tempted by peculation. He was a member of a class of gentry that was revolted by the sordid character of American politics and eager for reform. In the East men of this sort were divided between the compromisers, to whom political activity was meaningless if it did not lead to power, and the mugwump idealists, to whom power was meaningless if it did not lead to a pretty thorough victory for their principles. At an early stage in his career Roosevelt went with the compromisers. His drive for power—or, as it may be, his need to feel himself practically effectual—was too strong to make it possible to remain with the idealists; he much preferred to compromise quite heavily in order to gain such partial victories as he could. In itself this was quite defensible; but the mugwumps of T. R.'s own class felt that a man with his high pretensions to civic morality should have stood with them, and his letters suggest that he shared just enough of this feeling himself to find their expectations extremely disquieting. He developed a malignant hatred for men like E. L. Godkin and John Jay Chapman, and stated more than once that he preferred the pecuniary dishonesty of the bosses to what he thought was the far worse intellectual dishonesty of the reformers. He was incapable of admitting a difference in temperament, much less a difference in ideas, and his correspondence bristles with the most unrestrained denunciation of men who were in many ways his betters.

The essential basis for judging a political man must be his political record. But T. R., as one of the very few American presidents since the day of John Quincy Adams who had any pretensions to being an intellectual or a cultural force, invites some special comment on his mind and taste. Here I think he can be designated only as an avant-garde philistine. True, he enjoyed the company of men of ideas. But he could relish ideas themselves only when they fell within the extremely limited range of his very brittle tolerance. His mind was overloaded on one side with the inhibitions of the genteel tradition in literature and on the other with the feeble clichés of conventional patriotism; and there is nothing in his political record more unpalatable than the combination of brutality and militant philistinism which he did his best to foster in our thinking. Here is a man who in the course of a love letter to his first wife (in 1884) suddenly interjects: "Today I sparred as usual; my teacher is a small man and in the set-to today I bloodied his nose by an upper cut, and knocked him out of time"; who writes

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fourteen years later from the battlefield in Cuba that "this is . . . *the* time of my life," and "Did I tell you that I killed a Spaniard with my own hand when I led the storm of the first redoubt?"; and who, after writing a dozen books and serving with usefulness in at least two public offices, states that his leadership in battle entitles him to feel "as though I could now leave something to my children which will serve as an apology for my having existed."

Not surprisingly this is a man who finds strenuosity one of the essential literary criteria, who admires such writers as Owen Wister and Sienkiewicz and John Fox, Jr., but who says of Chaucer: "I must protest a little against some of his tales, on the score of cleanliness," and of Henry James: "What a miserable little snob Henry James is. His polished, pointless, uninteresting stories about the upper social classes of England make one blush to think that he was once an American . . . simply diseased. I turned to a story of Kipling's with the feeling of getting into fresh, healthy, out-of-doors life." But nowhere does he pose the issues and delineate his own position more clearly than in a letter of 1899 to Sir Cecil Spring Rice in which he discusses the future of the Anglo-Saxon "race" in the face of the German and Russian challenges. Understandably he comes to the conclusion that there is something healthier in the English spirit, but the following is illustrative of his way of arriving at it: "The two great fiction writers of today with a serious purpose are Tolstoi and Kipling, and each stands as typical for something in his own race and nationality. Which do you think the most healthy product for a nation, the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* and *My Religion,* or the author of the "Recessional" and the Mulvaney stories? . . . It is the Slav, not the Englishman, who shows decadence." This ought to help us appreciate our less literate presidents.

One must always grant him that he had, among other things, a lot of gusto and a sense of humor, that he preached a higher civic morality than he could practice, that he had some good ideas on conservation, that he gave a job to Edwin Arlington Robinson, and that he appointed Holmes to the Supreme Court. It was Holmes, who thought him very likable, who wrote one of the best summations of him: "a big figure, a rather ordinary intellect, with extraordinary gifts, a shrewd and I think pretty unscrupulous politician. He played all his cards —if not more. *R.i.p.*"

Political Science Fantasy

SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SUEZ. By DOUGLAS REED. Devin-Adair. 405 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY POPKIN

ALTHOUGH Douglas Reed's writings are represented as journalism, they will bear scrutiny only as fiction of a very weird and original sort. Reed writes in his latest book, "It is a feature of twentieth century politics that political forces advance by attacking what they most ardently practise, so that words mean always their opposite." This belief is the secret of his inventiveness as a creator of political science-fantasy. His firm faith in the unreality of the world that he sees gives him an immense advantage in convincing himself of anything he wants to believe; consequently, whatever Reed's fiction lacks in verisimilitude, it more than makes up in the audacity and extravagance of his inventions.

The *pièce de résistance* of Reed's astounding statements is his theory that Hitler was (or is) a Zionist-Communist-terrorist agent, that he persecuted the Jews to stimulate immigration to Palestine, and that he invaded Russia only in order to strengthen Communism. Reed suspects that Hitler, accompanied by his accomplices Goebbels and Bormann, was whisked off from burning Berlin by Russian troops and rewarded for his services. Where Reed terminates his imaginings, we may go on to suppose that Hitler is now basking in the sun at some Black Sea resort or perhaps maintaining a painter's studio in Tel Aviv. Incidentally, Reed does not, in *Somewhere South of Suez* or in the earlier book that states this theory, *From Smoke to Smother,* even mention Hitler's slaughter of six million Jews; he may very likely believe that the Zionists deceived the soldiers of the Allied Nations with six million wax dummies.

At first glance Reed would seem to have come a long way from his anti-Nazi position of the 1930's, but actually the seeds of his recent development have been present almost from the beginning. Only in his first book, *The Burning of the Reichstag,* did Reed suggest that Hitler's oppression of the Jews was real. In his subsequent writings Reed faced the difficult task of combining his anti-Nazism, which seemed to be the ingenuous product of his observations in Germany, and his anti-Semitism, which he explained as a response to Jewish

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anti-Gentilism. He argued that the Jews were not suffering much under Hitler; he prophesied that all or most of them would soon be back in Germany, "neither annihilated nor exterminated . . . trading and practising"; he pointed to the Gentile anti-Nazis as the real victims of Hitler. In the late 30's Reed adopted the cause of Otto Strasser, a former Nazi who promised that his repression of the Jews would be "more dignified" than Hitler's. Strasser reduced political issues to a matter of personal rivalry between himself and Hitler; Reed reflects this attitude in *Somewhere South of Suez,* naming Strasser as Hitler's "chief adversary." In a book written in defense of Strasser's brand of Nazism, *Nemesis?* (1940), Reed set down his serious doubts about Hitler's origin and his ultimate intentions. By the time *From Smoke to Smother* appeared (1948), Reed was certain that the world was menaced by a world conspiracy of Communists and Zionists and that the activities of these conspirators had been responsible for the German Illuminist societies, the French Revolution, the Protocols of the Elders of Zion (in which Reed believes implicitly), Karl Marx, Bakunin, the Russian Revolution, the Balfour Declaration, and Hitler. In *Somewhere South of Suez* Reed adds the charge that these "alien forces" were "the real instigators" of the American Civil War. Their present aim, he maintains, is to destroy Christian civilization and to set up a pagan world state with headquarters in New York and Jerusalem.

Somewhere South of Suez is ostensibly a book about South Africa. In treating his nominal subject Reed exhibits his characteristic biases and confusions. Admitting the hardships of miners' lives in Johannesburg, Reed maintains that the natives find themselves "aggrieved" only when foreign agitators tell them they are badly off. Unable to condone Premier Malan's anti-British policy, he finds undue significance in the scantiest signs of Jewish support for Malan. And, of course, he finds traces of the world conspiracy in the unlikeliest places, even attributing to alien influences the ritual murders performed by Basuto witch-doctors: "That chiefs should lend themselves to a conspiracy to ruin chieftainship, and make the engulfment of this little country easier, need astonish none who have followed the doings of public men in the enlightened West during the last thirty years." For Reed, it's the same the whole world over; black is white, and white is black.

It need hardly be observed that Reed shows little concern for accuracy or consistency. Some of his obvious errors are disguised as revelations of secret truth. These misstatements include his reference to Ben Hecht as "a prominent Zionist," his insistence on the alliance of Communism and Zionism ("two forces which have always supported each other"), and his declaration that the Stern Gang represents all of Zionism. Other faults of fact and logic are more easily answered. On one page Reed says that Smuts lost because he was considered pro-British; on another page it suits his argument to say that Smuts lost because he was considered radical. He charges that Harry Hopkins sent to the Russians "American State Department documents" which he got from General Groves, but he is, of course, unable to say how General Groves got into the State Department. He cites Stalin's statement to Hopkins that Hitler and Goebbels were probably alive, recognizes how damaging it is to his own conjecture about Hitler's escape, and finally implies that Stalin might not be in on the Communist world conspiracy: "His open expression of scepticism suggests that he was not privy to any preconcerted arrangement, if there was one." Reed's carelessness about mere facts extends even to his account of his own publications; he says that after *Insanity Fair* (1938), not one of his non-fiction books appeared in this country till *Somewhere South of Suez.* I have at hand a copy of *Nemesis?*, issued by Houghton Mifflin in 1940.

Book Reviewers In This Issue

Morroe Berger, on the staff of the American Jewish Committee, is the author of a forthcoming study on law and social discrimination.

Jeanne Wacker is on the staff of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom.

Henry Popkin, instructor in English at Queens College, is now on a fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies.

Marvin Fox is an instructor of philosophy at Ohio State University.

Richard Hofstadter is the author of *The American Political Tradition.*

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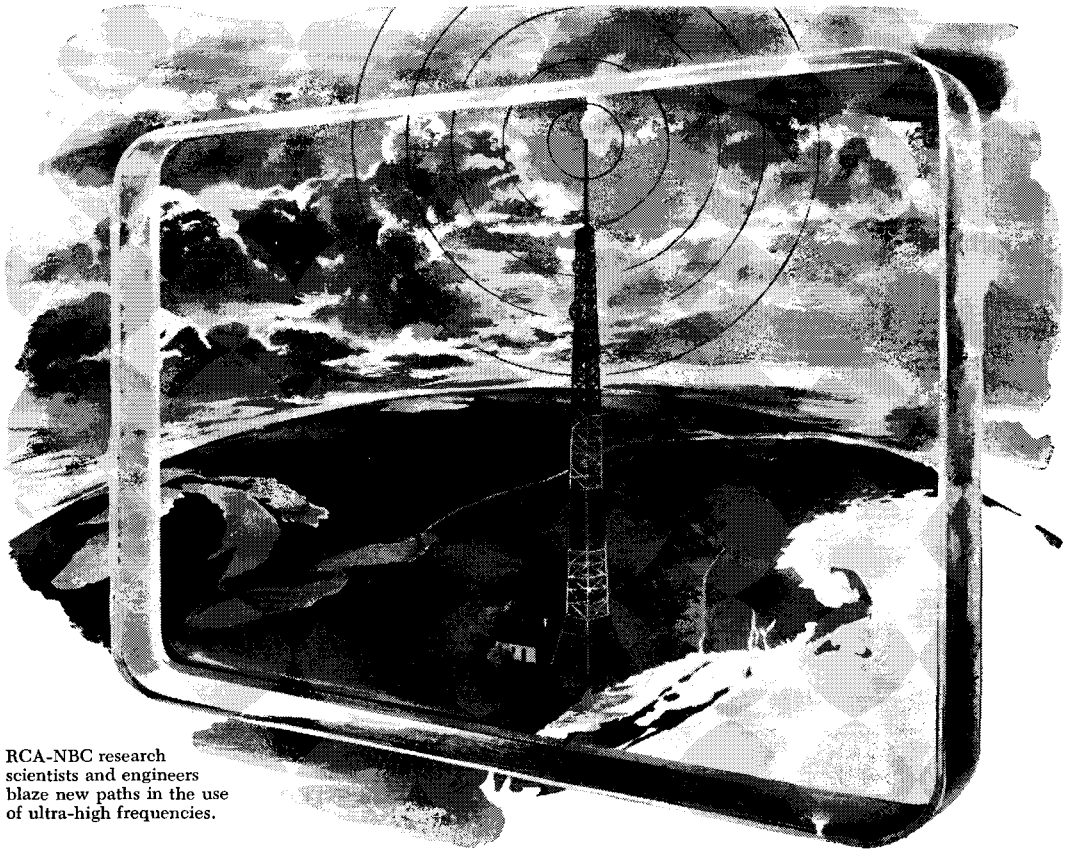

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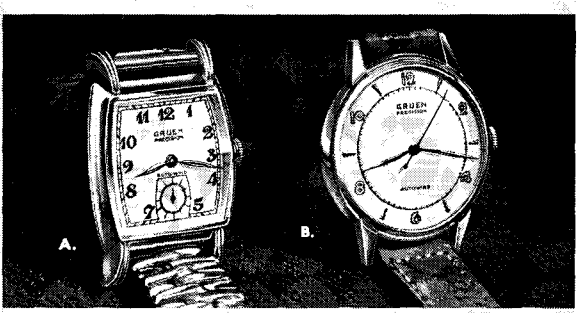

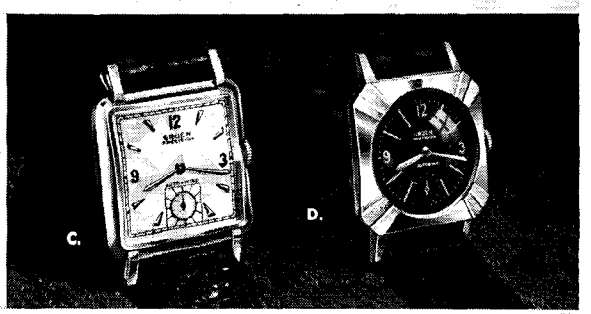

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